A FOURTH READER

STICKNEY

CLASSIC SERIES.

Della Gordon

Classics for Children.

A FOURTH READER.

STICKNEY.

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ANNOUNCEMENT.

IN homes where literary taste is at all cultivated, children of nine or ten years will speak of a considerable number of standard juvenile books with such familiarity as to show that the contents are in a large measure their own. With better facilities and under skilled direction, children at school should certainly have more to show for their reading than they now do. The half hour given to the reading lesson at each session of the school, if spent upon some choice book or selection, *first*, for the inherent interest in the theme and its treatment, and *second*, for the purpose of learning to read it pleasantly, would result in better readers, would promote all the incidental objects of reading, and would lay the foundation for knowledge and taste in literature. The aim of the editor and publishers of this series has been to advance children, not simply in the oral reading of set lessons, but in that to which fluent oral reading is a means, the taste for a kind of reading which will ennoble and instruct.

Comparison of the most approved American and foreign reading-books shows that while in England provision for the first years is inferior to our own, the higher English readers are of broader range and better literary quality. This is in part because they are more strictly readers — they do not attempt to cover the many specialties which have attached themselves of late to our own readers; and in part because the power of really good reading to awaken interest and impress itself upon the mind has come to be better recognized.

Two views obtain among teachers with regard to the grade of selections appropriate to a lesson in reading.

One makes success in intelligent, agreeable, oral expression, for

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the cultivation of style and taste, the chief desideratum; the other requires that each lesson should be far enough above the pupil's attainment to be a study demanding effort on his part and aid from his teacher. The books of this series represent what is believed to be middle ground between these two extremes.

The selections are mainly literary in character, and in the narrative style, which makes attractive reading. The poetry is chosen in large part from standard authors. The aim to lead pupils to the reading of *books*, both in poetry and prose, shows itself in fewer short, disconnected lessons, and greater continuity of subjects. The practice of silent reading is of greater importance in each rising grade. At least half a dozen good books should be thoroughly read in the year given to the Fourth Reader. If pupils cannot make these books their own property for home use, they should be freely loaned them.

Historical and biographical passages, fragments of science and natural history, and details of description are omitted from this book for several reasons. It is taken for granted that provision will be otherwise made for readings whose office is chiefly to instruct, and which, to be of benefit, should be presented in connected series. The book will lead to the interest in any record of life and its incidents, and so awaken the desire for knowledge in all these lines.

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Frontispiece.

FOURTH READER.

I.

sen-tenced	lec-tured	foot-board	fid-get
ca-pa-ble	cap-i-tal	con-demned	pre-tend-ed
trou-ble-some	mis-chiev-ous	ad-ven-tures	quar-relled

HIS SISTER'S STORY. — Part I.

1. Fred was six, and the top of his head just reached to the tip of Hilda's nose; Hilda was ten, and thought herself quite capable of being Fred's aunt, instead of his sister. They often quarrelled, and while together hardly knew how much they loved each other; but when Hilda was at school Fred felt out of sorts, and did as much mischief as possible; and once, when Fred went away with his father for a whole week, Hilda felt very dull, and longed to have the naughty boy back again.

2. This wise little person one day made up her mind to write a history of her boy's mischievous pranks, and some time or other read it to him.

That would be a capital way of making him ashamed of the past, and making him wise and good all at once; so one dark day, just before Christmas, the holidays having begun, and Fred having been more troublesome than ever, Hilda said, —

"Fred, come here."

3. But Fred was sitting in a corner trying to mend the hind leg of his wooden horse, which he had most unluckily just broken off. He was cross, and pretended not to hear.

"Do come here, Fred; I am going to read to you," said Hilda, in a coaxing voice, and she held up the wonderful history, and Fred came. Like everybody in the world, he was fond of stories.

4. "Now sit down on that stool, and don't kick and fidget, and I'll tell you the story of the robber chief Rufus Roughwig, and his wonderful deeds and adventures."

Fred sat on the stool, and neither kicked nor fidgeted, and Hilda began.

5. "Once upon a time there lived a robber chief called Rufus Roughwig. He had a fairy godmother, and, because he was always doing such dreadful things, this fairy made a book about him, and wrote in it everything he did. Then she sent

the book to the city to be printed, that everybody in the whole world might read it, and see what a shocking robber chief Rufus Roughwig was. I have the fairy's book, and you shall hear the whole story."

6. Fred pricked up his little ears. Never had he heard of a robber chief with a fairy godmother. What a jolly story!

"Now listen. 'January 1. — Rufus began the year by kicking the footboard out of his bed, and when he got up he put his clean sock to swim in the basin.'"

Fred's eyes opened wide, but he said nothing.

7. "'January 18. — All the boys were out with their sleds. Rufus thought it would be nice to bury his hat in the snow, so that it would not be found before the snow melted in the spring. He did it, but as his left ear got frost-bitten, this time his mamma let him off with a warning.'"

"I looked for my hat, I did."

8. "Listen again. 'February 14. — Mamma had eggs in a basket, and she put them in the ante-room, because there was no fire there. Rufus found the basket, and played at marbles with the eggs till they got broken, and the green sofa was spoiled. For this crime he was sentenced to be shut up in

the little pantry; and he found a pot of jam and ate it all up. He was then shut up in papa's study, and condemned to sit still.'"

9. Fred looked ill at ease, but laughed.

"What a horrid robber chief! But there's more still. 'March 7. — Rufus had a sister.'"

"*Her* name was Hilda," said Fred.

10. "The book says her name was Arabella. 'Arabella had a most lovely, good doll, called Ellen. One day, while she was at school, Rufus poked out one of Ellen's eyes to see what it was made of. Afterwards he hung Ellen up by the curls to the bell-pull. When Arabella came home and saw the darling, she began to cry.'"

11. Fred grew very red, and his heels were heard kicking against the stool.

"'Rufus cried too, and asked his papa to be doctor and cure Ellen.' What a cruel robber chief!"

"But she's all right now."

12. "Only it is a pity that Rufus should do such dreadful deeds. 'A week afterwards, on the 14th of March, he was in a hurry to go out to skate, and he could not find his woollen mittens; so he took a pair of his mamma's nice white kid gloves, and put them on his brown little hands. Off he

set, and when he came home one was lost in the snow, and there was not a finger left on the other.' Was not that a noble deed ?"

"My hands were cold."

"'His mamma lectured, but Rufus did not improve.'"

Adventure. — Anything out of the common way that a person goes through.

Ante-room. — A small room leading into a larger one.

Capable of being. — Fit to be.

Condemned to sit still. — It was ordered that he should sit still as a punishment.

Find in the reading the place where "out of sorts" is used then read the paragraph, using an expression of your own instead Do the same with "longed," "pranks," "a capital way,' "unluckily," "lecture," and "improve."

II.

com-mit-ted	ar-rest-ed	pun-ish-ment	beam-ing
sus-pi-cious	re-proof	snow-ball-ing	por-trait

HIS SISTER'S STORY. — Part II.

1. Hilda went on reading: —

"'April 22. — His mamma had sowed peas in the morning, and in the evening Rufus pulled up a whole row to see which of them had grown the most. This time he escaped with a reproof.

2. "'April 23. — He broke one of the best tea-cups, and then pounded it in the mortar, to make the cook believe it was sifted sugar.

3. "'St. John's day. — Rufus committed so many crimes on this day that it was not possible to write them all.'"

"Hilda, I only tore two holes in my jacket, and one was a *very* little one."

4. "Listen again. 'June 30. — Rufus dug a hole in the garden, and buried papa's seal-ring, mamma's gold thimble, six fir-apples, and a toad

in it; this was a robber's cave. The house was turned upside down to find the ring and the thimble. At last Rufus was taken prisoner as a suspicious character; he admitted that he had buried the treasure.' Was that good?"

"But I told the truth the minute I was asked."

5. "'July 27.—Rufus went to the shore, took the boat, and tried to row. The water was rough, and the noble chieftain drifted out to sea; he began to cry for help.'"

"I could have rowed quite well, only — the oars were too big."

6. "'And Rufus Roughwig was too little. Sam followed in the big boat, and saved the brave captain, and this time the judge thought the fright was punishment enough. Next day he tried to ride on the biggest cow, fell off, and was wounded in the head.'"

"I know how to ride horses."

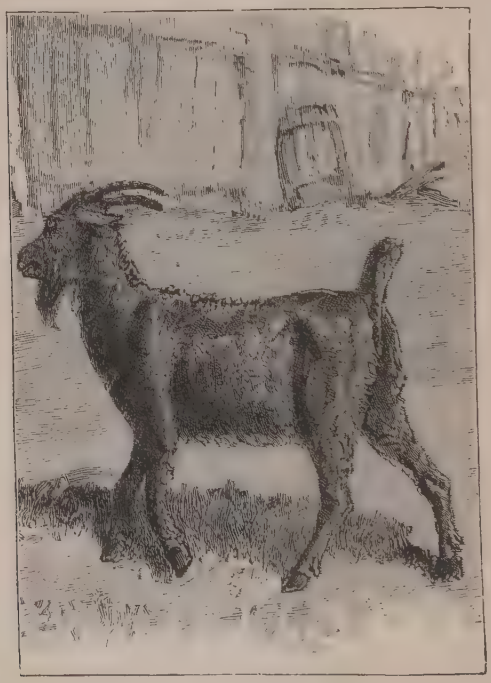
7. "'August 11.—The robber chief resolved to mount Billy, the goat; Billy butted, Rufus ran away, and the enemy pursued him. If Mary had not come up just then with the milk-pails, there would have been a dreadful defeat.'"

"I hit that goat, I did."

"'It is supposed that Rufus fancied he hit the

goat, but that he really shouted, 'Oh, Mary, help me!'

8. "'September 4. — Rufus drew his schoolmaster's portrait on the clean white wall in the



kitchen with horrid black coal. He was put in prison for an hour.'"

"I climbed out of the window," broke in Fred.

"'The prisoner was removed to the garret,

where it was not easy to escape through the window.

"'October 16. — Rufus set fire to Mary's flax while she was spinning. He was condemned to go to bed at six o'clock.

"'November 3. — Without waiting to ask leave, he crept out over the thin ice to pull out a little boy who had fallen in. For this crime the chief was first arrested and afterwards rewarded.

9. "'December 4. — This was a dreadful day. Rufus fought with the Roberts boys for a priceless treasure found in the stable, — this was a dead mouse. The chief struck Charlie Roberts, and gave him a black eye. He was condemned to say he was sorry.'"

"Charlie struck me first."

10. "Yes, but he was only four, and Rufus was six, past; a big boy strike a little one, dreadful! 'When Rufus would not say that he was sorry, then papa whipped him — the first time this year. The next day the boys were snow-balling, and the robber chief flung quite a hard ball at Charlie, and his cheek swelled.' Was that right?"

11. Fred was silent.

"That was what is called *revenge*, and revenge

is the naughtiest thing in the whole world. How can such a robber chief ever be happy any more?"

Fred felt tears coming, and made his eyes quite round, and shut his teeth tight, to prevent himself crying. In a minute or two he got up and ran away; half-an-hour after he hopped in, beaming.

"Where did you go to, Fred?"

12. Fred looked a little shy. "Oh, over there, you know." He fidgeted about, then got very red, and said very fast, "You know my sled, don't you, Hil—that beauty I got last Christmas? You know it's the best sled that ever was seen."

"Yes, I know; and you love it as well as Sam loves his best horse, and you always say it's the best in the town."

"I have given it to Charlie, and he's so glad. Hilda, if you could only have seen how very glad he was!"

13. "And you, Fred?"

"I'm glad, too. You see, Hilda, I've been so bad ever since that dead mouse, and when you spoke about it, I could stand it no longer; so I went to Charlie, you know, and now it's all right; he *is* pleased. If you only saw! And now Christmas will be real jolly!"

14. Hilda put her two arms round Fred, kissed

him, and danced round the room with him seven times.

"Do you know what, Fred? When Rufus' fairy godmother sends the book to be printed, I'll ask her to tell the story of the dead mouse."

And this is all we know of the deeds and adventures of the robber chief, Rufus Roughwig.

— *From the Finnish.*

Admitted. — Confessed.
Arrested. — Taken prisoner.
Portrait. — Picture, likeness.
Priceless treasure. — Something so precious that no price is large enough to buy it.
Pursued. — Ran after.
Removed. — Taken away.
Revenge. — Doing an injury in return for an injury received.
Suspicious character. — A person whose past actions make people suspect him.
Defeat. — Failure.

Use other words for "let him off with a reproof"; for "resolved to mount"; for "would have been a dreadful defeat"; for "deeds and adventures." Read the paragraphs that contain these phrases again, giving the meaning in your own way.

Practise saying the following words in sentences, taking care to give the final *y* the sound of short *i*, and not, as do many, short *e*:—

pan-try	hur-ry	beau-ty	eas-y
fair-y	stud-y	hap-py	re-al-ly

The story Hilda wrote was in the form of a Diary; that is, the doings of each day were put in writing, with the date.

Copy what was written on August 11, and tell how many separate facts are noted. Write a record of your own for the day in which you have this lesson.

III.

tongue	cud-dled	dis-po-si-tion	i-deas
ached	sat-is-fied	com-plained	dif-fer-ence

THE CAT-RABBIT. — Part I.

1. In a round basket lined with soft green cloth, not far from the kitchen fire, lay a large white pussy cat, with two kittens, one black with white spots, and the other white with yellow trimmings. The cat washed her kittens till her rough tongue ached so that she had to rest it; and as soon as it was rested, she washed them both all over again.

2. By and by a little girl came in, bringing something very carefully in her hands.

"It isn't anything for you to eat, Selina; it is something for you to take care of," she said.

"Selina" was the name by which Alice called the cat.

3. "My white rabbit has such a number of little ones, — more than she can possibly take good care of, I am sure; and as you have only two kittens, I thought I would give you one of them. I am sure you will be kind to it."

4. The old cat was asleep just then, and had not heard a word that Alice had said.

Alice went softly to the basket, and put the little rabbit down by Selina's side; then she sat down and waited to see what would happen.

5. To her great delight, as soon as she opened her eyes, puss gave it a loving lick all down its back.

The little rabbit nearly fell over, for the touch was not as gentle as she had had before; but she cuddled up close and lay still, so that Alice was satisfied that it was safe to leave them together.

6. That afternoon the basket was carried up stairs. "Are they not lovely kittens?" asked Alice; "I shall call them Fluffy and Buffy, but what shall I call the little rabbit? I wonder whether it will grow up most like a cat or a rabbit?"

"I should think it would always be a rabbit," said her sister May.

7. "Of course, I know it will always be a rabbit in one sense, but it will have all the ideas of a cat, I think." May did not know about ideas; she thought it must mean something like catching mice; but as Alice was not pleased to have this habit of Selina's talked about, she said nothing.

8. The children were called to tea, and Alice had to leave her pets. "It will be a cat-rabbit,"

she said, as she helped herself to bread and butter. "I wish I could think of a good name for it."

But she never could, so it was always called the "cat-rabbit."

9. It was a great delight to Alice to notice that Selina treated the cat-rabbit exactly like one of her own children; or, if she made any difference, with more tenderness.

10. Puss was quite sure that the cat-rabbit would open its eyes first, and she was right. "Dear little thing," she said, "how wise she looks. She takes after me already."

11. As the children grew older and stronger, mother Puss would leave them for awhile in their basket, and great games the kittens had, tumbling over one another in every possible way. Cat-rabbit never joined in the romps, but sat looking on without so much as a smile.

12. "She is so stupid," the kittens complained to their mother, "she will not play at all."

"Sweet child," the mother would reply, "that is because of her gentle disposition. I had just the same when I was at her age."

Tell this story as fully as you can, and using, as far as you remember them, the words used in the book.

IV.

reg-u-lar	squeak-ing	shuf-fling	wrath
un-us-u-al	per-suade	anx-ious	act-u-al-ly
ea-ger-ness	awk-ward	poi-son-ous	for-got-ten

THE CAT-RABBIT. — Part II.

1. One day when pussy came home to her family there was a regular fight going on in the basket. The cat-rabbit was squeaking, — a most unusual thing.

"What is going on?" asked Selina.

"We were only trying to pull the little one's tail to the right length," said Buffy; "it looks so very odd."

"Her tail is long enough," answered Mother Puss; "do not meddle with it again."

2. In her heart she had great fears about the little one's tail, and had often watched it, trying to persuade herself that it grew. "I cannot understand it," she said to herself. "There never was anything of that kind in our family. But her ears are wonderful, and will make a grand appearance when she learns to hold them upright."

3. The kittens were always finding something to complain of in the poor cat-rabbit.

One day it was: "She cannot even mew."

"That's her sweet temper."

"But she does not purr."

"Her purr will be all the stronger by and by."

"But I can purr as loud as you now, mother," said Buffy.

4. Selina did not know what to say, and the matter ended. At another time it was, —

"She has such a shuffling, awkward walk."

Another day Fluffy and Buffy came running to her in great haste. "Do look at the little one," they said; "she is actually eating a bit of raw cabbage-leaf that Miss Alice dropped on the floor."

5. This roused the mother. "Put that poisonous stuff down this instant, you naughty child," she said. She gave the kittens a punishment for telling tales, but she felt anxious about these strange ways.

For instance, when she told the children about the use of their claws, and the kittens listened with eagerness, the cat-rabbit did not take in a single word. She never showed the faintest interest in her mother's tail; and when Alice swung a cork on a line for them to play with, she sat by without once trying to catch it.

6. One day mother Puss happened to meet Ponto, Alice's dog. They were not on the best

of terms, but he stopped and asked, "Does it belong to your family to eat dry bran?"

"Certainly not," said Selina; "what do you mean?"

"Oh, nothing, only I happened to see one of them with her nose in a saucer of raw bran."

7. Mother Puss blushed, but she carried it off very well.

"Some childish prank," she said; "my family is so large I can hardly look after them properly."

She lost no time in running up stairs to see what was going on. There, sure enough, was the cat-rabbit, busy with a saucer of bran.

8. "Little one," she said, more sorry than angry, "I would have lost a whole mouse sooner than have seen this sight." The cat-rabbit never looked up, but went quietly on with the bran. "Do you wish to break your poor mother's heart?"

9. Just then the bran came to an end, and the cat-rabbit came to her mother with such gentleness that her wrath was for a moment forgotten.

But Mother Puss became daily more unhappy about her smallest darling. "I fear," she at last made up her mind, "that her tail will never be quite like those of other people. But that is not her fault, poor dear," she added.

10. "You might try to hold up your ears a little, my child," she said one day; but the cat-rabbit was almost spoiled with the treatment she had from the kittens, and she did not answer.

Continue the story-telling from memory.

Write a comparison of the cat and the rabbit. Speak of their different motions; their different wants and enjoyments.

V.

a-roused	hutch	con-ceal	rough
pur-pose	front	pro-vide	in-ter-rupt

THE CAT-RABBIT — Part III.

1. The older they grew, the less the kittens could get on with the little one.

The time came when their mother thought they were old enough for a mouse hunt, and she took them to a hole in front of which she told them to sit quietly till a mouse should appear. The cat-rabbit sat as still as the rest, but showed no interest whatever.

2. "Stupid little thing," said Buffy.

"The calmer one keeps, the better," said Mother Puss.

When, however, the moment arrived, and the mouse passed under the cat-rabbit's very nose, and she did not even stretch a claw to prevent its escape, the old cat's wrath was aroused.

3. "You heartless child," she exclaimed, "I believe you did it on purpose. Leave the hole at once." "Such a lovely mouse," sobbed the kittens, "and we've lost it."

The cat-rabbit moved away. "I will not stay here to be so treated. Why can't they let me alone? all I ask is a cabbage leaf and comfort."

4. The door was open, and she hopped down stairs and out into the yard. Ponto had gone out for a walk, and she sat for some time wondering what would come next.

5. By and by Miss Alice appeared. "You poor little cat-rabbit," she said; "have you come to look for your old friends?" and she lifted the little thing in her arms, and, opening the door of the rabbit hutch, she put it gently in.

What was the cat-rabbit's surprise to find there another little person with long ears that did not stand up, and a short tail like her own. Alice put in a bunch of green and left them together.

6. "Mamma," she said, when she returned to the house, "I think I shall leave the poor cat-

rabbit in the hutch. I am afraid she is not happy with the cats. I saw Selina bite her the other day, and the kittens are so rough with her. The poor thing ran away from them to-day."

7. After the mouse hunt was over, Mother Puss looked around for the little one, but she was not to be found anywhere. The kittens could hardly conceal their delight. Mother Puss did not mew long. "I dare say it is all for the best; she never would have grown up to be credit to me, and Miss Alice will provide for her," she said.

8. The cat-rabbit meanwhile munched away with her new friend with great delight. They did not talk much, but that was what pleased both of them best, as it did not interrupt the munching.

Alice was the only one who felt disappointed and dissatisfied. "I did so hope the cat-rabbit would turn out partly a cat; mamma, but she's nothing but a rabbit after all!"

A most unusual thing. — Something that does not happen often.

Does it belong to your family? etc. — Is it one of the usual ways of a cat?

Not on the best of terms. — Not very friendly with each other.

She is actually eating. — Not pretending to eat, but really or truly doing it.

Explain in ways of your own: "To her great delight"; "make a grand appearance"; "carried it off very well."

VI.

aim-less-ly	muf-fled	des-pair-ing	home-ward
cher-ished	sough-(suf-)ing	con-fi-den-tial	as-ton-ished
min-gled	hun-dred	trun-dle bed	shiv-er-ing

A LITTLE GOOSE.

The chill November day was done,
The working world home faring;
The wind came roaring through the streets,
And set the gaslights flaring;
And hopelessly and aimlessly
The seared old leaves were flying —
When, mingled with the soughing wind,
I heard a small voice crying.

And, shivering at the corner, stood
A child of four, or over;
No cloak or hat her small soft arms
And wind-blown curls to cover;
Her dimpled face was stained with tears,
Her round blue eyes ran over;
She cherished in her wee cold hand
A bunch of faded clover.

And, one hand round her treasure, while
She slipped in mine the other,

Half-scared, half-confidential, said,
"Oh, please, I want my mother!"
"Tell me your street and number, pet—

Don't cry — I'll take you to it."
Sobbing, she answered, "I forget;
The organ made me do it.

"He came and played at Miller's step,
The monkey took the money;

I followed down the street because
That monkey was so funny.
I've walked about a hundred hours
From one street to another;
The monkey's gone, I've spoiled my flowers:
Oh! please, I want my mother."

"But what's your mother's name, and what's
The street? Now think a minute."
"My mother's name is Mother Dear,
The street — I can't begin it."
"But what is strange about the house,
Or new — not like the others?"
"I guess you mean my trundle-bed —
Mine and my little brother's.

"Oh, dear! I ought to be at home
To help him say his prayers:
He's such a baby, he forgets;
And we are both such players;
And there's a bar between to keep
From pitching on each other,
For Harry rolls when he's asleep:
Oh, dear! I want my mother."

The sky grew stormy, people passed,
All muffled, homeward faring.

"You'll have to spend the night with me,"
I said at last, despairing.
I tied a kerchief round her neck —
"What ribbon's this, my blossom?"
"Why, don't you know?" she smiling said.
And drew it from her bosom.

A card with number, street, and name!
My eyes astonished met it;
"For," said the little one, "you see
I might sometime forget it,
And so I wear a little thing
That tells you all about it;
For mother says she's very sure
I should get lost without it."

MARIAN DOUGLASS.

Home faring. — Going towards home.
Aimlessly. — Not going anywhere in particular.
Soughing. — Making a soft sighing sound.
Cherished. — Held lovingly.
Confidential. — Trusting another with a secret.
Scared. — Frightened.
Astonished. — Surprised.
Trundle-bed. — A bed that moves on trundles, or little wheels.
Despairing. — Giving up hope.
Kerchief. — Short for *cover-chief*. The word first meant a little square scarf to tie over the head or "chief." We now generally say "handkerchief."
Muffled. — Wrapped up.
Flaring. — Burning brightly but unsteadily.

How many lines are there in each stanza, and which lines rhyme in each?

VII.

ex-pos-ure	en-cased	pos-ses-sion	im-bed-ded
pro-tec-tion	puz-zled	ac-ci-dent-al	snood
ex-ude	ooz-ing	sur-round-ed	se-cure-ly

THE STORY OF THE AMBER BEADS.

1. I know a little Scotch girl. She lives among the Highlands of Scotland. Her home is hardly more than a hut; her food, broth and bread. Her father keeps sheep on the hillsides, and instead of wearing a coat, wraps himself in his plaid for protection against the cold winds that drive before them great clouds of mist and snow among the mountains.

2. As for Jeanie herself, her yellow hair is bound about with a little snood; her face is browned by exposure to the weather, and her hands are hardened by work; for she helps her mother to cook and sew, to spin and weave. One treasure little Jeanie has, which many a lady would be proud to wear. It is a necklace of amber beads.

3. You have perhaps seen amber, and know its rich sunshiny color, and its fragrance when rubbed; and do you also know that rubbing will make amber attract things to itself somewhat as a

magnet does? Each bead had inside of it something tiny, encased as if it had grown in the amber.

4. Jeanie is never tired of looking at and wondering about them. Here is one with a delicate bit of ferny moss shut up, as it were, in a globe of yellow light. In another is the tiniest fly, his little wings outspread and raised for flight. Again, she can show us, lodged in one bead that looks like solid honey, a bee; and a little bright-winged beetle in another. This one holds two slender pine-needles lying across each other, and here we see a single scale of a pine-cone; while yet another shows an atom of an acorn-cup, fit for a fairy's use.

5. I wish you could see the beads, for I cannot tell you the half of their beauty.

Now where do you suppose they came from, and how did little Scotch Jeanie come into possession of such a treasure?

6. Old Kenneth, Jeanie's grandfather, who now sits all day in the chimney corner, years ago, when he was a young lad, once went down to the seashore after a great storm hoping to help save something from the wreck of the *Goshawk*, that had gone ashore during the night. Among the

slippery seaweeds, his foot accidentally uncovered a clear, shining lump of amber, in which all these creatures were imbedded.

7. Now Kenneth loved a pretty Highland lass, and when she promised to be his bride, he brought her a necklace of amber beads. He had carved them himself out of his lump of amber, working carefully to save in the centre of each bead the prettiest insect or moss, and thinking, while he toiled hour after hour, of the delight with which he should see his bride wear them.

8. That bride was Jeanie's grandmother, and when she died last year, she said, "Let little Jeanie have my amber beads, and wear them as long as she lives."

What puzzled Jeanie was how the amber came to be on the seashore; and most of all, how the bees and mosses came inside of it. Should you like to know? If you would, that is one of Mother Nature's stories, and she will gladly tell it.

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9. Here is what she answers to our questions: —

"I remember a time long, long before you were born, — long even before men were living on the earth, — these Scotch Highlands, as you call them,

were covered with forests. There were oaks, poplars, beeches, and pines; and among them, one kind of pine, tall and stately, from which a yellow, shining gum flowed, just as you have seen little sticky drops exude from our own pine-trees.

10. "This beautiful yellow gum was fragrant, and as the thousands of little insects fluttered about it, in the warm sunshine, they were attracted by its pleasant odor, perhaps, too, by its taste, — and having alighted, they stuck fast, and could not get away. The great yellow drops, oozing out, surrounded, and at last covered them entirely.

11. "So, too, wind-blown bits of moss, leaves, acorns, cones, and little sticks, were soon securely imbedded in the fast-flowing gum; and, as time went by, it hardened and hardened more and more — and this is amber."

"That is well told, Mother Nature, but it does not explain how Kenneth's lump of amber came to be on the seashore."

12. Wait, then, for the second part of the story.

"Did you ever hear that in those very old times, the land sometimes sank down so deep that the water covered it, even to the mountain tops, and what had been land became deep sea?

13. "You can hardly believe it; yet I myself was there to see, and I remember well when the great forests of the North of Scotland — the oaks, the poplars, and the amber pines — were lowered into the deep sea.

14. "There, lying at the bottom of the ocean, the wood and the gum hardened like stone, and only the great storms can disturb them, as they lie buried in the sand."

15. It was one of those great storms that brought Kenneth's lump of amber to land.

If we could only walk on the bottom of the sea, what treasures we might find!

MISS ANDREWS,
Author of "Seven Little Sisters."

Plaid. — An over-garment, worn by the Highlanders of Scotland. It is of striped or variegated cloth, and reaches to the knees, or, in cold weather, to the feet.

Snood. — A band or ribbon, worn to hold the hair of girls or young women.

Magnet. — A kind of iron ore, has the power of drawing other iron objects to itself; it is called *loadstone*, and the same power may be given to a bar of iron or steel, which is then called *a magnet*.

To ooze, *or* **exude,** is to flow very gently through openings which are so small as hardly to be seen. The flow of perspiration through the pores of the skin is an example.

Write in a simple way how each bead came to have at its centre some pretty form.

VIII.

o'er-top-ping trudg-ing gyp-sy

HOP-PICKING

Under my window, at six o'clock,
When all were asleep as sound as a rock,
Nothing awake but the stable cock,
Who crowed without stopping;
I heard a troop of the hoppers pass —
Child, old woman, and boy and lass —
Trudging over the long wet grass,
All going a-hopping.

I know the hop garden, fresh and green,
Where, month after month, the hops we've seen
Climbing the tall poles, and between,
In beautiful wreaths down dropping.
I know the gate, where, if you'll stand,
You'll see the hop-pickers in a band,
Loud and merry, ragged and tann'd,
Spread over the field a-hopping.

Who'll turn out of their early beds,
Put on old frocks, old hats on their heads,
And before the sun his hot beams sheds
The eastern hill o'er-topping,

Who'll come and spend the morning gay,
In gypsy fashion — half work, half play —
Who'll go a-hopping?

Author of "John Halifax."

Hops are grown both in England and the United States. In Central New York there are great fields of them. In the spring the vines are trained on tall poles, and they become great masses of beautiful green. September is the time when the flowers are ready to be gathered. They are used in brewing and as medicine.

Gypsies. — A race of people who wander from place to place, living in tents, doing only so much work as is needful to supply their daily wants.

IX.

sep-a-ra-ted	cap-sized	com-pan-ion	rec-ol-lec-tion
op-po-site	shud-dered	per-ceived	im-por-tant
o-ver-board	fa-mous-ly	hol-lowed	shel-tered

LEARNING TO SWIM.

1. "Toby," said Digby Heathcote, "I want to learn how to swim."

"Then come along, master," replied the old man; and they rowed across to a quiet little bay, with a sandy shore, sheltered by rocks, on the side of the river opposite the town. "Pull off your clothes, master," said Toby, as they were still some little way from the shore.

2. Digby did as he was bid. "Now jump over-

board," added Toby. Digby stood up, but as he looked into the water and could see no bottom, he shuddered at the thought of plunging in. Toby passed a band round his waist with a rope to it, but Digby had hardly perceived this — he felt himself pushed, and over he went, heels over head, under the water.

3. "Oh, I'm drowning, I'm drowning!" he cried out, when he came to the surface.

"Oh, no, you're not, master, you're all right," said the old man. "Strike out for the shore, and see if you can't swim there."

Digby did strike out, but wildly, and not in a way that would have kept him afloat.

4. "That's the way you'd have done if the boat was capsized, and you'd have drowned yourself and any one who came to help you," remarked Toby; "but catch hold of this oar. Now strike away with your feet, right astern; not out of the water though; keep them lower down.

5. "That's the way to go ahead. Steady, though; strike both of them together. Slow, though, slower. We're in no hurry — there's plenty of time; you can learn the use of your hands another day. Draw your legs well under you. Now, as I give the word, strike out, draw

up. That will do famously. If you keep steadily at it, you'll learn to swim in a very few days."

6. Digby felt rather tired when he and the boat at length reached the shore. He had some notion that he had towed her there, which he had not, though. He had learned an important part in the art of swimming. When he came out of the water, and had dressed, Toby showed him how to use his hands.

7. "Now, Master Heathcote, look here. Do as I do." Toby put his hands together, with the fingers straight out and close to each other, and the palms slightly hollowed. Then he brought them up to his breast, and darting them forward, separated his hands and pressed them backwards till he brought his elbows down to the hips, close to his body, and again turned his wrists till his hands once more got back to the position with which he had started.

8. He made Digby do this again and again, till he was quite eager to jump into the water and put his knowledge into practice.

9. "No, no, master," said Toby, "you've had bathing enough to-day. Just you keep on doing those movements whenever you have a spare moment, and to-morrow we'll see how well you can do them in the water."

10. Digby was certain that not only would he do them perfectly, but that he should be able to swim any distance. Toby said nothing, but his nose curled up in its quiet funny way.

11. The next day was very fine, and all the boys came down to bathe, and to see Digby swim, as he boasted he could do perfectly well. They crossed over to the bay, all of them getting ready for a plunge.

12. "Now Digby," cried Marshall, when they got near the shore, "overboard we go."

"All right," cried Digby, putting his hands into the correct position as far as he could remember it; and, with great courage, he jumped into the water.

13. Somehow or other, he could not tell why, down he went some way under the surface, and when he came up he had forgotten all about the way to strike out which Toby had taught him. Instead of that he flung about his arms and kicked his legs out in the wildest manner, and would have gone down again had not Marshall swam up alongside him, and putting his hand under his chin, told him to keep perfectly quiet till he had collected his senses.

14. He had courage enough to do this, and was

surprised to find himself floating on the surface of the water with so little support.

"Bravo, Master Marshall," cried Toby. "Now strike out, Master Heathcote, as I showed you."

15. The recollection of how to strike out came back to Digby, and to his great delight he found himself making some progress towards the shore, his friend still holding him up by the chin.

"Let me go, I am sure I can swim alone," he cried.

16. Marshall did so, but, after a few strokes, down he went, and again he forgot what he had done so well on dry land. His feet, however, touched the bottom, and, hopping on one leg, he went on, striking out with his hands, and fancying that he was swimming, till he reached the shore.

17. His companions, of course, laughed at him, but he did not mind that, and running in again, he made one or two more successful attempts, but he did not boast any more of the distance he was going to swim. When once again he had gone out till the water reached his chin, he found the boat close to him.

18. "Don't be swimming any more, Master Heathcote, but give me your hand," said Toby,

taking it. "There, now throw yourself on your back, stick your legs out, put your head back as far as it will go; now don't move, let your arms hang down. There, I'll hold you steady: a feather would do it. Now you feel how the water keeps you up.

19. "There, you might stay there for an hour, or a dozen hours for that matter, if it wasn't for the cold, in smooth water. You'll learn to swim in a very few days now, I see, without your clothes, and then you must learn with your clothes on. If I couldn't have done that, I should not have been here; I should have been drowned long ago."

20. Thus talking, the old man let Digby float by the side of the boat till he had been long enough in the water, and then he helped him out and made him dress quickly.

Perceived. — Noticed.
Capsized. — Upset.
Shuddered. — Shook and trembled.
Astern. — Backwards.
Put his knowledge into practice. — Show that he could do what he had learned.
Collected his senses. — Gained presence of mind, or, become quiet enough to think.
Sheltered. — Protected.

Which paragraphs of the lesson give directions for swimming? Make the motions with the hands that Digby was to practice. How was he to place himself for floating?

X.

peas-ant	on-ions	fer-ret-ing	mea-ger
de-li-cious	di-o-cese	ac-quaint-ance	shrieked

HOW TO MAKE THE BEST OF IT.

1. Robinet, a peasant of Lorraine, after a hard day's work at the next market-town, was running home with a basket in his hand. "What a delicious supper I shall have," said he to himself. "This piece of kid, well stewed down, with my onions sliced, thickened with my meal, and seasoned with my salt and pepper, will make a dish fit for the bishop of the diocese. Then I have a good piece of barley loaf at home to finish with. How I long to be at it!"

2. A noise in the hedge now attracted his notice, and he spied a squirrel nimbly running up a tree, and popping into a hole between the branches. "Ha!" thought he, "what a nice present a nest of young squirrels will be to my little master! I'll try if I can get it." Upon this, he set down his basket in the road, and began to climb up the tree. He had half ascended, when casting a look at his basket, he saw a dog with his nose in it, ferreting out the piece of

kid's flesh. He made all possible speed down, but the dog was too quick for him, and ran off with the meat in his mouth. Robinet looked after him

—"Well," said he, "then I must be contented with soup-meagre — and no bad thing neither."

3. He travelled on, and came to a little public-house by the road side, where an acquaintance of his was sitting on a bench. Robinet seated himself by his friend, and set his basket on the bench close by him. A tame raven, which was kept at

the house, came slyly behind him, and perching on the basket, stole away the bag in which the meal was tied up, and hopped off with it to his hole.

4. Robinet did not perceive the theft till he had got on his way again. He returned to search for his bag, but could hear no tidings of it. "Well," says he, "my soup will be the thinner, but I will boil a slice of bread with it, and that will do it some good at least."

5. He went on again, and arrived at a little brook, over which was laid a narrow plank. A young woman coming up to pass at the time, Robinet gallantly offered his hand. Either through fear or sport, as soon as she was got to the middle, she shrieked out and cried she was falling.

6. Robinet, hastening to support her with his other hand, let his basket drop into the stream. As soon as she was safe over, he jumped in and recovered it, but when he took it out, he perceived that all the salt was melted, and the pepper washed away.

7. Nothing was now left but the onions. "Well," says Robinet, "then I must sup to-night upon roasted onions and barley bread. Last night I

had the bread alone. To-morrow morning it will not signify what I had." So saying, he trudged on, singing as before.

EVENINGS AT HOME.

Diocese. — The district that a bishop has charge of in matters of religion.
Attracted. — Drawn to.
Ferreting. — Picking out, as a ferret (kind of weasel) does.
Acquaintance. — A person he knew.
Tidings. — News.
Meagre (*meger*). — Thin, poor.
Support. — Hold up, sustain.
Recovered. — Got again, rescued.
Signify. — Matter, be of importance.
Lorraine. — A province, formerly of France, but now under the government of Germany.
Gallantly. — Courteously, politely.

XI.

rough	pa-tience	be-longed	me-mo-ry
au-tumn	grudge	heath-er	neigh-bor

THE EAGLE'S NEST. — Part I.

1. "Father, father, it is going to be a splendid day," cried Donald Mac Ian, as he opened the door of his little cottage home, high among the mountains.

The first rays of the sun were just touching the top of Ben More, the great mountain above the little house, and made the purple heather brighten. There was not a cloud to be seen in all the sky.

2. "That is well, Donald," answered his father, "for I have a long way to take to-day, to visit my cousin, and the walk seems but half as long

on a fine day. Come, Donald, let the goats out, and look after Brown Kate, the cow. We will milk her quickly, and breakfast before I start."

3. "Oh! Brown Kate is quite close," said Donald. "I just saw her come past neighbor Morse's

house, along the valley. She is as clever as a woman, and knows well that we want our breakfast. But what is going to happen now? Neighbor Morse is driving Brown Kate into his own cow-house!

4. "Neighbor, neighbor!" cried Donald, putting his hands to his mouth as a trumpet; "that is *our* cow. Do you hear? That is Brown Kate."

"Oh! I hear," answered a rough voice from below. "But I have a fancy for this cow, and I mean to keep her. You can tell your father that if he wants her he may come and fetch her."

5. "Father!" shouted Donald, who was still standing in the doorway; "neighbor Morse says he is going to keep Brown Kate. Do come out and stop him."

Duncan Mac Ian came out quickly, and saw that, as Donald had said, his neighbor was driving the cow into his own cow-house.

"What's the meaning of this, John Morse?" he shouted.

6. "You don't seem to understand," returned the other. "You have quite forgotten, no doubt, that you owe me forty shillings ever since last winter, and that you promised, for the tenth time, to pay me yesterday. As your memory is so

short, I am just going to keep the cow to remind you. She can come on a visit to my cows until I see my forty shillings again."

7. Duncan Mac Ian frowned, and bit his lip. "You know well," he said, "that I could not pay you. My good wife's illness and death took all my little savings. But you know, too, that I am an honest man, and you need not be so hard upon me. That is not being a good neighbor, John."

8. "Neighbor, indeed!" growled John Morse. "The cow is mine till I get my money."

With these words he turned away, and went into his snug white house.

9. "Father," said Donald, in a vexed tone, when John Morse was no longer to be seen; "have you to put up with that? I would not bear it, if I were you."

"Hush, my laddie!" said his father. "I grant you it is not nice or kind of John Morse to be so hard upon his poorer neighbor; but he can do what he pleases, for I owe him the money. That I cannot deny.

10. "If it had been possible, I would have paid him long, long ago; but your poor mother's illness and death made it quite out of the ques-

tion. Patience, patience! My cousin will lend me the forty shillings if I ask him, and then John Morse must give up our dear Brown Kate. To-morrow we will have her back."

11. "That we *will*, father," the boy said, firmly. "We must and will have her back. This very day he shall give her up. Shame upon the rich man! What makes him behave in this way?"

"I will tell you," replied his father. "He has coveted Brown Kate for a long time, because she is the best cow for miles round. Last autumn he offered me a good price for her, and, because I did not take it, he has a grudge against me."

12. "Well, you go on your way, father," said Donald. "I will get the good cow back to-day. I say I will, and you know if I say a thing I mean it." His father smiled.

"What pranks have you in your head, laddie?" he asked. "For pity's sake do not have high words with John Morse. You will only make the matter ten times worse. Don't do anything rash, Donald."

13. "Do I look as if I would?" said Donald, drawing himself to his full height. Duncan Mac Ian looked with pleasure and pride at his boy's tall, well-made figure.

"Well, you are a child no longer," said he. "You are sixteen years old, Donald, and the mountain air has made you strong and sturdy. But I should like to know what you have in your mind."

14. "But I should like not to tell you, daddy," said Donald. "It is nothing wrong. Will that set your mind at rest?"

"Well, well, if it is nothing wrong; and now I must be gone," said Duncan, who had been eating a little oat cake, which was very dry without Brown Kate's milk. "Now remember, Donald," he said, as he went out, "no pranks, if you please."

Heather. — A shrub bearing beautiful flowers, and keeping green all the year; used in Scotland for baskets, brooms, etc.

To put up with. — To bear without complaint.

Sturdy. — Hardy, robust.

Ben. — Used before the name of a mountain, is the same as mount in our country.

Clever. — Wise.

Out of the question. — Not to be thought of, impossible.

Coveted. — Desired very much.

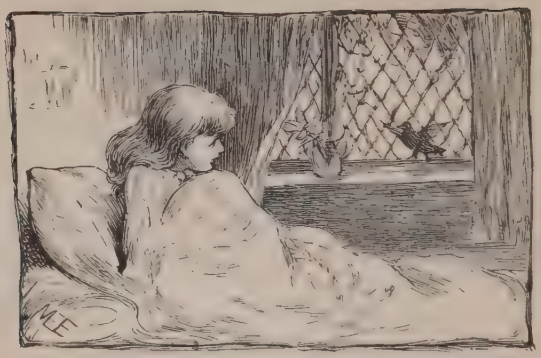
A grudge. — Ill will because of some advantage possessed by another.

Mac is common before Scotch surnames.

Donald and **Duncan** are common Scotch christian names.

GENERAL KNOWLEDGE.

Find out all you can about Scotland and the ways of Scotch people.



XII.

pinch-ing coan-ty rus-set wheat-stack

ROBIN REDBREAST.

Good-by, good-by to Summer,
For Summer's nearly done;
The garden smiling faintly,
Cool breezes in the sun;
Our thrushes now are silent,
Our swallows flown away,
But Robin's here, in coat of brown,
With ruddy breast-knot gay.
Robin, Robin Redbreast,
O Robin dear!
Robin singing sweetly
In the falling of the year.

Bright yellow, red, and orange,
The leaves come down in hosts;
The trees are Indian Princes,
But soon they'll turn to ghosts;
The scanty pears and apples
Hang russet on the bough;
It's Autumn, Autumn, Autumn late,
'Twill soon be Winter now.
Robin, Robin Redbreast,
O Robin dear!
And what will this poor Robin do,
For pinching days are near?

The fireside for the cricket,
The wheatstack for the mouse,
When trembling night-winds whistle
And moan all round the house;
The frosty ways like iron,
The branches plumed with snow, —
Alas! in Winter dead and dark,
Where can poor Robin go?
Robin, Robin Redbreast,
O Robin dear!
And a crumb of bread for Robin,
His little heart to cheer.

W. Allingham.

XIII.

dai-ry	En-glish-man	sal-mon	prec-i-pice
ea-glet	sov-er-eign	dan-ger-ous	ear-nest

THE EAGLE'S NEST. — Part II.

1. Donald watched his father climb the mountain. "It is nothing wrong, but it is no small matter either that I have in hand," he said to himself. "But now I must see to the goats."

2. The goats came at his call. Donald milked them, and put the milk in pans in a cool little dairy. He took a small axe, and put it in his belt, and a sharp knife in his pocket; put some bread and a bottle of goat's milk in a leather bag, and took in his hand a strong stick with a sharp iron point. Then he looked for a piece of strong cord, and went out of the cottage.

3. Away he went quickly down the valley. The sun was still low in the east, but he had some distance to go, and he whistled or sang as he went along, till he came to a little inn, from which there was a splendid view over the mountains.

4. "Good morning, Donald Mac Ian," said a waiter who was going in and out, getting break-

fast ready. "Are you come to go fishing or shooting with the English gentlemen to-day?"

5. "No, I am not; but I want to see the English gentleman that came last week — Dr. Mayne, I mean," said Donald.

"Here he comes," said the waiter, as a gentleman came down stairs calling loudly for his breakfast.

6. "Directly, directly, sir!" cried the waiter; and as the gentleman came to the inn door Donald touched his cap and went to him. "Ah, my man!" said the Englishman, "have you come to tell me of another big salmon — eh?"

7. "Not to-day, sir," said Donald. "I only wanted to know if you were in earnest the other day, when you said you would gladly give a sovereign to any one who would bring you an eagle's nest."

8. "An eagle's nest? Yes, indeed. But the nest would not be of much use to me. I want the young birds."

9. "And I know where there is a nest with young birds in it," said Donald. "I watched the eagles yesterday sailing here and there, and at last I tracked them out to the wildest bit of all our mountains, sir."

10. "Go and get me them," cried the Englishman. "Get me them as quickly as possible, and I will give you a sovereign, my boy."

11. "Ah, but that is just it!" said Donald, quickly. "I want more than that; I want two sovereigns, sir. Then I will risk any danger to get them. Could you give me two sovereigns?"

The Englishman frowned. "What!" he said. "So young, and already so anxious for money!"

12. "No, sir; you mistake me," cried Donald. "It is not that. If it were only for myself I would get you the eaglets gladly, and ask nothing."

"Indeed!" said the gentleman; "and what makes you want money so much, then?"

13. Donald was silent for a moment. Then, fearing he would lose the chance of buying back Brown Kate, he told the gentleman his story.

"So you are willing to face the danger for your father's sake?" said the Englishman.

"Willing, sir? I have made up my mind to do it."

14. "And is it so very dangerous?" asked the gentleman. Donald laughed; then he said, gravely, —

"It *is* dangerous, sir; there is no doubt

about that. The only way one can get to the nest is by climbing along a narrow ridge, like the back of a knife, with fearful precipices on both sides. But, please God, I shall go safe, and come back safe."

15. "Then you will risk your life," said the gentleman. "Well, then, bring me the birds, and the

two sovereigns are yours that moment." "Thank you, sir," said Donald, and turned to go.

"Stop, stop!" cried the gentleman. "I wished to try if you really meant to go, but I have changed my mind. I do not think I care at all to have an eagle's nest."

16. Donald's face fell. "Go home, my boy," said his friend. "Go home without broken bones. Ah! but you need not look so vexed. You shall have the money, and I will do without the eaglets. Here, take this."

17. He held two shining pieces of gold out to Donald, who drew back. "Come, take them," he said, smiling. "I give them gladly. Take them and go, or I shall be very angry, and not want to know about any more salmon."

At last Donald took the money. He thanked the kind friend most heartily, and then went away.

18. He walked along quietly till he was well out of hearing of the inn; then he capered about, and fairly shouted aloud with joy.

"Oh, pretty Brown Kate, you shall be ours again to-day — you shall, you shall! Oh, father, how glad you will be!" Then he grew grave again. "But Dr. Mayne must have his eaglets too: that is quite certain," he said to himself.

Directly. — Presently, without delay.

Heartily. — Earnestly, with all the heart.

Inn. — Home for travellers.

Dairy. — The room or place where milk is kept, and butter or cheese is made.

Eaglets. — Young eagles.

Sovereign. — Twenty English shillings, or a little less than five U. S. dollars.

Tracked. — Followed, by watching the way.

Precipice. — A steep, rocky descent.

Ridge. — The highest part of a range of hills or mountains.

Salmon. — Those here mentioned are probably Salmon Trout; beautiful fresh-water fish which are abundant in the rivers of Scotland. They go up from the sea at spawning time.

XIV.

isth-mus	circ-ling	throb-bing	fash-ion
stead-i-ly	flushed	al-read-y	climbed
sud-den-ly	nest-led	bruised	swoop

THE EAGLE'S NEST. — Part III.

1. It was still early and quite cool when Donald came for the second time out of the cottage; but this time he did not take the path that goes down into the valley. He turned the other way, and climbed steadily up the mountain.

2. It was steep enough to make any one feel quite out of breath; but Donald had been used from a baby to climb the steepest places. He did not care, but went on steadily. He stood at last upon the top, and looked back.

3. The mountain air blew fresh upon his flushed face. He could see for miles and miles over the rolling mountains, with a river foaming among them, and deep down in the valleys, or nestled on the hillsides, he could see the white houses, where the women were busy at their work.

4. Then he turned and looked the other way. Sharp, rocky peaks rose before him. He had climbed a steep and high mountain already, but he would have to climb a long way yet along

narrow ledges, where, if his head grew dizzy for a moment, if he made one false step, he would most certainly be killed.

5. Then his father would come home and look for him. How lonely his father would be if he were killed!

Worse still, he might not be killed at once, but lie bruised and with broken bones at the foot of some great rock, where no one could hear him call, till he died of hunger.

6. For a moment Donald thought of all this, but it was only for a moment. Then he turned and began his climb, not in a hurry, but quietly, steadily.

Often his foot slipped a little upon the bare rocks or the heather; but he fixed his sharp stick firmly into the ground at every step he took, and went on slowly.

7. Sometimes he had to walk along a narrow ledge on the side of a fearful rock, clinging to the side of the cliff, and knowing well that he must not look down into the depths below, or he would certainly lose his head and his footing.

8. It was very still all round. He could hear the wild mountain torrents, and the tinkle of a goat's bell far away. Nothing else was to be

heard, except now and then the wild scream of an eagle, which he could see rise and sail high in the air, and then swoop suddenly down upon its prey.

9. Donald had now reached the last and most dangerous part of his journey. This was an edge of rock like an isthmus, which led to the high, flat place on which one nest was perched, with terrible depths surrounding it on every side but one.

10. This flat place the eagles had chosen for their nest, and it certainly seemed that they could not have found a better place to protect them from any living enemy.

11. To walk along this ledge was hopeless for any one but a rope-dancer, and even such a man might have trembled at the awful danger. But Donald could creep on his hands and knees, clinging tightly to the cliff. For some distance he went on in this fashion, and, to his great joy, he could now hear the hoarse but feeble cries of the hungry little eaglets.

12. This sound gave him new strength. But now he came to a place where he could not even creep, and the only way to get on was to go astride. Donald did so, and with great care

moved on, while hope almost made him forget the peril he was in.

13. But suddenly a sound fell upon his ears, which made his heart for a moment stand still. It was a short, sharp cry, which seemed to come from the sky above him. Donald did not need to look up to know that the mother-eagle was circling high in the air above him, as is the custom of those birds before dropping down upon their nest.

14. He knew the cry well, and he knew too that, if the mother-eagle saw him, she would attack him with her great claws and beak, flapping her huge wings about him. If she did so, he must be dashed from his perch, and thrown into that awful depth, where a dark mountain lake lay far, far below him.

15. In a moment he did the only thing that could be of the least use: he laid himself face downwards upon the sharp rock, keeping himself as still as the rock itself, and breathing a prayer to Heaven for help.

16. He could hear his own heart beat so loudly that he thought the eagle must hear it too. But in this worst of dangers help came. The young eaglets, seeing their mother, set up a loud scream-

ing, and grew so eager for their food, that in a moment she came down upon the nest with a fish in her claws, which she had just taken in the lake.

17. The young ones fell upon their dinner at once, and the mother, after watching them for a moment or two, darted away again down into the valley, with the speed of an arrow.

Lose his head. — Grow dizzy, and so be in danger of falling.
Isthmus. — A narrow neck leading to a broader place.
Peril. — Danger.
Custom. — Habit.
False step. — An unsafe step.

XV.

en-tered war-bling roun-de-lay min-strels
heav-en-ly hun-dred har-mo-ny laugh-ter

THE LINNET CHOIR.

A linnet choir sang in a chestnut crown, —
A hundred, p'r'aps, or more, —
Till the stream of their song ran warbling down
And entered a cottage door;
And this was the burden of their lay,
As they piped in the yellow tree: —
"I love my sweet little lady-bird,
And I know that she loves me:

'Chip, chip, cherry chip, cherry, cherry, cherry chip!'
We linnets are a merry band,
A happy company."

It chanced a poet passed that way,
With a quick and merry thought,
And, listening to the roundelay,
His ear their language caught:
Quoth he, as he heard the minstrels sing,
"What heavenly harmony!
I shall steal that song, and carry it home
To my dear family —
'Chip, chip, cherry chip, cherry, cherry, cherry chip!'"
And that song they sing now every eve,
His children, wife, and he.

Next came a boy, with a curly head,
And laughter-lighted eye,
"I've a cage at home, sweet birds," he said,
"And I'll catch you by and by;
My sister would feed and love you well,
My mother would happier be;
Come, tell me," he said, "my little birds,
Shall I take you home with me?

'Chip, chip, cherry chip, cherry, cherry, cherry chip!'"
And all that night the little boy dreamt
He heard the birds in the tree.

EDWARD CAPERN.

Choir (*quire*). — A body, or company, of singers.
Lay, roundelay. — Song.
Burden. — Chorus, refrain.
Quoth. — Said.
Minstrel. — Songster, musician.
Harmony. — Agreeable combination of sounds; music.
The Linnet is one of the song birds of Europe. Its voice is not loud, but very pleasant. It is a brown bird, except at mating time, when its crest and breast feathers are bright red. Linnets thrive well in cages, but never have the bright colors. In the United States they are only seen in cages.

A READING REVIEW.—For Expression.

In the fifteen lessons you have read, there have been calls for great changes of tone and manner. Reading, like talking, is much more pleasant if the voice helps to show the sense.

1. From His Sister's Story, choose sentences to read that show Hilda's tone when she *reads* from her own story, and when she *speaks* to Fred on pages 2, 10, and 11.

2. Read for Fred, in the short sentences he uses to explain his doings, as Hilda reads.

3. Read from the story of the Cat-Rabbit and from the Eagle's Nest as if you were telling a story of your own, with no book, and let the class judge whether you are using your natural voice.

4. Speak for the lady and the little girl in lines from Lesson VI.

5. Lessons VIII., XII., and XV. should *not* be read as if they were written in prose. Give a slight musical ring to the lines, as if each poem had a tune of its own which you could express.

6. In general, young readers need to learn to *drop* their voices in many cases where there is little if any pause.

XVI.

dis-a-bled	strug-gles	ledge	weight
anx-ious	loos-ened	re-mained	de-scent
gid-di-ness	hew-ing	frag-ments	head-long

THE EAGLE'S NEST.—Part IV.

1. As soon as the mother eagle was gone, Donald began to move again. He was anxious to reach the nest, and get safe away with his prize before she could return, and he could not tell how soon that might be.

He therefore went on more quickly than was really safe, and, as he did so, he loosened from the side of the cliff a lump of stone. It fell down the precipice, and Donald could not help looking after it.

2. That was a very rash thing to do. He could see the stone bound once, twice, against the face of the cliff, and drag other pieces along with it. At last it was lost to sight far below in a cloud of dust and fragments.

3. A cold shiver ran through the boy's veins, a dark mist swam before his eyes; it seemed to him as if the whole cliff were about to yield, and would dash down, carrying him in its headlong course. He had, in fact, almost fainted, and it

was only by laying himself once more flat upon the narrow ledge that he was able to resist the dreadful giddiness.

4. For at least a minute he lay thus, with trembling limbs and throbbing temples, but presently he grew calm again, and could dare to raise his head.

5. He would not look down any more, that was quite certain; and, after waiting quietly for a few minutes longer, he felt all his courage come back again. "It is for father," he said to himself; "and I must not be killed, for father could not do without me at all well."

6. And in a very short time he had reached the foot of the high rock in safety. But there still remained a hard thing to do. He could see now that this flat rock was a good deal higher than the ledge along which he had come. Worse still, the sides of the rock were almost smooth: there was not foot-hold for the most clever climber.

7. "After all, I cannot do it," thought Donald. Even if he were to get up, it would be useless to hope to climb down such a place, and if he remained on the height the eagles would certainly kill him.

8. Then he thought of his strong little axe, and

in a moment he was at work hewing out steps in the very face of the rock. Happily for him, it was not very hard rock, and Donald steadily hewed and climbed, till at last his curly red head and flushed face appeared over the edge, and startled the little eaglets, who had never seen such a thing as a human face before.

9. But the young eaglets had not much time for thinking. There were two of them, queer, half-fledged things, lying on the curious flat nest which eagles make. Round them lay fish-bones, and other remains of their food. In a moment Donald had seized first one and then the other, and had stuffed them into the flat leather bag on

his back, in spite of their squealing cries. Now his hands were free to begin the descent.

10. That was perhaps the hardest of all. But he tried to think only of the next step, and to forget that he was hanging in the air over an immense depth. Carefully he put his feet into each of the holes he had made, and then felt with the other foot for the next step, but he never once looked down.

11. Then he slowly turned round, pushed the bag with the yelling eaglets round to his chest, for fear the weight should slip to one side and drag him down, and began to make his way back across the sharp ledge.

He had just reached the point at which he could begin to crawl, when suddenly he heard, besides the cries of the young eagles, a wild scream that could only come from the full-grown bird. He pushed the bag round to his shoulders again, and looked up. There was the mother-eagle circling overhead, quite ready to attack the robber of her nest.

12. Her wings beat the air so that they raised quite a wind. Donald clung with all his strength to the rock, knowing that most likely the other eagle was not far off, and that in any case he had

a fierce battle before him. The idea of a fight for his life seemed to give him fresh strength. Drawing out his axe again, he waited till the huge bird swung round to attack him, and then with all his might aimed a blow at her.

13. The blow was more successful than he could have dared to hope. It struck the eagle in the wing and disabled it. With a shrill cry she tried another circle, but her wing failed, and she fluttered down the cliff, while her struggles to flap the wounded wing made a shower of blood fly from it.

14. Donald once more breathed freely; he looked round to see if the other eagle was anywhere in sight, but no, there was no sign of him. As quickly as possible he sank on all-fours, and crept to the wider part of the ledge, while the baby eagles yelled more loudly than before.

Rash. — Unwise, thoughtless.
Giddiness. — A feeling as if the head were reeling; dizziness.
Disabled. — Injured so as to take away some of its powers.
Yield. — To give way.
Resist. — Throw off, not give way to.
Hovered. — Hung about, or over, the place in the air.

XVII.

fu-ri-ous gath-ered stran-gle whir-ring

THE EAGLE'S NEST. — Part V.

1. But the mother-eagle gathered all her strength together, and flew up again to Donald. Seizing his shoulders in her strong claws, she gave such a violent pull that, had he been still upon the narrow ledge, the boy must surely have fallen.

2. But now he was on a safer place, and he turned and struck blow after blow with his axe at the bird, while she hovered above him, screaming, and trying to attack him with wings, and beak, and claws.

3. At last one stroke was better than all the rest; with one deep groan the bird sank, with a great wound in her breast, into the depths of the valley, never to rise again. Poor bird, she had done her best to save her little ones from the robber!

4. Now that the fight was over, Donald began to feel sorely tired. He lay down on the rock, closed his eyes, and lay quite still, to gain

strength to go back along the rest of the dreadful way.

5. Then he rose, and went safely on, till he came to the last of the dangerous places. This was a narrow path along the side of a cliff. There was only room to put one foot before the other, and below was again a precipice, or rather a mass of sharp-pointed rocks, which it would be death to fall upon.

6. And here, when he could scarcely move, he heard again the whirring of great wings, and a cry more hoarse and loud than that of the mother-bird. There was no doubt that the poor father had come back to find his ruined home. How could Donald defend himself in this place, where it was all he could do to walk along?

7. A piece of rock came rather more forward than the rest, and in this a sort of bush was firmly rooted. Clinging tightly to this bush with his left arm, Donald got his trusty axe in his right hand, and waited for the eagle's attack.

8. The great bird came swooping down, and settled on his shoulders, beating him about the face with its wings, and pecking wildly with its huge beak. It was well for Donald that the upper part of his leather bag partly saved him from being torn by these pecks.

9. As it was, he felt he could not long bear such an attack. He could not reach the bird with his axe; it was too close. He tried to catch it by the throat, and strangle it, but the eagle was too clever for him, and only pecked his hands. Donald began to feel that he should be killed, as others had been killed before him, by the furious bird.

10. Donald's strength was fast failing; a mist swam before his eyes; he began to feel there was little use in struggling, when all at once he thought of his knife. It was in his coat pocket, safe, but closed; he drew it out, and managed to open the strong blade with his teeth. With the little sharp blade in his hand, he was again a match for his enemy.

11. He thrust at its breast once, twice, three times, and the last time he felt that he must have reached its heart, for the bird's blows ceased suddenly, and it loosened its hold upon his shoulders. Then its wings drooped, and it fell heavily down the rocks, and lay without motion in the valley below. Donald was saved. He still felt faint and sick from loss of blood and the great efforts he had made; but when he had drunk some of the goat's milk from his bottle, he revived a little,

and was able to cross the rest of the narrow path. Then he only had to climb down the mountain side, till he reached the valley where the eagle lay dead.

12. It was a splendid golden eagle, very large indeed. From the tip of one wing to the tip of the other was about nine feet. Donald looked at him with pride and delight; he knelt for a

moment upon the grass to give thanks for his safety. Then rising, he tied the eagle's claws together, so that he could carry it more easily. Next he felt for his knife. It was nowhere to be found; he must have dropped it on the rocks above.

13. "I shall leave it," he said. "I dare say the gentleman would give me a new knife for this big eagle if he knew how hard it was to get him." Then he set off down the mountain side, as fast as it was safe to go on the smooth heather. He was not going home first, so he turned aside, and went straight down to the little inn.

14. A party of travellers had just arrived, and they looked with surprise at Donald, and then crowded round to touch the eagle, and wonder how such a lad had caught and killed such a large and fierce bird.

15. But Donald would not stay to answer questions, and begged to be taken at once to Dr. Mayne. "There they are, sir," he said, pulling out the baby eaglets, which at once began to gape, and cry again for food. "I expect they are hungry, sir," said Donald.

"But my boy," cried Dr. Mayne; "what a state you are in! What has happened?

16. So Donald told him all the story, and Dr. Mayne at once rang, and ordered some food for the eaglets, and a dinner for Donald as well. "But I want to know what you mean by risking life and limb for those birds when I told you I did not want them," he said more gravely.

"I was not going to be paid for doing nothing, sir, and I knew you only said you did not want the birds because you thought I might be hurt."

17. "You are a brave boy, and truthful, too," said the gentleman; "but do not forget in days to come that life is too precious to be lightly thrown away." He promised to give Donald a new suit of clothes and a knife, and to visit him at his home next day, and then told him to hurry home, for his father might be anxious.

18. Duncan MacIan was sitting sadly in his house, having just seen his neighbor drive Brown Kate in to the evening milking. His cousin had not been able to lend him the money, and he was wondering what to do, when Donald rushed in, threw his arms round his neck, then flew to the cupboard, took out the gold pieces, and put them in his father's hand.

19. "She is ours, father!" he cried.

Duncan looked at the money, then at his boy. "Donald," he said, "did you come by this money honestly?" But when he heard the whole story he turned pale. "You did it for my sake, Donald, my good boy! But what should I have done if ——" He could say no more, and Donald threw his arms round his father's neck, and laid his cheek against his.

20. The next morning Dr. Mayne came up, as he had said. He praised Donald's courage, and thanked him again, and then took out a crisp new bank-note for five pounds, and laid it on the table.

"That is for the big eagle," he said.

"Why, sir," cried Donald, "a new knife, *and* clothes, *and* then all that! The eagle was not worth a quarter of it. Besides, I had to kill him to save myself."

21. "That's true, sir," said Duncan. "Take back your money, you have done too much."

"If *you* will not have it," said Dr. Mayne, "at least you must take it for Donald. It will be something for him to begin life with."

22. "He has already a brave heart, sir," said his father. "That is one of the best things a poor man can start life with."

"Or any other man," said Dr. Mayne.

In after years Dr. Mayne took Donald to be his gamekeeper.

"I knew I could trust him," he said; and Donald's friend has not lived to regret his kindness.

Clever. — Wise, skilful.
Revived. — Recovered from faintness.
Precious. — Valuable.
Regret kindness. — Be sorry for having exercised it.

TALES OUT OF SCHOOL. — Penmanship. I.

How well you write, cousin Harry.

Do I? I ought to, then, for we are at it all our spare time at school. Besides writing the words at the head of the reading lesson every day, and all the capitals and small letters once a week, we copy a piece of poetry every week in our blank books. I'll show you. My book is almost full of poems.

I don't see how you can do it so well.

We have the book we copy from open so as to see how to begin the lines, and where to put in punctuation marks, and leave spaces between the verses. The little crosses are where I made mistakes, but there aren't many.

No; and it is as easy to read as print.

We have had this kind of writing all the term. Next week we shall have Dictation. That is writing without any copy what the teacher reads. We shall not put that in the books.

That won't look so well.

I don't know. We are to be told the day before what we are to write, and can study it all we wish; and we are going to correct each other's work.

Do you know the rules for the use of capitals?

No; what are they?

Begin every sentence and every line of poetry with a capital; the days of the week; the months; and I and O used as words.

XVIII.

frol-ic-some	trav-erse	skim-ming	pierce
blos-som-ing	furze	wheel-ing	re-gions

BIRDS IN SUMMER.

How pleasant the life of a bird must be!
Flitting about in each leafy tree;

In the leafy trees so broad and tall,
Like a green and beautiful palace hall
With its airy chambers light and boon,
That open to sun, and stars, and moon,
That open into the bright blue sky
And the frolicsome winds as they wander by.

They have left their nests in the forest bough,
Those homes of delight they need not now,
And the young and the old they wander out
And traverse their green world round about;
And, hark! at the top of this leafy hall
How one to the other they lovingly call;
"Come up! come up!" they seem to say,
"Where the topmost twigs in the breezes sway;

"Come up! come up! for the world is fair
Where the merry leaves dance in the summer air."
And the birds below give back the cry,

"We come! we come! to the branches high!"
How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Flitting about in a leafy tree!
And away through the air what joy to go
And to look on the bright green earth below.

How pleasant the life of a bird must be!
Skimming about on the breezy sea,
Cresting the billows like silvery foam,
Then wheeling away to its cliff-built home;
What joy it must be to sail upborne
By a strong, free wing through the rosy morn,
To meet the young sun face to face
And pierce like a shaft the boundless space.

How pleasant the life of a bird must be!
Wherever it listeth there to flee;
To go when a joyful fancy calls
Dashing adown 'mong the waterfalls,
Then wheeling about with its mates at play
Above and below and among the spray,
Hither and thither with screams as wild
As the laughing mirth of a rosy child.

What joy it must be like a living breeze
To flutter about 'mong the flowering trees,

Lightly to soar and to see beneath
The wastes of the blossoming purple heath
And the yellow furze like fields of gold
That gladden some fairy regions old;
On mountain tops, on the billowy sea,
On the leafy stems of the forest tree,
How pleasant the life of a bird must be!

MARY HOWITT.

XIX.

tomb	wrig-gled	sti-fling	spec-i-mens
flu-id	twist-ed	co-coon	tongue
inch-es	in-ter-est	sug-gest-ed	spe-cies

PAPA'S STORY OF THE BUTTERFLY

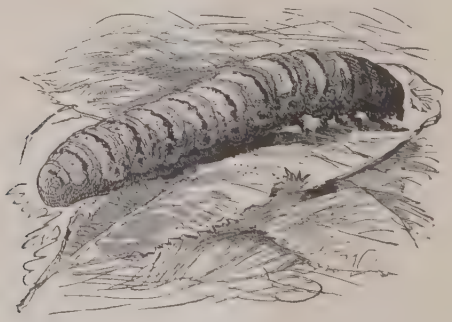
1. I was at play in the garden one cold autumn morning, when I saw a large caterpillar on the north side fence. It wriggled and twisted about in such a funny way that I stopped my play and watched it.

2. It drew out of its mouth a sticky fluid, and with it painted its whole body. All the boys soon gathered about me, and as we were sure it was a chance to learn something of butterfly-life, we sent to ask my aunt Sophia to come too.

3. She told us the butterfly was spinning a sticky

thread, that would harden by and by and serve him in two ways. It would hold him to the fence when he lost the power to hold himself, and make a coat to keep out the wet and the cold while he was taking his winter's nap.

4. We thought that what kept out the cold would keep the air out too, and did not see what was to save the poor creature from stifling. Before he had finished his waterproof coat it seemed more like a tomb than the covering of



a living thing. One of the boys suggested that he would rest from breathing, perhaps, as indeed he did, so far as any one could see.

5. One day I cut the cocoon from the fence and put it on the mantel in my bedroom, and then, boy-like, forgot the whole matter.

6. One summer morning as I was dressing in my room, I heard a little pecking sound. I thought it was a hungry mouse, but as I chanced to come near the mantel, to my great surprise, the caterpillar cocoon was shaking, and from one end something was pushing itself out.

7. It proved to be a tooth nibbling at the end to make an opening. Very soon a head appeared, and after a few more violent wriggles a glorious butterfly presented itself.

8. I well remember how excited I became, as half dressed I ran through the house, begging all the family to come and see "the strangest thing that ever happened yet."

9. I can see the creature now in my mind. It was of yellowish-brown color, and its wings when spread were fully three inches from tip to tip, while its body was more than an inch long. Both body and wings were covered with scales.

10. With what delight I found its two horns, and saw it thrust out and draw back its hollowed tongue. I kept my prize for many years, though to do so I had to shorten its little life.

11. It was this that gave me my first interest to study insects. "Did I ever tell you the story

of one of Napoleon Bonaparte's generals, who took such delight in collecting specimens of butterflies?"

"No, papa, I am sure you never did. Is it a story?"

"Yes, little Jack, a true story.

12. "Whenever General Dejian (for that was his name) led his soldiers out in new countries he sought for new species of insects, and when one was found he pinned it upon his hat. The soldiers grew accustomed to see their general's hat, even in battles, decorated with his treasures — gay butterflies, jewelled beetles, and shining bugs.

13. "During a battle in Austria, while at Napoleon's side, a shot struck the general's head and threw him senseless from his horse. Recovering from the shock, he heard the emperor anxiously asking, 'Is he still alive?' He answered, 'I am alive, but alas, my insects are all gone,' for his hat was completely torn in pieces."

14. "That's a nice story," said Harry; "but does it not seem cruel to kill the poor things?"

"We ought not to gain our pleasure at the expense of pain to the poor insects, but these little creatures have but a short, gay life at the best. If we wish to study them ourselves or

show others their wonderful varieties and beauties, it seems to me right to shorten the life a little, since it can be done without pain."

15. "How can it, papa," asked Harry.

"Do you remember taking chloroform from a sponge and knowing nothing while your broken arm was being set?"

16. "Certainly I do."

"Well, if you had taken too much you might have known nothing till now, only you would never have had the power to awake. That is what happens to the butterfly. All that he knows is lighting on the sponge and feeling sleepy. The overdose takes his life."

17. "May we begin to make a collection?"

"Yes, if you do it to learn, and not for the mere pleasure of having something pretty to look at."

Fluid. — Capable of flowing. The air is a fluid because its particles move about without separating from the mass. Gas and all liquids are fluids.

General. — One of the chief officers in an army.

Napoleon Bonaparte. — Emperor of the French; was born in 1769, and died in 1821.

Specimen. — A small portion, or a single thing used as a sample of the whole.

Species (*spē-shēz*). — A variety that he had not met before. Species sometimes means class.

Cocoon. — The case constructed by any insect to contain its larve. Used especially to name that of the silkworm.

XX.

Ros-a-mond	prop-er-ty	char-ac-ter	sur-prised
bat-tered	con-ceit-ed	so-ci-e-ty	con-clu-sion
scep-ter	de-sert-ed	pre-serve	quar-relled

THE KING AND QUEEN'S QUARREL. — Part I.

(TOLD BY A DOLL.)

1. I was very much pleased indeed, when I first came into the world, to find that I was to become

the property of a king and queen. I had seen a great deal of life through my shop-window, and had come to the conclusion that I was formed for high society. So therefore, when my new mistress said to me, "Dolly, I am the queen to-day, and

Bertie is the king," I was not at all surprised, but held myself as firmly as before.

2. The king and queen sat together on one chair, which I suppose is the constant habit of kings and queens. They were both very nice and neat, for the nurse had just brushed their hair. The queen was four years old, and the king was six. And they were both the very prettiest of children.

3. The little queen had a blue print frock and a little round face. She had pretty shy eyes that looked out from beneath a shock of curly hair. The little king was very pretty too. And he liked to play with dolls, which I always think is a nice trait of character in a boy.

4. "Oh, what a lovely doll!" cried the queen, when she first saw me. I may repeat it without vanity, for I suppose it was true. Anyway it is exactly what everybody said the moment they set eyes on me. People always praise dolls to their faces, and that is what makes us look so conceited. Even when we are old, and battered, and worn out, we still preserve a rather conceited air — we still look pleased and proud of ourselves so long as there is one little child who loves us, and who thinks us pretty still.

5. The king and queen sat down together on their throne, and were as happy as happy could be. The little queen's feet dangled a good way off the ground, but she did not mind that in the least. She put one chubby arm round her brother to keep her quite firm, and the other arm was around me.

6. When a nice little fat, dimpled arm holds me tightly against a loving heart, I feel pleased and happy. If I were a pussy-cat I should purr, for I feel that I am in my right place.

7. "Now I am king and you are queen," said the little boy; "and everybody that comes in must bow to us."

"Dolly shall be the princess," said the little girl, in a voice like that of a cooing dove.

8. "Her name must be Rosamond," said the little boy gravely. "That sounds something like a princess."

"Wothamond," repeated the little girl, very much pleased; and she pressed me close to her heart. Suddenly a cloud passed over the face of the little boy. He looked at me hard for a minute, and then he spoke.

9. "No, that won't do at all," he said; "I am an old French king, and we're under the French

law. She mustn't be a princess, or she'll never come to the throne. We must pretend she is a prince, and we'll call her Jack."

10. You should have seen the little girl's face at this. All the dimples went out of it, and she looked quite frightened.

"Oh, don't call her Jack, dear," she cried; "it's so ugly. And I'd rather she was a princess."

"Then she'll never come to the throne," said the boy solemnly. "I read it lately in my history."

Here the little girl looked much inclined to cry.

11. "Oh, don't say she won't come to the throne!" she cried sadly. "I like my princess Rosamond so much."

"She'll never come to the throne," said the king, laying down the law with his forefinger; "a princess is no good at all. She's a stupid."

12. "Well, she shan't be called Jack," said the queen, plucking up a little spirit.

"Then I shan't play," said the little king, at once jumping down off the chair.

13. The little queen put her finger in her mouth, and looked as if she did not quite know what to do. She did not care to play without Bertie, but she wanted to have her own way. She glanced at

Bertie out of the corner of her eye. He turned his back to her directly, and would not look her in the face. Yes, there was no doubt about it, — she could tell it from the look of his shoulders, — Bertie was in the sulks.

14. All their play was spoiled. The throne was deserted, the sceptre laid down. They did not care to be king or queen by themselves.

"I shall go down to mamma, then," said the queen, and she put me down on the chair, and went off.

15. For some time Bertie stood in the corner,

looking very cross. Then he looked round, and began wondering when May would come back. Next he began to cry.

16. "Naughty girl! naughty girl! I don't want her to come back!" and he took a piece of string out of his pocket, and kept slashing it against his sleeve as he spoke. Suddenly, in the midst of his temper, he caught sight of me.

17. "Horrid doll!" he cried; "we should never have quarrelled if it hadn't been for you! You *shall* be a boy," he added, sternly, "for I'll cut all your hair off!"

Trait. — Something in a person's character.

Property. — Anything that belongs to a person.

Had come to the conclusion. — Had made up her mind.

Shock. — A mass. Properly a heap of sheaves of wheat or rye.

XXI.

scis-sors	com-plex-ion	un-stead-y	cup-board
dang-ling	fright-ened	scul-ler-y	cham-ber-lain

THE KING AND QUEEN'S QUARREL. — Part II.

1. A shudder went through me. The nursery scissors were lying on the table. He took them up, and in a minute it was done. Clip, clip, went

the scissors, as if they were pleased, and nearly the whole of my flaxen curls lay scattered on the floor. How I looked I don't know, but I think Bertie was a little frightened when he saw what he had done. I don't think he was anxious for his sister to see me, for he jumped up on the fender and put me on top of the mantel-piece.

2. Here I lay, with my feet dangling down off the side, about as ill at ease as a doll could be. Nearly all my hair was cut short, my hat had fallen off in the fray, and I found myself in a position of much discomfort, and even danger. I could see nothing that went on in the room, and the heat of the stove was fast melting my beautiful complexion. I tried to look like a princess, but it was hard.

3. The nursery door opened, and the little girl came back. In a minute she ran up to the chair where she had left me, and then looked at her brother.

4. "Where's dolly?" she cried, and she looked anxiously round.

"I shan't tell you," said Bertie, beginning to look frightened.

5. "Oh, dolly, dolly! Where is my dolly?" cried the little girl, and how I longed for a voice

that could answer her. I could hear her going all round the room, pulling open drawers and cupboards and hunting for me, but I never said a word.

6. Suddenly I heard a cry. She had come to the hearth-rug, where lay the scissors and nearly all my beautiful flaxen curls on the floor.

7. "Oh, my dear dolly! my dear dolly! He's cut off her hair. Oh, you cruel boy!" cried the little Queen, and she sat down and cried as if her heart would break. Then she glanced up and caught sight of where I lay quietly on the mantelpiece, with my eyes turned up to the ceiling.

8. In a moment she was upon a chair and ready to fetch me down, when, what with the chair being unsteady and her eyes being full of tears, the chair slipped beneath her, and down she fell on the floor.

9. Poor little Queen! she was in a very bad way! Her head fell against the fender, and hurt her very much. She sobbed and cried both with the fright and the pain. Nurse came running up, and took her on her knee, and it was a long time before she could console her.

10. "My dolly, my dolly!" she cried between her tears, and the nurse took me down from the mantel-piece and gave me to her. How she did cry over me! I felt dreadfully vexed, because tears are fatal to my complexion.

11. Bertie stood looking on frightened, and came up to look at his sister.

"Go away, you naughty boy," cried nurse; "it's all your doing, and your sister will make herself ill with crying."

12. When my little Queen heard Bertie being blamed she grew very quiet all at once. She gave her eyes a final wipe with her handkerchief, and she got off nurse's knee and turned to Bertie. Bertie was crying too, and he had gone quite white

with the fright that he got when he saw little May fall down.

13. "O May, I am so sorry, dear," he said. "Will you kiss me, dear, and make it up? Do, please."

No need to ask the little Queen twice. She threw her little arms round Bertie.

14. "I am so sorry, May," he said. "I didn't know you would have cared so much."

"Never mind, Bertie dear," said the little Queen gently; and she tried to look cheerful, though I knew she was grieved to the heart. "Perhaps it's almost for the best," she whispered

softly, "for now she can be prince or princess, just whichever you like."

15. So they made it up, and cried and laughed again, as is the way with these poor mortals. I had remained calm all the time; but the poor little Queen had cried over me till she had washed nearly all the color off my face.

16. I lived with the children for a long time after this, but I never saw them quarrel again. I took my part in many a game, and was sometimes a princess to please the Queen, and sometimes a prince because the King liked it best. I have even been dressed up as the Lord Chamberlain before now, and sometimes I have taken the part of the scullery-maid. But neither the King, nor the Queen, nor I, have ever lost our temper again, and I flatter myself that, whatever part I have taken, I have borne myself with dignity.

LUCIE COBBE.

Console. — To comfort.
Fatal. — Sure to injure or destroy.
Final. — Last.
Mortals. — Human beings. Properly all who must die.
Borne myself. — Behaved.
Lord Chamberlain. — A high officer at a royal court.
Dangled. — Hung down.
Dignity. — A noble manner.
Scullery-maid. — A servant who washes up plates and dishes.
I flatter myself. — I like to believe.
Complexion. — The color of a face.

XXII.

THE MILLER OF THE DEE.

There dwelt a miller hale and bold
Beside the river Dee;
He worked and sang from morn till night,
No lark more blithe than he;
And this the burden of his song
Forever used to be,—
"I envy nobody; no, not I,
And nobody envies me!"

"Thou'rt wrong, my friend!" said old King
Hal,
"Thou'rt wrong as wrong can be;
For could my heart be light as thine,
I'd gladly change with thee.
And tell me now what makes thee sing,
With voice so loud and free,
While I am sad, though I'm the king,
Beside the river Dee?"

The miller smiled and doffed his cap.
"I earn my bread," quoth he;
"I love my wife, I love my friend,
I love my children three;
I owe no penny I cannot pay,
I thank the river Dee,
That turns the mill, that grinds the corn,
To feed my babes and me."

"Good friend," said Hal, and sighed the
while,
"Farewell! and happy be;
But say no more, if thou'st be true,
That no one envies thee.
Thy mealy cap is worth my crown,
Thy mill my kingdom's fee;

Such men as thou are England's boast,
O miller of the Dee!"

C. MACKAY.

Hale. — Healthy.
Burden. — The theme or subject most often repeated; so, the chorus of a song.
Doffed. — "Doff" = do off; *i.e.*, take off.
Quoth. — Said.
My kingdom's fee. — The ownership or possession of my kingdom.
Blithe. — Gay, merry, joyous.

XXIII.

swine-herd	com-pan-ion	cush-ion	un-fort-u-nate
pos-i-tive-ly	o-bliged	sig-ni-fy	par-tic-u-lar-ly

THROUGH THE WOOD; or, The Servant of All. — Part I.

1. "Carl," said his master, "you have been my faithful swineherd these three years, and as yet I have given you nothing; go and sell the half of my herd in the town that lies at the other side of the forest, and the money shall be yours."

"Mine! my own!" said Carl to himself, as he drove the swine before him into the wood.

2. "Your own, Carl," said a voice, close to his ear.

Carl turned, and saw that an old man was

walking beside him, with a book in his hand. Carl peeped over the old man's shoulder, and tried to read what was written in the book, but he could not make out much, for the letters were very curiously shaped.

"Trying to peep into my book, I see," said the old man.

3. "Oh, indeed, I beg your pardon!" said Carl.

"No offence, no offence, I assure you," answered the other; "sit down by me, and you shall read as much as you like."

Carl's pigs were busy picking up chestnuts just

then, so Carl sat down by the old man, and looked into his book.

4. "It is curious, but not interesting," said Carl, for it was only a list of names.

"Do you see nothing that interests you?" asked his companion.

"I see one thing," said Carl; "one of the names is written in gilt letters; what is that for?"

"That name is the name of a king," answered the old man, shutting his book.

5. "And what is a king, pray?" asked Carl. "I have never seen one, though I have been a swineherd these three years, and walked about a good deal."

"You may see one this evening, however," answered the old man, "for the people of yonder city to which you are going, expect to find a king to-day; they have been looking out for one a long time.

6. The throne is standing ready in the market-place, the crown rests before it on a crimson cushion, and all the people are waiting to bow down. They quite think the king will come to-day, and this time, I believe, they will not be disappointed."

"I will walk on, then," said Carl, "for certainly I should like to see him." So Carl walked on after his pigs, and left the old man sitting there.

7. Presently Carl overtook a thin, miserable-looking donkey, who was trying in vain to drag after him a cartload of wood.

"Good Master Carl," said the donkey, "will you not take pity on an unfortunate creature, and help me on with this load a little way? I am so tired I shall never reach my master's cabin."

8. "Never despair, my good friend," said Carl to the donkey, as he placed himself behind the cart, and began to push it vigorously along. But this was very hard work, and Carl was not fond of hard work, so by-and-by he said to the donkey, "That will do now, I think; you can go your way and I will go mine."

"But I can't go my way," said the donkey, standing stock-still, and beginning to bray.

9. "Now, I really think you are a little unreasonable," said Carl to the donkey. "Look what a long distance I have pushed your cart for you, and I positively must run after my pigs now, for they are quite on before me."

But the donkey went on braying; there is no doubt he *was* very unreasonable.

10. "But that does not signify," said Carl to himself, "he can't help being an ass, and I dare

say he *is* very tired;" so Carl went on pushing the donkey's cart for him, until they came to his master's cabin.

"Thank you, thank you, good Master Carl," said the donkey, with tears in his eyes.

11. "Good by," said Carl, as he ran after his pigs. They had found a bed of acorns, and were making a capital dinner. "So I think I may as well eat mine," said Carl, as he sat down, and pulled his bread and cheese out of his pocket.

12. "Master Carl," said a little voice at his elbow, and Carl saw a wee rabbit sitting beside him.

"Now little rabbit," said Carl, "I *do* hope you're not going to say, 'Carl, give me some bread and cheese,' for indeed I am very hungry, and there's not nearly enough for us both."

"Then I must go without my dinner," remarked the little rabbit.

13. "That's altogether ridiculous," answered Carl; "don't you see how many dandelions there are all about under the trees?"

"But it's so unwholesome living entirely on green food," said the rabbit; "it gives me the heart-burn, I assure you, and I'm particularly ordered to eat bread and cheese."

14. Very well, then," answered Carl, "you *shall* eat bread and cheese," and he fed the little rabbit out of his hand, and only kept a very little piece for himself.

"I am *so* much obliged to you," said the rabbit, when she got up to go away.

"Well, I really think you ought to be," answered Carl, "for I am very hungry yet." But the pigs were moving again, and Carl walked after them.

Presently. — Soon, before long.
Miserable. — Wretched, very poor and weak.
Unfortunate. — Not fortunate, in bad luck.
Despair. — Give up hope.
Unreasonable. — Beyond reason, more than what most people would think right and just.
Positively. — Really, certainly.
Offence. — Fault.
Remark. — State, say.
Ridiculous. — Absurd, so droll or stupid as to make one laugh.
Dandelion (*tooth-of-lion*). — A common plant with yellow flower and deeply notched leaves, which look as if set round with *teeth*.
Unwholesome. — Unhealthy, bad for health.
Entirely. — Wholly, altogether.
Particularly. — Specially.
Assure. — To make sure.

A READING REVIEW. — For Expression.

1. Read paragraphs 16 and 17 on page 69. Tell why you think "and" is made emphatic.

2. Select couplets (two lines) to read from "Birds in Summer."

3. In "King and Queen's Quarrel" change the voice to represent Bertie's speaking and May's. Choose sentences.

4. Express the begging tones of the donkey, the rabbit, and the worm, in Lesson XXIII.

XXIV.

de-li-cious	ri-dic-u-lous	cit-i-zens	en-chant-ed
mes-sag-es	nev-er-the-less	hand-some	en-ticed

THROUGH THE WOOD. — Part II.

1. It was a delicious afternoon, just the day when it is worth while to be a swineherd, for the sake of walking in a wood. The sunbeams danced upon the leaves of the beech-trees, and glistened on their white, smooth trunks. The lightest possible summer winds ran up and down amongst the blades of grass, now and then resting upon a flower. White and colored butterflies flew heedlessly about, carrying the messages of buttercups to the stumps of old trees, instead of to the handsome poppies and dandelions, for whom they were certainly meant.

2. The birds were not singing; only a little rustling amongst the leaves, a lazy hum from the gnats and dragon-flies, and now and then a grasshopper's chirp were heard; these were the only sounds — except the grunting of Carl's pigs — I had almost forgotten that. On they went, through the wood, grunting, and Carl after them. But

suddenly Carl stopped; he saw some one sitting under a tree; it was a beggar, all in rags, looking so miserable, it would have made your heart ache to look at him.

3. Carl went up to the beggar, and said, "I am very sorry for you; can I do anything?"

"God bless you, my dear little master!" answered the beggar. "Look how sore my feet are from walking so long upon the stony ground without shoes or stockings."

4. "You shall have mine," said Carl, sitting down and pulling off his shoes and stockings directly.

"And from having no hat on," continued the beggar, "the sun has made my eyes quite weak."

"I see," answered Carl, "and my eyes will very soon be weak if I give you my hat, but I will nevertheless; so here it is, and good by," said Carl, as he put his hat on the beggar's head and ran on himself without one.

5. "Now I must really keep my eye on these pigs," said Carl, "for here we are at the mouth of the enchanted cave, and the Cobbolds will be stealing them away from me, if I don't keep a sharp look-out."

"Carl! oh, Carl!" said a voice from the ground.

"Where are you?" asked Carl.

"Here, under this stone, under the —"

6. "Speak a little louder, will you?" said Carl. "I can't hear what you say, and I don't like to turn my head round, for I *must* look at my pigs."

"Here I am, then," said the voice, "almost crushed beneath this stone just under your right foot; will you not stoop down and lift up the stone and save me?"

7. "Can't you wait just till I have passed the cavern? and then I'll come back to you," said Carl, still looking at his pigs.

"And in the meantime, I shall be crushed to death," answered the worm.

8. "Good by, my pigs, then," shouted Carl, as he stooped down and lifted the stone from the back of the half-dead worm.

"I thank you, Carl," said the worm, feebly; "now go and look after your pigs."

"But they're all gone," said Carl. And so they were.

9. In at the mouth of the enchanted cave the little Cobbolds had enticed them all, just in that very moment when Carl was lifting up the stone.

"And once gone in there, it's not a bit likely they'll ever come out again," said Carl; "but I'll go to the town at any rate, and see whether the king is come."

10. "What do you want here, Carl?" asked the porter at the gate of the city.

"I came to sell my pigs," answered Carl.

"Where are they?" said the porter.

"I've lost them all," answered Carl.

11. "Then come with me to the market-place," said the porter; and he led Carl to the market-place, where the throne was standing still empty — the crown before it on the crimson cushion, and the people waiting all round; but in front of the throne stood the old man who had spoken to Carl in the morning, and besides him Carl saw the donkey, the rabbit, the beggar, and the worm, and a whole army of soldiers who *had* been Carl's pigs.

12. "Carl," asked the old man, "where have you been to-day?"

"Through the wood," answered Carl.

"What have you been doing there?"

"Indeed, I hardly know," answered Carl.

13. "Carl helped me with my load of wood," said the donkey.

"Carl fed me with his own dinner," said the rabbit.

"Carl gave me his cap and shoes," said the beggar.

"Carl saved me from being crushed to death," said the worm.

14. "Citizens," said the old man, "what do you think of Carl?"

Then all the people shouted, "Carl is the king! Carl is the king!"

"And I never knew it," said Carl to the old man.

A. & E. KEARY.

Heedlessly. — Carelessly.
Continued. — Kept on, went on.
Enchanted. — Charmed, under a magic charm or spell.
Nevertheless. — For all that, still.
Cobbolds. — Spirits, goblins.
Feeble. — Weak, frail.
Entice. — Lead on, tempt, with something that one would like.
Porter. — Gate-keeper.
Soldiers. — Fighting men.
Citizens. — People of the city, townsfolk.

State the point of the lesson, or what it was that made Carl the king.

XXV.

sen-si-ble	con-cealed	fo-li-age	ap-proach-ing
ex-pen-sive	nim-bly	af-fairs	whis-ker clean-er

THE FOX AND THE CAT.

1. One day a cat met a fox in the wood. "Ah," she thought, "he is clever and sensible, and talked of in the world a great deal; I will speak to him."

So she said, quite in a friendly manner, "Good

morning, dear Mr. Fox; how are you? and how do affairs go with you in these expensive times?"

2. The Fox, full of pride, looked at the cat from head to foot, and for a long time knew hardly what to say to her. At last he said, "You poor little whisker-cleaner, you gray old tabby, you hungry mouse-hunter, what are you thinking about to come to me, and to stand there and ask me how I am going on? What have you learned, and how many tricks do you know?"

3. "I know only one trick," answered the cat, meekly.

"And pray what is that?" he asked.

"Well," she said, "if the hounds are behind me, I can spring up into a tree and save myself."

4. "Is that all?" cried the fox; "why, I am master of a hundred tricks, and have over and above all a sackful of cunning; but I pity you, puss; so come with me, and I will teach you how to baffle both men and hounds."

5. At this moment a hunter, with four hounds, was seen approaching. The cat sprang nimbly up a tree, and seated herself on the highest branch, where, by the spreading foliage, she was quite concealed.

6. "Turn out the sack, Mr. Fox! turn out the

sack!" cried the cat; but the hounds had already seized him and held him fast.

7. "Ah, Mr. Fox," cried the cat, "your hundred tricks are not of much use to you; now if you had only known one like mine, you would not have so quickly lost your life."

J. & W. Grimm.

Expensive. — Costly, causing one to spend much money.
Concealed. — Hidden.
Approaching. — Drawing near.
Nimbly. — Quickly, lightly.
Foliage. — The leaves of a tree or plant.
Baffle. — To check or defeat by bright tricks or turns.

XXVI.

A LAUGHING SONG.

When the green woods laugh with the voice of joy,
And the dimpling stream runs laughing by;
When the air does laugh with our merry wit,
And the green hill laughs with the noise of it;

When the meadows laugh with lively green,
And the grasshopper laughs in the merry scene:
When Mary, and Susan, and Emily,
With their sweet round mouths sing, "Ha, ha, he!"

When the painted birds laugh in the shade,
Where our table with cherries and nuts is spread:
Come live, and be merry, and join with me
To sing the sweet chorus of "Ha, ha, he!"

W. Blake.

XXVII.

es-pec-ial-ly	stabs	dou-ble bar-relled	con-quer-ing
pen-sion-er	idea	bow-ie knife	suc-ceed-ed

THE BOASTING WOLF.

1. A fox was one day speaking to a wolf of the great strength of human beings, especially men. "No animal can stand against them," he said, "unless they employ craft and cunning."

2. "Then," said the wolf, "I only wish I could see a man; I know he should not escape me! I would never let him go free."

"I can help you to obtain your wish," said the fox. "If you come to me early to-morrow morning, I will show you a man."

3. The wolf took care to be early enough, and the fox led him to a hedge through which he could see the road, and where the fox knew huntsmen would pass during the day.

First came an old pensioner.

4. "Is that a man?" asked the wolf.

"No," answered the fox. Not now: he was once."

Then a little child passed, who was going to school.

5. "Is that a man?" he asked again.

"No, not yet," said the fox; "but he will be one by and by."

At last a hunter appeared, with his double-barrelled gun on his shoulder, and his hunting-knife by his side.

6. "There!" cried the fox, "see, there comes a man at last. I will leave him to you to manage, but I shall run back to my hole."

The wolf rushed out upon the man at once,

but the hunter was ready for him, although when he saw him, he said to himself, "What a pity my gun is not loaded with ball."

7. However, he fired the small shot in the animal's face as he sprang at him; but neither the pain nor the noise seemed to frighten the wolf in the least. The hunter fired again; still the wolf, struggling against the pain, made another spring, — this time furiously, — but the hunter, hastily drawing his bowie-knife, gave him two or three such powerful stabs, that he ran back to the fox all covered with blood.

"Well, brother wolf, and have you succeeded in conquering a man?"

8. "Oh," he cried, "I had not the least idea of a man's strength; first he took a stick from his shoulder and blew something in my face, which tingled dreadfully; and before I could get closer to him, he puffed again through his stick, and there came a flash of lightning, and something struck my nose like hailstones. I would not give in, but rushed again upon him. In a moment he pulled a white rib out of his body, and gave me such dreadful cuts with it that I believe I must lie here and die."

9. "See now," said the fox, "how foolish it is

to boast. You have thrown your axe so far that you cannot fetch it back."

J. & W. GRIMM.

Pensioner. — One that receives a pension, that is, some pay in consideration of former services; a discharged soldier or sailor.

Manage. — Deal with, control.

Bowie-knife. — Long hunting-knife.

Furiously. — With fury, with great rage.

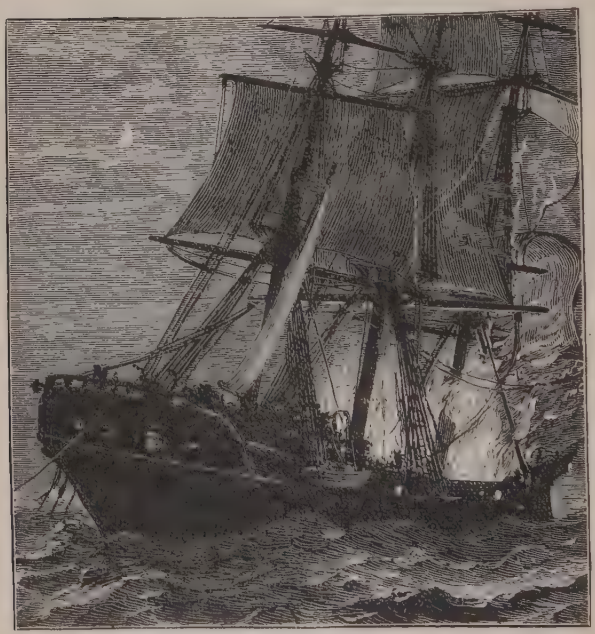
XXVIII.

scorch-ing watch-word re-sound blaz-ing

"THAT'S NOT THE WAY AT SEA."

He stood upon the fiery deck,
Our captain kind and brave!
He would not leave the burning wreck,
While there was one to save.
We wanted him to go before,
And we would follow fast;
We could not bear to leave him there,
Beside the blazing mast.
But his voice rang out in a cheery shout,
And noble words spoke he —
"That's not the way at sea, my boys,
That's not the way at sea!"

So each one did as he was bid,
And into the boats we passed,
While closer came the scorching flame,
And our captain was the last.



Yet once again he dared his life,
One little lad to save;
Then we pulled to shore from the blaze and roar,
With our captain kind and brave.

In the face of death, with its fiery breath,
He had stood, and so would we!
For that's the way at sea, my boys.
For that's the way at sea.

Now let the noble words resound,
And echo far and free,
Wherever English hearts are found,
On English shore or sea.
The iron nerve of duty, joined
With golden vein of love,
Can dare to do, and dare to wait,
With courage from above.
Our captain's shout among the flames
A watchword long shall be —
"That's not the way at sea, my boys,
That's not the way at sea."

F. R. HAVERGAL.

Pulled. — Rowed.
Resound. — Sound, or be heard, on all sides.
Watchword. — A word used by soldiers as a sign by which to know each other; hence, any phrase often passed from mouth to mouth.
Iron nerve . . . golden vein. — The sense of duty and the feeling of love are to the spirit what nerves and veins are to the body.

XXIX.

carry	sheaf	gold	child
car-ried	sheaves	gold-en	chil-dren

Change *y* to *i* and add *ed* in *bury, hurry, marry, study.*
Change *f* to *v* and add *es* in *leaf, thief, beef, elf.*

GLEANERS.

The wheat has stood like a golden sea,
And has flashed and danced in the sun,
And the reapers have toiled with hearts full of glee,
Till at length their work is done!
But it's heigh-ho,
And it's low, low,
Dying wheat-ears all in a row!

The sheaves of wheat have been carried away,
But a few poor ears remain,
And the children glean all through the day,
Seeking the golden grain;
But it's heigh-ho,
And it's slow, slow,
Little to find and far to go!

The even has come with its rest so sweet
To laborers far and wide,

So the children tie up the golden wheat,
And carry it home with pride;
And it's heigh-ho,
Away they go —
Hearts that are light though footsteps be slow.

GEORGE WEATHERLY.

XXX.

mis-er-a-ble	car-riage	earn-ing	oblig-ing
gin-ger-bread	i-dle-ness	scotch-ing	Dun-sta-ble
black-ber-ries	a-mused	hin-ders	Bed-ford-shire

THE BASKET-WOMAN. — Part I.

1. At the foot of a steep, slippery white hill, near Dunstable in Bedfordshire, there is a hut which looks so miserable that the traveller is surprised to see smoke coming out of the chimney, and to find that human beings live there. But it is the home of an old woman, and with her live a little boy and girl, the children of a beggar, who died and left them homeless and friendless, so that they were very grateful when the old woman took pity upon them, and brought them into her hut.

2. She had not much to give, but what she had she gave willingly; and she worked very hard at her knitting and her spinning-wheel to support the poor children and herself.

3. Another way that she had of earning money was to follow carriages as they went up the steep hill, and when the horses stopped to rest, she would come up and put stones under the hind wheels, so that the carriage could not roll back.

4. The little boy and girl, whose names were Paul and Anne, liked very much to stand beside the kind old woman's spinning-wheel, and talk to her. In this way they learned some good lessons, which she hoped they would never forget. She taught them to hate idleness and wish to be useful, to tell the truth, and to be honest in the very smallest things.

5. One evening Paul said to her, "Grandmother," for so they called her, "how often you

have to get up from your wheel, and to follow the carriages up that steep hill, to put stones under the wheels. The people in the carriages give you a penny or a halfpenny then, don't they?"

6. "Yes, child," said the old woman.

"But it is very hard work for you, and it hinders your spinning. Now if we could only do it for you, we could bring you home all the pence we got. Do try us, grandmother; try us to-morrow."

7. "Well, I will try you," said the old woman; "but first of all I must go with you for a few times, for fear you should be hurt by the wheels." So the next day the little boy and girl went with the old woman, and she showed the boy how to put the stones.

8. "This is called scotching the wheels," she said; and she gave Paul's hat to Anne to hold up to the ladies. After a time she went indoors to her spinning, and the children stayed on the hill. A great many carriages passed, and Paul's hat was quite heavy with pence and halfpence.

9. The old woman was pleased when they came in, and said her spinning had got on nicely.

"But, Paul, what has happened to your hand?"

"I got a little pinch," said Paul, "but it does

not hurt much. And, grandmother, if you will give me the handle of your broken crutch, and that block of wood in the corner, which is of no use, I shall never be hurt again."

"Take them, dear," said the old woman.

Paul went to work, and fastened one end of the pole into the block of wood, so that he made a thing shaped like a broom.

10. "Look, grandmother," he said, "I shall call this thing my scotcher. I shall always scotch the wheels with it, and then my hands will be safe at the end of this long handle. And Anne need never have the trouble of carrying up stones for me. I wish it was morning, and that a carriage would come for me to try my scotcher upon."

"And I hope," said little Anne, "that as many will come to-morrow, and that we shall get plenty of halfpence for you, grandmother."

11. "I hope you will," said the old woman, "for I mean you to have all the pence you get to-morrow for yourselves, so that you can buy some gingerbread or some ripe plums, and have a treat for once in a way."

"We'll bring her home some gingerbread, won't we, brother?" whispered little Anne.

Paul and Anne got up at five next morning

to be ready for carriages, but they had to wait some time.

12. At last one came, and when it was half-

way up the hill, the driver called to Paul to scotch the wheels. He put his scotcher behind them, and found it answered perfectly. Many

carriages went by, and Paul and Anne got plenty of halfpence. When it grew dusk, Anne said, "Come home now, Paul; I don't think any more carriages will come to-night."

13. "Not yet," said Paul; "but you shall watch for carriages for a few minutes, and I will go and get you some blackberries in this field. Call me quickly if a carriage comes."

Anne waited a long time, as she thought, but no carriage came; at last she went to her brother, "Oh, Paul, I am sadly tired; do come."

"Oh, no!" said Paul, "here are some blackberries for you; wait a little longer."

14. Anne was very obliging, and she ran back to the hill. At once she heard the noise of a carriage.

"Paul, Paul!" she cried, and they saw four carriages coming by, one after the other.

Anne was so amused watching the scotcher at work, that she forgot all about halfpence, till a little girl called out to her from the window of one of the carriages.

"Here are some halfpence for you," said the little girl, and the money was thrown to her from each carriage in turn. Then they drove away.

Dunstable is a town, and Bedfordshire a county, of England.

Crutch. — A strong staff used by lame people to help them to walk.

Amused. — Entertained.

Spinning-wheel. — A wheel for spinning cotton, flax, or wool into thread for weaving or spinning.

A penny. — An English coin worth about two cents.

Obliging. — Willing to please others.

Support. — To provide for, to maintain.

XXXI.

shiv-er	qui-et-ly	dif-fi-cult	gui-nea
rheu-ma-tism	blan-ket	val-ue	tempt-ing
lug-gage	host-ler	ad-vice	doz-en

THE BASKET-WOMAN. — Part II.

1. Paul and Anne sat down by the roadside to count their treasure, as soon as the carriages were safely at the top of the hill. The money they had already taken was hidden in a safe hole by the roadside, but they began by counting what was in the hat.

2. "One, two, three, four halfpence!" said Paul.

"But, oh, brother, look at this!" said Anne; "this is not the same as the other halfpence."

"No, indeed it is not," said Paul; "it is no halfpenny; it is a guinea, a bright golden guinea!"

"Is it?" said Anne, who had never seen a guinea in her life before, and did not know its

value. "Will it do as well as a halfpenny to buy gingerbread? I'll run and ask the woman at the fruit-stall. Shall I?"

3. "No, no," said Paul, "you need not ask any woman, or anybody but me. I can tell you all about it quite as well as anybody in the whole world."

"The whole world! Oh, Paul, you forget! not so well as grandmother!"

"Why, not so well as grandmother, perhaps; but, Anne, I can tell you that you must not talk yourself, but listen to me quietly, or else you will not understand what I am going to tell you; for I can tell you that I don't think I quite understood it myself, Anne, the first time grandmother told it to me, though I stood stock still and listened with all my might."

4. After this speech, Anne looked very grave, and expected to hear something very difficult to understand.

Nowadays we seldom see a guinea, but at the time of this story guineas were used instead of sovereigns. They were worth twenty-one shillings. Paul told Anne that with a guinea she could buy two hundred and fifty-two times as many plums as she could get for a penny.

5. "Why, Paul," said Anne, "you know the fruit-woman said she would give us a dozen plums for a penny. Now, for this little guinea would she give us two hundred and fifty-two dozen?"

"If she has so many, and we like to have so many, she will," said Paul; "but I think we should not like to have two hundred and fifty-two dozen of plums; we could not eat such a number."

"But we could give some of them to grandmother," said Anne.

6. "But still there would be too many for her and for us," said Paul, "and when we had eaten the plums, there would be an end of the pleasure. But now I will tell you what I am thinking of, Anne, that we might buy something for grandmother that would be very useful to her indeed with this guinea; something that would last a great while."

"What sort of thing?" asked little Anne.

7. "Something that she said she wanted very much last winter when she was so ill with rheumatism; something that she said yesterday, when you were making her bed, she hoped she might be able to buy before next winter."

"I know, I know what you mean," cried Anne. "a blanket. Oh, yes, Paul, that will be much better than plums; do let us buy a blanket for her; how glad she will be to see it! I will make her bed with the new blanket, and then bring her to look at it. But, Paul, how shall we buy a blanket? Where are blankets to be got?"

8. "Leave that to me; I'll manage that; I know where blankets can be got. I saw one hanging out of a shop the day I went last to Dunstable."

"You have seen a great many things at Dunstable."

"Yes, a great many; but I never saw anything there or anywhere else that I wished for half so much as I did for the blanket for grandmother. Do you remember how she used to shiver with the cold last winter? I will buy the blanket to-morrow; I am going to Dunstable with her spinning."

9. "And you will bring the blanket to me, and I will make the bed very neatly; that will be all right, all happy," said Anne, clapping her hands.

"But stay, hush; don't clap your hands so, Anne. It will not be all happy, I am afraid," said Paul, and he began to look very grave; "it

will not be all right, I am afraid, for there is one thing we have neither of us thought of, but that we ought to think of. We cannot buy the blanket, I am afraid."

"Why, Paul, why?"

"Because I do not think this guinea is honestly ours," answered Paul.

10. "Why is not the guinea honestly ours?" asked Anne. "I am sure it is, for it was given to us, and grandmother said we were to have all that was given us to-day for our own."

"But who gave it to you, Anne?"

"Some of the people in the carriages, Paul. Perhaps it was the little rosy girl."

"No," said Paul; "for when she called you to the carriage she said, 'Here are some halfpence

for you.' If she gave you the guinea, it must have been a mistake."

11. "But perhaps some of the other people gave it me. There was a gentleman reading in one carriage, and a lady, who looked kindly at me; then the gentleman put down his book and looked out of the window. He looked at your scotcher, and asked if it was your own making, and when I said yes, and told him I was your sister, he smiled and put his hand in his pocket, and threw a handful of halfpence into the hat. I daresay he gave us the guinea, because he liked your scotcher so much."

12. "Why," said Paul, "that might be, but I wish I could be sure of it."

"Then, as we are not sure, had we not better go and ask grandmother what she thinks about it?" said Anne.

Paul thought this very good advice; he went with his sister directly to the grandmother, showed her the guinea, and told her about it.

13. "My dear honest children," she said, "I am very glad you did not buy either the blanket or the plums; I am sure it was given by mistake, and I should like you to go to Dunstable, and find out the person who gave it you. It is now so

late in the evening that most likely the travellers are sleeping there. You must go and try to find the gentleman who was reading."

14. "Oh, I know a good way of finding him!" cried Paul. "I am so glad you taught me to read, grandmother, for I read 'John Nelson' on the carriage. That is the innkeeper's name, I know; and it was a dark green carriage with red wheels. Come, Anne, let us set off and find it before it gets quite dark."

15. The children set off, and walked bravely past the tempting stall, rich in gingerbread and ripe plums, but at the blanket shop Paul could not help saying, —

"It is a great pity the guinea is not ours, but we are doing what is honest, and that is a comfort. Here we are at the Dun Cow."

"I see no cow," said Anne.

16. "Look at the picture over your head. But we must not stop now; I want to find that carriage."

There was a great noise and bustle in the inn yard; horses were being rubbed down, carriages rolled into coach-houses, luggage carried about.

"What now, what business have you here?" said a waiter, who almost ran over Paul. "Walk off at once."

17. "Please let me stay a few minutes, and look for a green carriage with red wheels, and Mr. John Nelson's name on it," begged Paul.

"What should you know about green carriages?" said the waiter, and was just going to turn Paul out of the yard, when a hostler caught his arm.

"Maybe the child *has* some business," he said.

Hostler. — A man who takes care of the horses at an inn.

Dun. — Of a dull brown color. The Dun Cow was the picture that gave the name to the inn.

XXXII.

pow-der-ing	chaise	schol-ars	af-ford
land-la-dy	cla-ret	pas-sage	a-dop-ted
cu-ri-ous	dis-missed	em-ployed	whis-pered

THE BASKET-WOMAN. — Part III.

1. The waiter went off to answer a bell, and Paul told his story to the hostler, who helped him to find the chaise, and the man who had driven it. This man said that he was just going to the gentleman to be paid, and would take the guinea with him.

"No," said Paul, "we should like to give it back ourselves."

2. "They have a right to do that," said the hostler, and the driver went away, telling the

children to wait in the passage. A tidy woman was standing there too, with two huge straw baskets beside her.

A man who was pushing his way in, carrying a

string of dead larks on a pole, kicked down one of the baskets, which was a little in the way, and all that were in it — bright straw hats, boxes, and slippers — were thrown upon the dirty ground.

"Oh, they will all be spoiled!" cried the woman; but Paul and Anne ran to help her.

3. "Do let us pick them up for you," they said; and when the things were all in the basket again, they asked how such pretty things could be made of straw. But before the woman could answer, a gentleman's servant came out. Clapping Paul on the back, he said, —

"Well, my little chap, I hear I gave you a guinea for a halfpenny."

"No, Paul," said Anne, "that is not the gentleman."

4. "Pooh, child, it is all the same," said the man. "I came in that carriage with my master, who was reading. But he is tired and wants to go to bed; so you are to give me the guinea."

Paul was too honest to expect a lie; so he gave up the bright guinea at once.

5. "Here is a sixpence apiece for you, and good night," said the man, and pushed the children out; but the basket-woman whispered, "Wait for me in the street."

"Mrs. Landlady," said the servant, "let me have toasted larks for my supper, please, and a bottle of claret. Do you hear, waiter?"

6. "Larks and claret," said the basket-woman to herself, as she saw the driver and the servant whisper to each other. She waited quietly in the passage.

"Waiter! Joe, Joe!" called the landlady, "carry in those tarts at once to the company in the best room."

7. "Coming, ma'am," answered the waiter, and as the door was opened, the basket-woman could see a great many ladies and gentlemen, and some children, sitting at supper.

"Ay," whispered the landlady, "there are plenty of people there who could afford to buy your goods, if you could only be called in. Pray, now what would you charge me for these little straw mats to put under my dishes?"

8. The woman let her have the mats cheap, and after the gay party had finished supper, the landlady went in and asked if they would like to see any of the curious Dunstable straw-work.

So the basket-woman was called in. "Oh, papa," cried a little girl, "here are some straw shoes that would just fit you; what are they

for? I do not think straw shoes would be of much use."

9. "They are to wear when people are powdering their hair, dear; but I am afraid I must not spend much to-night, for I carelessly threw away a guinea to-day," said her father.

"Oh! the guinea that you threw to the little girl on Chalk Hill. She was not a very honest little girl, was she, papa? or she would have run after the carriage with it."

10. "Oh, miss — ma'am — sir! may I speak a word?" cried the basket-woman. "A little boy and girl have just been asking for a gentleman who gave them a guinea by mistake, and, not five minutes ago, I saw the little boy give it to a gentleman's servant, who said his master desired him to take it."

"This is some mistake or some trick," said the gentleman; "where are the children? I must see them. Send after them." "I will go for them myself," said the basket-woman; "I told them to wait in the street."

11. Paul and Anne were soon brought in, and Anne knew the gentleman at once to be the same who put down his book and admired the scotcher. It happened that the guinea was a light one, and

the gentleman had marked it. He soon found the dishonest servant at his supper of larks and claret, and made him pull out all the money he had about him.

12. There was the marked coin, and the servant was at once dismissed. "Now, little honest girl," said the gentleman to Anne, "tell me who you are and what you wish for most in the world."

With one voice the two children cried, "We want a blanket for grandmother most!"

"She is not really our grandmother, sir, but she is just as good to us," said Paul. "She taught me to read and Anne to knit, and she has the rheumatism very badly in the winter, and we did wish her to have a new blanket, sir!"

13. "She shall have it," said the gentleman, "and I will do something more for you. Do you like best to be employed or idle?"

"We like to have something to do always, sir," said Paul, "but sometimes we are forced to be idle, for grandmother has not always work for us that we can do well."

"Would you like to learn how to make such baskets as these?" said the gentleman, pointing to one of the Dunstable straw baskets.

14. "Oh, very much," said Paul. "Very much,"

said Anne. "Then I should like to teach you," said the basket-woman; "for I am quite sure you would behave honestly to me."

The gentleman put a guinea into the kind woman's hand, and told her he knew she could not afford to teach her trade for nothing.

"I shall come through Dunstable again in a few months, and I hope to see that you and your scholars get on well. If I find that you do, I will do something more for you," he said.

15. "But," said Anne, "we must go and tell grandmother about all this."

"It is a fine moonlight night," said the basket-woman, "and I will walk with you myself and see you safe home."

The gentleman kept them for a few minutes longer, as he had sent to buy the blanket. "Your grandmother will sleep well under this good blanket, I hope," he said, as he gave it into Paul's arms. "It has been earned for her by the honesty of her adopted children."

MISS EDGWORTH (*Adapted*).

Dismissed. — Sent away from his service.

Adopted. — Not her own children, but treated as such.

Claret. — A kind of wine.

Powdering. — Sprinkling the hair with starch powder to make it quite white, as was then the fashion.

Chaise. — A two-wheeled carriage.

XXXIII.

in-quir-ing	squab-bling	en-tire-ly	reg-u-la-tions
mi-ser-ly	im-pa-tient	ac-quire	ge-og-ra-phy
ac-cord-ing	pro-fes-sion	del-i-cate	knowl-edge

BLUNDER. — Part I.

1. Blunder was going to the Wishing-Gate, to wish for a pair of Shetland ponies, and a little coach like Tom Thumb's. And of course you can have your wish, if you once get there. But the thing is to find it; for it is not, as you imagine, a great gate with a tall marble pillar on each side, and a sign over the top, like this — WISHING-GATE — but just an old stile made of three sticks.

2. Put up two fingers, cross them on the top with another finger, and you have it exactly — the way it looks, I mean — a worm-eaten stile, in a meadow; and as there are plenty of old stiles in meadows, how are you to know which is the one?

3. Blunder's fairy godmother knew, but then she could not tell him, for that was not according to fairy rules and regulations. She could only direct him to follow the road, and ask the way of the first owl he met; and over and over she charged him, for Blunder was a very careless little

boy, and seldom found anything, "Be sure you don't miss him — be sure you don't pass him by."

4. And so far Blunder had come on very well, for the road was straight; but at the turn it forked. Should he go through the wood, or turn to the right? There was an owl nodding in a

tall oak-tree, the first owl Blunder had seen; but he was a little afraid to wake him up, for Blunder's fairy godmother had told him that this was a very wise fellow, who sat up all night to study the habits of frogs and mice, and knew everything but what went on in the daylight under his nose; and he could think of nothing better to say to this very wise fellow than "Good Mr. Owl, will

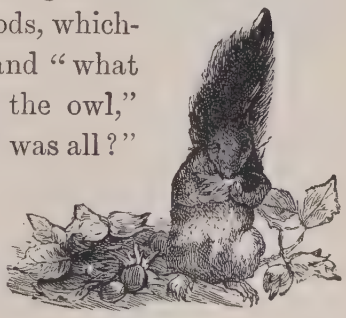
you please show me the way to the Wishing-Gate?"

5. "Eh! what's that?" cried the owl, starting out of his nap. "Have you brought me a frog?"

"No," said Blunder, "I did not know that you would like one. Can you tell me the way to the Wishing-Gate?"

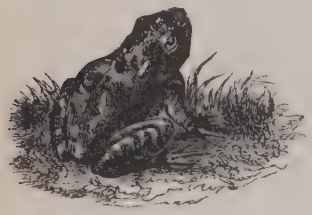
6. "Wishing-Gate! Wishing-Gate!" hooted the owl, very angry. "Winks and naps! how dare you disturb me for such a thing as that? Do you take me for a mile-stone! Follow your nose, sir, follow your nose!" — and, ruffling up his feathers, the owl was asleep again in a moment.

7. But how could Blunder follow his nose? His nose would turn to the right, or take him through the woods, whichever way his legs went, and "what was the use of asking the owl," thought Blunder, "if this was all?" While he hesitated, a squirrel came running down the path, and, seeing Blunder, stopped short with a little squeak.



8. "Good Mrs. Browny," said Blunder, "can you tell me the way to the Wishing-Gate?"

"I can't, indeed," answered the squirrel, politely. "What with getting in nuts, and the care of a young family, I have so little time to visit anything! But if you will follow the brook, you will find an old water-sprite under a slanting stone, over which the water pours all day with a noise like wabble! wabble! He, I have no doubt, can tell you all about it. You will know him, for he does nothing but grumble about the good old times when a brook would have dried up sooner than turn a mill-wheel."



9. So Blunder went on up the brook, and seeing nothing of the water-sprite, or the slanting stone, was just saying to himself, "I am sure I don't know where he is — I can't find it," when he spied a frog sitting on a wet stone.

"Mr. Frog," asked Blunder, "can you tell me the way to the Wishing-Gate?"

10. "I cannot," said the frog. "I am very sorry, but the fact is, I am an artist. Young as I am, my voice is already remarked at our concerts, and I devote myself so entirely to my

profession of music, that I have no time to acquire general knowledge. But in a pine-tree beyond, you will find an old crow, who, I am quite sure, can show you the way, as he is a traveller, and a bird of an inquiring turn of mind."

11. "I don't know where the pine is — I am sure I can never find him," answered Blunder, sadly; but still he went on up the brook, till, hot and tired, and out of patience at seeing neither crow nor pine, he sat down under a great tree to rest. There he heard tiny voices squabbling.

12. "Get out! Go away, I tell you! It has been knock! knock! knock! at my door all day, till I am tired out. First a wasp, and then a bee, and then another wasp, and then another bee, and now *you*. Go away! I won't let another one in to-day."

13. "But I want my honey."

"And I want my nap."

"I will come in."

"You shall not."

"You are a miserly old elf."

"And you are a brute of a bee."

And, looking about him, Blunder spied a bee quarrelling with a morning-glory elf, who was shutting up the morning-glory in his face.

14. "Elf, do you know which is the way to the Wishing-Gate?" asked Blunder.

"No," said the elf, "I don't know anything about geography. I was always too delicate to study. But if you will keep on this path, you will meet the Dream-man coming down from fairy-land, with his bags of dreams on his shoulder, and if anybody can tell you about the Wishing-Gate, he can."

15. "But how can I find him?" asked Blunder, more and more impatient.

"I don't know, I am sure," answered the elf, "unless you should look for him."

Regulations. — Rules by which things are to be done.
Water-sprite. — A sort of fairy, supposed to live in water.
Spied. — Saw.
Artist. — One who devotes himself to any art; here that of music.
Acquire. — Gain by effort.
Elf. — A little fairy.
Morning-glory. — A flower of the Convolvulus kind which only opens in the morning.
Miserly. — Like a miser, *i.e.*, one who lives meanly so as to hoard up his money.
Inquiring turn of mind. — Given to asking questions.

What can you tell of Shetland ponies? What of Tom Thumb?
Name some of the things learned in the study of geography
What is meant by Blunder?

XXXIV.

tre-men-dous	ex-claimed	gruff-ly	whim-pered
wood-gob-lin	luck-i-ly	whisk-ing	flut-ter-ing

BLUNDER. — Part II.

1. So there was no help for it but to go on, and presently Blunder passed the Dream-man asleep under a hazel, with his bags of good and bad dreams laid over him to keep him from fluttering away. But Blunder had a habit of not using his eyes, for at home, when told to find anything, he always said, "I don't know where it is," or, "I can't find it," and then his mother or sister went straight and found it for him.

2. So he passed the Dream-man without seeing him, and went on till he stumbled on Jack-o'-Lantern.

"Can you show me the way to the Wishing-Gate?" said Blunder.

"Certainly, with pleasure," answered Jack, and catching up his lantern, set out at once.

3. Blunder followed close, but in watching the lantern he forgot to look to his feet, and fell into a hole filled with black mud.

"I say, the Wishing-Gate is not down there," called out Jack, whisking off among the tree-tops.

4. "But I can't come up there," whimpered Blunder.

"That is not my fault then," answered Jack, merrily, dancing out of sight.

5. Oh! a very angry little boy was Blunder when he clambered out of the hole. "I don't know where it is," he said, crying. "I can't find it, and I'll go straight home."

6. Just then he stepped on an old, moss-grown, rotten stump, and it happening unluckily that this rotten stump was a wood-goblin's chimney, Blunder fell through headlong, in among the pots and

pans in which the goblin's cook was cooking the goblin's supper.

7. The old goblin, who was asleep up stairs, started up in a fright at the tremendous clash and clatter, and, finding that his house was not tumbling about his ears, as he thought at first, stumped down to the kitchen to see what was the matter. The cook heard him coming, and looked about her in a fright to hide Blunder.

8. "Quick!" cried she. "If my master catches you, he will have you in a pie. In the next room stands a pair of shoes. Jump into them, and they will take you up the chimney."

9. Off flew Blunder, burst open the door, and tore wildly about the room, in one corner of which stood the shoes; but of course he could not see them, because he was not in the habit of using his eyes. "I can't find them! Oh, I can't find them!" sobbed poor little Blunder, running back to the cook.

10. "Run into the closet," said the cook.

Blunder made a dash at the window, but "I don't know where it is," he called out.

Clump! clump! That was the goblin half-way down the stairs.

11. "Oh, dear, dear!" exclaimed cook. "He is

coming! The boy will be eaten in spite of me. Jump into the meal-chest!"

"I don't see it," squeaked Blunder, rushing towards the fireplace. "Where is it?"

12. Clump! Clump! That was the goblin at the foot of the stairs, and coming towards the kitchen door.

"There is a cloak hanging on that peg. Get into that, and he will not see you," cried cook, quite beside herself.

13. But Blunder could no more see the cloak than he could see the shoes, the closet, and the meal-chest, and no doubt the goblin, whose hand was on the latch, would have found him prancing round the kitchen and crying out, "I can't find it," but, luckily for himself, Blunder caught his foot in the cloak and tumbled down, pulling it over him. There he lay, hardly daring to breathe.

Jack-o'-Lantern. — A mischievous elf supposed to cause the light which sometimes hangs over marshy places. The light is still called Jack-o'-Lantern, or Will-o'-the-Wisp.

Whisking off. — Hastening away.

Goblin. — A large and terrible imp or malicious fairy.

Whimpered. — *i.e.*, said in a piteous voice.

XXXV.

star-va-tion bush-el pur-ple chuck-ling

BLUNDER. — Part III.

1. "What was all that noise about?" asked the goblin, gruffly, coming into the kitchen.

"Only my pans, master," answered the cook; and as he could see nothing amiss, the old goblin went grumbling up stairs again, while the shoes took Blunder up the chimney, and landed him in a meadow, safe enough, but so miserable!

2. He was cross, he was tired, he was hungry. It was dark; he did not know the way home, and, seeing an old stile, he climbed up and sat down on the top of it, for he was too weary to stir.

3. Just then came along the South Wind, with his pockets crammed full of showers, and, as he happened to be going Blunder's way, he took Blunder home, of which the boy was glad enough; only he would have liked it better if the Wind would not have laughed all the way.

4. For what would you think if you were walking along a road with a fat old gentleman who went chuckling to himself, and slapping his knees,

and poking himself till he was purple in the face, when he would burst out in a great windy roar of laughter every other minute?

"What *are* you laughing at?" asked Blunder at last.

5. "At two things that I saw in my travels," answered the wind — "a hen, that died of starvation, sitting on an empty peck measure that stood in front of a bushel of grain, and a little boy who

sat on the top of the Wishing-Gate, and came home because he could not find it."

6. "What? what's that?" cried Blunder; but just then he found himself at home. There sat his fairy godmother by the fire, her mouse-skin cloak hung up on a peg, making the toe of a spider's-silk stocking an eighth of an inch long, and though everybody else cried, "What luck?" and, "Where is the Wishing-Gate?" she sat silent.

7. "I don't know where it is," answered Blunder. "I couldn't find it." And then he told the story of his troubles.

"Poor boy!" said his mother, kissing him, while his sister ran to bring him some bread and milk.

8. "Yes, that's all very fine," cried his godmother, pulling out her needles and rolling up her ball of silk; "but now hear my story. There was once a little boy who must needs go to the Wishing-Gate, and his fairy godmother showed him the road as far as the turn, and told him to ask the first owl he met what to do then.

9. "But this little boy seldom used his eyes; so he passed the first owl, and waked up the wrong owl; so he passed the water-sprite, and found only a frog; so he sat down under the pine-tree, and

never saw the crow; so he passed the Dream-man, and ran after Jack-o'-Lantern; so he tumbled down the goblin's chimney, and couldn't find the shoes and the closet and the chest and the cloak; and so he sat on the top of the Wishing-Gate till the South Wind brought him home, and never knew it. Bah!"

10. And away went the fairy godmother up the chimney in such deep disgust that she did not even stop for her mouse-skin cloak.

LOUISE E. CHOLLET.

Gruffly. — Roughly, sternly.
Bushel. — A measure equal to four pecks or eight gallons.
Chuckling. — Laughing quietly.
Starvation. — Suffering from want of food.

A READING REVIEW. — For Expression.

1. On page 100 read paragraph 3, saying "God bless you" as if it were a single word, in the way it is usually spoken. Read also paragraphs 5 and 6 to show the change of voice which follows the dash. Tell for what the dash is used in punctuation.

2. Review Lesson XXV., letting one reader personate the fox and one the cat: omit all but what was *said;* that is, make a DIALOGUE of it.

3. Use Lessons XXVIII. and XXIX. for recitation or concert-reading.

4. Read sentences from The Basket Woman and from Blunder, or ask others in the class to read any that you like to hear. For example, the talk of Paul and Anne when they first found the guinea, page 119.

XXXVI.

al-lowed	mig-non-ette	bach-e-lor	set-tled
lav-en-der	pot-pour-ri	pre-served	myr-tle

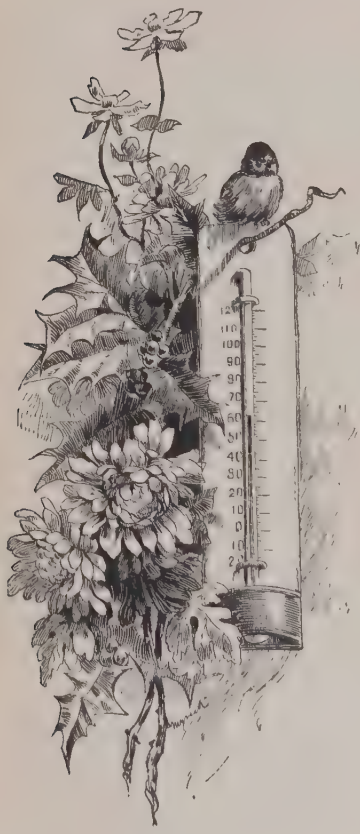
OUR GARDEN. — Part I.

The winter is gone; and at first Jack and I were sad,
Because of the snow man's melting, but now we are glad;
For the spring has come, and it's warm, and we're allowed to garden in the afternoon;
And summer is coming, and oh! how lovely our flowers will be in June!

We are so fond of flowers, it makes us quite happy to think
Of our beds — all colors — blue, white, yellow, purple, and pink,
Scarlet, lilac, and crimson! And we're fond of sweet scents as well,
And mean to have pinks, roses, sweet peas, mignonette, clove carnations, and everything good to smell;

Lavender, rosemary, — and we should like a lemon-scented verbena, and a big myrtle-tree!

And then if we could get an old "preserved ginger" pot, and some bay-salt, we could make *pot-pourri*.



Jack and I have a garden, though it's not so large as the big one, you know.

But whatever can be got to grow in a garden, we mean to grow.

We've got bachelor's buttons, and London pride, and old man, and everything that's nice.

And last year Jack sowed green peas for our doll's dinners, but they were eaten up by the mice.

And he would plant potatoes in furrows, which made the garden in a mess,

So this year we mean to have no kitchen garden but mustard and cress.

One of us plants and the other waters, but Jack likes the watering-pot,
And then when my turn comes to water, he says it's too hot!

We sometimes quarrel about the garden, and once Jack hit me with the spade:
So we settled to divide it in two by a path up the middle, and that's made.

We want some yellow sand now to make the walk
pretty, but there's none about here;
So we mean to get some in the old carpet-bag, if
we go to the seaside this year.
On Monday we went to the wood and got prim-
rose plants, and a sucker of dog-rose;
It looks like a green stick in the midst of the bed
at present; but wait till it blows!

The primroses were in full flower, and the rose
ought to flower soon;
You've no idea how lovely it is in that wood in
June!

Allowed. — Have had permission.

Bachelor's button. — A delicate garden flower (either pink or violet).

Settled. — Agreed.

Mignonette (*min-yon-ette'*). — A sweet-scented purple flower.

Pot-pourri (*pō-pōōr-rē'*). — A vase filled with fragrant leaves and sprinkled with salt to perfume a room. The word is also used to name a piece in music made up of many airs; a medley.

Preserved. — Prepared for keeping.

Mustard and cress. — Plants having a biting or pungent taste, and used with food.

Sucker. — The shoot of a plant, either from the roots or the lower part of the stem.

Use some other word for *got* in "got to grow in a garden." Drop "got" from the sentence that follows: "We've got bachelor's buttons," etc. Use another word for "flower" in the last stanza.

Notice that the lines in this and the following lesson are of greater length than have been found in previous selections.

XXXVII.

nem-oph-i-la pin-a-fores with-ered gar-den-er

OUR GARDEN. — Part II.

The primroses look quite withered now, I am sorry to say;
But that's not our fault, but nurse's, and it shows how hard it is to garden when you can't have you own way.
We planted them carefully, and were just going to water them all in a lump
When nurse fetched us both in-doors, and put us to bed for wetting our pinafores at the pump.

It's very hard, and I'm sure the gardener's plants wouldn't grow any better than ours
If nurse fetched him in and sent him to bed just when he was going to water his flowers.
We've got blue nemophila and mignonette and Venus's looking-glass, and many other seeds.
The nemophila comes up spotted, which is how we know it from the weeds;

At least it's sure to come up if the hens haven't scratched it up first.

But when it's up the cats roll on it, and that is the worst!

I sowed a ring of sweet peas, and the last time I looked they were coming nicely on,

Just sprouting white, and I put them safely back; but when Jack looked he found they were gone.

Jack made a great many cuttings, but he has had rather bad luck;

I've looked at them every day myself, and not one of them has struck.
The gardener gave me a fine moss-rose, but Jack took it to his side;
I kept moving it back, but he took it again, and at last it died.

But now we've settled to dig up the path, and have the bed as it was before.
So everything will belong to us both, and we shan't ever quarrel any more.
It is such a long time, too, to wait for the sand, and perhaps sea sand does best on the shore.

We're going to take everything up, — for it can't hurt the plants to stand on the grass for a minute.
And you really can't possibly rake a bed smooth with so many things in it.
We shall dig it all over, and get leaf-mould from the wood, and hoe up the weeds;
And when its tidy, we shall plant and put labels and strike cuttings and sow seeds.

We are so fond of flowers! Jack and I often dream at night

Of getting up and finding our garden ablaze with
all colors, — blue, red, yellow, and white.
And midsummer's coming, and big brother Tom
will sit under the tree
With his book, and Mary will beg sweet nosegays
of me.

The worst is, we often start for the seaside about
midsummer day,
And no one takes care of our gardens whilst we
are away.
But if we sow lots of seeds, and take plenty of
cuttings before we leave home,
When we come back our flowers will be all in full
bloom.

Bright, bright sunshine above, and sweet, sweet
flowers below;
Come midsummer, quickly come, and go quickly,
midsummer, go!

P. S. It's so tiresome! Jack wants to build a
greenhouse now.
He has found some bits of broken glass and an old
window-frame, and he says he knows how.

I tell him there's not glass enough, but he says there's lots.

And he's taken all the plants that belong to the bed, and put them in pots.

JULIANA HORATIO EWING.

Pinafore. — A kind of apron.
Withered. — Dried, faded.
Tidy. — Neat, orderly.
Cuttings. — Parts of a plant that contain a bud.
Mould. — Earth that is made mostly of decayed leaves.
Label. — A tag; a small card or piece of wood with the name of the thing to which it is fastened.

XXXVIII.

Col-o-ra-do	heif-er	cru-el	jag-ged
hin-dered	mere-ly	seams	spoiled

THE ANT'S MONDAY DINNER. — Part I.

1. How did I know what the ants had for dinner last Monday?

It is odd that I should have known, but I'll tell you how it happened.

2. I was sitting under a great pine-tree high up on a hillside.

The hillside was more than seven thousand feet above the sea, and that is higher than most mountains. But this hillside was in Colorado, so there was nothing wonderful in its being so high.

3. I had watched the great mountains with snow upon them, and the forest of pine-trees — miles and miles of them — so close together that it looks as if one could lie down upon their tops and not fall through.

4. My eyes were tired with looking at such great, grand things, so many miles away; so I looked down upon the ground where I was sitting, and watched the ants which were running about

everywhere, as busy and restless as if they had the whole world on their shoulders.

5. Suddenly I saw under a tuft of grass a tiny yellow caterpillar, which seemed to be bounding along in a strange way. In a second more I saw an ant seize him and begin to drag him off.

6. The caterpillar was three times as long as the ant, and his body was more than twice as large round as the biggest part of the ant's body.

"Ho! Ho! Mr. Ant," said I, "you are not strong enough to drag that fellow very far."

7. Why, it was about the same as if you should drag a heifer which was kicking all the time; only that the heifer has not half so many legs to catch hold of things with as the caterpillar had.

8. Poor caterpillar! how he did try to get away. But the ant never gave him a second's time to take a good grip of anything; and he was cunning enough, too, to drag him on his side, so that he could not use his legs very well.

9. Up and down, under and over sticks and stones, in and out of tufts of grass, up to the top of the tallest blades and down again, over gravel and sand, and across bridges of pine-

needles, from stone to stone, backward all the way; but for all I could see, just as swiftly as if he were going head foremost, ran that ant, dragging the caterpillar after him.

10. I watched him very closely, thinking of course he must be going toward his house.

Presently he darted up the trunk of the pine-tree.

"What does this mean?" said I; "ants do not live in pine-trees."

11. The bark of the tree was broken and jagged, and full of seams twenty times as deep as the height of the ant's body.

He did not mind; down one side and up the other he went.

12. I had to watch very closely, not to lose sight of him altogether.

I began to think he was merely trying to kill the caterpillar, that perhaps he didn't mean to eat him after all. How did I know but some ants might hunt caterpillars just as some men hunt deer, for fun, and not at all because they needed food.

13. If I had been sure of this, I would have spoiled Mr. Ant's sport, and set the poor caterpillar free. But I never heard of an ant's being

cruel; and if it really were for dinner for his family that he was working so hard, I thought he ought to be helped and not hindered.

Heifer. — A young cow.
Grip. — Grasp, hold.
Hindered. — Kept from doing, prevented.
Gravel. — Masses of fine pebbles, or fragments of stone, not as fine as sand.
Darted. — Ran quickly.

XXXIX.

di-vert-ed	e-nor-mous	van-ished	ha-tred
wa-ter-proof	dis-ap-peared	fan-cied	shrill

THE ANT'S MONDAY DINNER. — Part II.

1. Just then my attention was diverted by a sharp cry overhead.

I looked up and saw an enormous hawk sailing round in circles with two small birds flying after, pouncing down upon his head, then darting away, and all the time making shrill cries of fright and hatred. I knew very well what was meant. Mr. Hawk was trying to do some marketing for his dinner. He had his eye on some little birds in their nest; and the father and mother birds were driving him away.

2. You would not have believed two such little birds could drive off such a creature as the hawk, but they did.

They seemed to fairly buzz around his head, as flies do around horses; and at last he flew off so far that he vanished in the blue sky, and the little birds came skimming home into the wood.

3. "The little people are stronger than the great ones, after all," I said.

But where has my ant gone?

It had not been two minutes that I had been watching the hawk and the birds, but in that two minutes the ant and the caterpillar had disappeared.

4. At last I found them: where do you think? In a fold of my waterproof cloak, on which I was sitting. The ant had let go the caterpillar and was running round and round him, and the caterpillar was too near dead to stir. I shook the fold out, and as soon as the cloth lay straight and smooth, the ant fastened his nippers into the caterpillar again, and started off as fast as ever.

5. By this time the caterpillar was so limp and helpless that the ant was not afraid of losing him, so he stopped a second now and then to rest.

Sometimes he would spring upon the caterpil-

lar's back and stretch himself out there; sometimes he would stand still and look at him sharply, keeping one nipper on his head.

6. It astonished me much at first that none of the ants he met took any notice of him; they all went their own ways, and did not so much as sniff at the caterpillar.

7. But soon I said to myself, "Do you not suppose that ants can be as well behaved as people?

"When you passed Mr. Jones, yesterday, you did not peep into his market basket, nor touch the big cabbage he had under his arm."

Presently the ant dropped the caterpillar, and ran on a few steps — I mean inches — to meet another ant, who was coming towards him.

8. They put their heads close together for a second. I could not hear what they said, but they both ran quickly back to the caterpillar, and one took him by the head and the other by the tail, and then they got on finely.

9. It was only a few steps to the ant's house. The door was a round hole in the ground, about the size of my little finger. Several ants were standing in the doorway watching these two as they come up with the caterpillar.

10. They all took hold as soon as the caterpillar

was on the doorsteps, and almost before I knew he was fairly there, they had tumbled him down, heels over head, into the ground, and that was the last I saw of him.

11. The oddest thing was the way the ants came running home from all directions. I do not believe there was any dinner-bell rung, though there might have been a finer one than my ears could hear, but in less than a minute I had counted thirty-three ants running down that hole.

12. I fancied they looked as hungry as wolves. I had a great mind to dig down into the hole with a stick to see what had become of the caterpillar. But I thought it would not be quite fair to take the roof off a man's house to see how he cooked his beef for dinner, so I sat still awhile wondering how they would serve him, and if they would leave any for Tuesday; and then went home to my own dinner.

H. H. (Mrs. Jackson).

Vanished. — Passed out of sight, disappeared.

Fancied. — To fancy, in this use, is to form an opinion without much care or thought.

Limp. — Weak, without stiffness or force.

Diverted. — Turned another way.

Serve. — To prepare or arrange for eating.

Enormous. — A thing is said to be enormous when it is larger than that kind of thing usually is.

The words on the following page are for reference, and practice in penmanship.

Albany
Boston
Chicago
Detroit
Fredericksburg
Hartford
Jacksonville
Louisville
Newark
Philadelphia
Richmond
San Francisco
Utica
Washington
New York

Brooklyn
Baltimore
Cincinnati
Elmyra
Galveston
Indianapolis
Keokuk
Memphis
New Orleans
Quincy
St. Louis
Toledo
Vicksburg
Xenia
Zanesville

XL.

ceil-ing	wheth-er	in-mates	div-ing bell
weaves	weath-er	af-fairs	win-dow pane

AFRAID OF SPIDERS.

1. Carrie jumped from her seat because a spider was spinning down before her from the ceiling. "They are such hateful black things!" she said.

"They are curious things," said Aunt Nellie. "They have eight fixed eyes."

2. "Dear me! And maybe she's looking at me with all eight of them," groaned Carrie.

"They are very fond of music — "

"I shall never dare to sing again, for fear they'll be spinning down to listen."

3. "They can tell you whether the weather

is going to be fine or not. If it is going to storm, they spin a short thread; if it will clear, they spin a long one."

"That's funny."

4. "They are an odd family," Aunt Nellie went on. "I saw one on the window-pane the other day. She carried a little gray silk bag about with her wherever she ran. She had spun

the bag herself. When it burst open, ever so many tiny baby spiders tumbled out, like birds from a nest, and ran along with her. Perhaps you didn't know that the spider can spin and sew, too? She spins her web, and she sews leaves together for her summer house."

5. "What a queer thing a spider is," said Carrie, beginning to forget her dislike.

"Yes, and she has a queerer sister in England,

who makes a raft, and floats on pools of water upon it in search of flies for her dinner."

6. "I should like to know what it's made of."

"She binds together a ball of weeds with the thread she spins."

7. "I wish we could go to England."

"And there's another of the family who lives under water in a diving-bell, which she weaves herself."

"How I should like to see her!"

8. "Maybe you would rather see the one in the West Indies who digs a hole in the earth. She lines it with silk of her own making, and fits a door to it, which opens and closes when the family go in and out."

"Yes, yes," said Carrie, "how delightful!"

"But you would be afraid of the inmates?"

"Perhaps not, now I know their family affairs."

9. "Did you ever read Mrs. Gatty's story of a spider, in *Parables from Nature?*"

"No, I am sure I never did."

"Well, then, here it is. You may read it aloud if you like."

Ceiling (*ceil*, to arch or cover). — The upper wall of a room.
Affairs. — Things done or to be done.
Diving-bell. — A contrivance by which a person can go down in deep water and be supplied with air for some time.
Inmates. — Persons who dwell together in a house.

XLI.

suf-fi-cient	in-tel-li-gent	e-las-tic	gen-er-a-tion
ex-quis-ite	man-age-a-ble	ma-chines	o-beyed

TWINETTE. — Part I.

1. Twinette the spider was young, hungry, and industrious.

"Weave yourself a web, my dear," said her mother, "as you know how without teaching, and catch flies for yourself. I am old and stay in corners, but you are young and need not. Besides, you might be in my way. Scramble along the rafters a little way and spin. But mind! see

that there's nothing there — below you, I mean — before you begin. You will not catch anything to eat, if there isn't empty space about you for the flies to fly in."

2. Twinette was dutiful, and obeyed. She ran along the wood-work of the roof of the church — for it was there her mother lived — till she had gone what she thought a sufficient distance; then she stopped to look around. As she had eight eyes, this was not a difficult thing to do, but she was not sure of what there might be below.

3. "I wonder whether mother would say there was nothing here — below me, I mean — but empty space for flies to fly in?" said she.

She went back to her mother and asked what she thought.

"Oh dear, oh dear!" said her mother, "how can I think about what I don't see? There used not to be anything there in my young days, I'm sure. But everybody must find out things for themselves. Let yourself down by the family rope, as you know how without teaching, and see for yourself if there's anything there or not."

4. Twinette was an intelligent young spider, quite worthy of the age she was born in; so she thanked her mother, and was just starting afresh,

when another thought struck her. "How shall I know if there's anything there when I get there?" asked she.

"Dear me! if there's anything there, how can you help seeing it?" cried the mother; "you with at least eight eyes."

5. "Thank you. Now I quite understand," said Twinette; and going back to the end of the rafter, she began to prepare the family rope.

It was the most exquisite thing in the world, — so fine, you could scarcely see it; so elastic, it could be blown about without breaking; such a perfect gray that it looked white against black things, and black against white; so manageable that Twinette could both make it and slide down by it at once; and when she wished to get back, could slip up by it and roll it up at the same time.

6. It was a wonderful rope for anybody to make without teaching. But Twinette was not conceited. Rope-making came as natural to her as eating to hungry boys, and she thought no more about it than they do of eating their food.

7. How she did it is another question, — one not easily answered. This much may be hinted: out of six little spinning-machines near the tail came

as many little threads, and the rope was a six-twist of these. But as each separate thread was itself a many-twist of a great many others still finer, I do not pretend to tell the number of strands in Twinette's family rope. Enough, that as she made it now, it has been made from generation to generation without change.

8. The plan was for the spinner to glue the ends to the rafter, and then start off. Out came the thread from the spinning-machine, and the further the spinner travelled, the longer the rope became.

Intelligent. — Sensible, skilled.
Exquisite. — Perfect; of fine quality, delicate.
Conceited. — Occupied with one's self.
Worthy. — Having merit or value.

XLII.

sus-pend-ed	whim-pered	ob-ser-va-tions	re-solved
ar-gu-ments	re-sist	daw-dled	draught

TWINETTE. — Part II.

1. Twinette, having made ready, turned on her back and let herself fairly off.

The glued ends held fast, the strands twined closely, and down went the family rope with

Twinette at the end, guiding it. Down into the middle of the chancel, where were carved oaken screens on three sides, and carved oaken seats below. When Twinette was about half-way down, she stopped to rest and look around. Then balancing herself at the end of her rope, with her legs folded up around her, she made her remarks.

2. "This is charming!" cried she. "Nice empty space for the flies to fly about in, and a pleasant time they must have of it. Oh dear, how hungry I feel! I must go back and weave at once."

3. Just as she was preparing to roll up the rope and be off, a ray of sunshine, streaming through one of the chancel windows, struck upon her suspended body, quite startling her with the dazzle of its brightness. Everything was in a blaze all about her, and she turned round and round in terror.

4. "Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear!" cried she, for she couldn't help saying something. She gave a hearty spring, and, blinded though she was, shot up to the roof, rolling the rope as she went. After which she stopped to complain.

5. But it is dull work complaining to one's self, so she ran back to her mother in the corner.

"Back again so soon, my dear?" asked the old lady, not overpleased.

6. "Back again at all is the wonder," whimpered Twinette. "There's something down there, after all, besides empty space."

"Why, what did you see?" asked her mother.

"Nothing; that was just it," answered Twinette. "I could see nothing for dazzle and blaze, but I did see dazzle and blaze."

7. "Young people of the present day are very troublesome with their observations," remarked the mother; "however, if one rule will not do, here is another. Did dazzle and blaze shove you out of your place, my dear?"

Twinette said, "Certainly not." She had come away of herself.

8. "Then how could they be anything?" asked the mother. "Two things could not be in one place at the same time. Let Twinette try to get into *her* place while she was there herself, and see that this was so."

9. Twinette did not try, for she knew she could not; but she sat silent, wondering what dazzle and blaze could be if they were nothing at all. Fortunately, her mother interrupted her by advising her to go and get something to do.

"If dazzle and blaze kill me, you'll be sorry, mother," said Twinette in a pet.

10. "Nonsense about dazzle and blaze!" cried the old spider. "I dare say they're only a little more light than usual. There's more or less light even here in the corners, at times."

11. Twinette went away, but she felt too cross to begin to spin. She would rather know about light than have her dinner, which showed she was no common spider. So she resolved to go down in another place to see if she could find a really empty space.

12. Her good humor returned. "I do believe I've found nothing at last." As she spoke she hung dangling at the end of her rope, her legs tucked up around her as before, in perfect enjoyment, when suddenly the south door of the church was opened, and a strong gust set in. It was a windy evening, and the draught blew the family rope with Twinette at the end of it, till she turned quite giddy.

13. "Oh dear," she cried, puffing; "what shall I do? How could they say there was nothing here but empty space for flies — oh dear! — to fly in?" She made an effort at resistance, and in the very teeth of the wind succeeded in coiling up the rope, and so got back to the rafters.

14. It was a piece of rare good fortune, that a

lazy, half-alive fly happened to be creeping along it just at that moment. She pounced upon the stroller, and had sucked his juices before he knew where he was. Then she scrambled back to her mother, and told her what she thought, but not in very plain words. For what she thought was that the old lady didn't know what she was saying when she talked about empty space with nothing in it.

15. "Dazzle and blaze were nothing," cried she at last, "though they blinded me because they and I were in one place together, which couldn't be if they'd been anything; and now this is nothing, though it blows me out of my place twenty times a minute, because I can't see it. What's the use of rules one can't go by, mother? I don't believe you know a quarter of what's down there."

16. The old spider's head turned as giddy with Twinette's arguments, as Twinette's had done while swinging in the wind.

"I don't see what it can matter what's there," returned she, "if there's room for flies to fly about in, and I wish you would go back and spin."

17. "That's another part of the question,"

remarked Twinette in answer to the first half of her mother's remark. In answer to the second, back she went, intending to be obedient, and spin; but she dawdled and thought, and thought and dawdled, till the day was nearly over.

Observations. — Thoughts, remarks.
Resistance. — The act of striving against or not yielding to.
Arguments. — Reasons; attempts to prove.
Vibrations. — Quick motion to and fro; successions of sound.

XLIII.

out-land-ish	pave-ment	phi-los-o-pher	ex-haust-ed
vi-bra-tions	fes-ti-val	in-ter-la-cing	com-plet-ed
in-ter-fered	tight-ened	re-flec-tions	mur-mured

TWINETTE. — Part III.

1. "I will take one more turn down below," said she to herself at last, "and look round me again. I will sift the matter to the bottom. I will see how far empty space goes." So saying, she opened her spinning-machines, and started afresh.

2. It was a wonderful rope, or it would not

have gone on to such a length without breaking. In a few seconds Twinette was on the cold pavement. But she didn't like the feel of it at all, so she took to running as fast as she could go, and crept into a corner. "One doesn't know what to expect in such queer, outlandish places," observed she; "when I've rested I'll go back."

3. When she stepped out of her place, the whole church was dark. Now it is one thing to be snug in bed when it is dark, and another to be a long way from home, and have lost your way, and not know what may happen to you the next minute. She wondered what dreadful thing darkness might be.

Then she thought of her mother's rules and felt quite angry.

4. "I can't see anything, and I don't feel anything," murmured she, "and yet here's something that frightens me out of my wits."

At last she felt about for the family rope; it was there, safe and sound, and she made a spring. Roll went the rope, and up went its owner; higher, higher, through the dark night air. By the time she touched the rafter she was half exhausted, and she fell asleep.

5. It must have been late next morning when

she woke, for the sound of organ music was pealing through the church. The vibrations swept pleasantly over her, rising and falling like gusts of night, swelling and sinking like waves of the sea, gathering and scattering like vapors of the sky.

6. She went down to observe, but nothing was to be seen to account for her sensations. It was a harvest festival, and large white lilies were grouped with evergreens round the slender pillars of the screens, and the air was filled with their powerful odors.

7. Still nothing disturbed her from her place. Sunshine streamed in through the windows, — she felt it warm on her body, — but it interfered with nothing else. A door opened, and a breeze caught her rope; but still she held fast. So music and prayer, sunshine, breeze, and scent, were all there together; and Twinette was among them, and saw flies flying about overhead.

8. This was enough; she went back to her rafter, chose a home, and began to spin. Before evening her web was completed, her first prey caught and feasted upon.

9. Twinette was now a philosopher. As she crossed and re-crossed the threads, her ideas became cleared. Each line she fastened brought its

own reflection, and this was the way they went on: —

"Empty space is an old wife's tale" — she fixed that thread very tight.

10. "Sight and touch are very imperfect guides" — this crossed the other at an angle.

"Two or three things can easily be in one place at the same time" — this seemed loose till she tightened it by a second.

"Sunshine, and scent, and wind, and sound, don't drive each other out of their places" — that thread held firm.

11. "When one has sensations, there is something to cause them, whether one sees it, or feels it, or finds it out or not" — this was a wonderful thread; it went right round the web and fastened it down in several places.

12. "Light and darkness, sunshine and wind, sound and sensation, and fright and pleasure, don't keep away flies" — the little underlacing threads looked quite pretty as she placed them. "How many things I know of that I don't know much about" — the web got thicker every minute — "And perhaps there's ever so much more beyond — ever so much more — ever so much more — beyond."

13. These were her very last words; she kept repeating them till she finished her web; and when she sat up in state after supper, she began to repeat them again, for she could think of nothing better or wiser to say. But this was no wonder, for all her thoughts put together made nothing but a cobweb after all!

Philosopher. — One who searches into the nature and meaning of things.

Sift the matter. — Study it thoroughly.

Sensations. — Feelings and experiences.

Reflections. — Thoughts upon what she saw, heard, or felt.

A READING REVIEW. — For Expression.

What feeling is expressed on page 151?

Read so as to give it strongly.

Read the stanzas that follow the dash on page 153 to that on page 154 so as to personate the little boy.

Read the first sentence on page 156 as if the author were repeating what some one had just asked her.

Begin with "Ho! ho!" page 157, and read to paragraph 10.

Read paragraph 7, page 161, so as to emphasize *ants*, *people*, *Mr. Jones*, and give a reason for doing so. You may consider it a rule that contrasted words, like *ants* and *people* in this sentence, are to be made emphatic.

On page 164, let two pupils read the sayings of Aunt Nellie and Carrie as in a dialogue.

Read the sentence "I am old," etc., page 167; tell what words are to be made emphatic.

Read the paragraph that describes the spider's family-rope on page 169, marking *fine*, *elastic*, *gray*, and *manageable* by emphasis.

Talking to one's self is called *soliloquy*. The voice can be made to express it. Find the places where Twinette practised it.

XLIV.

knell	schol-ar	un-touched	half sti-fled
knock	a-lar-um	me-thinks	thieves

THE BOISTEROUS WIND.

What way does the wind come? What way does
he go?
He rides o'er the water, and over the snow,
Through wood, and through vale; and o'er rocky
height,
Which the goat cannot climb, takes his sounding
flight;
He tosses about in every bare tree,
As, if you look up, you plainly may see:
But how he will come, and whither he goes,
There's never a scholar in England knows.

He will suddenly stop in a cunning nook,
And ring a sharp 'larum;—but, if you should
look,
There's nothing to see but a cushion of snow,
Round as a pillow, and whiter than milk,
And softer than if it were covered with silk.

Sometimes he'll hide in the cave of a rock,
Then whistle as shrill as the buzzard clock;

Yet seek him,—and what shall you find in the
place?
Nothing but silence and empty space;
Save, in a corner, a heap of dry leaves
That he's left, for a bed, to beggars or thieves!

As soon as 'tis daylight, to-morrow with me
You shall go to the orchard, and then you will see
That he has been there, and made a great rout,
And cracked the branches and strewn them
about.
Heaven grant that he spare but that one upright
twig,
That looked up at the sky so proud and so big
All last summer, as well you know,
Studded with apples, a beautiful show!

Hark! over the roof he makes a pause,
And growls as if he would fix his claws
Right in the slates, and with a huge rattle
Drive them down, like men in a battle:
But let him range round; he does us no harm;
We build up the fire, we're snug and warm;
Untouched by his breath, see, the candle shines
bright,
And burns with a clear and steady light;

Books have we to read, — hush! that half-stifled knell,
Methinks 'tis the sound of the eight o'clock bell.

Come, now we'll to bed! and when we are there
He may work his own will, and what shall we care?
He may knock at the door, — we'll not let him in;
May drive at the windows, — we'll laugh at his din;
Let him seek his own home wherever it be;
Here's a *cosey* warm house for Edward and me.

MISS WORDSWORTH.

Buzzard clock. — The beetle.
Rout. — A breaking or scattering.
Cosey. — Snug, well sheltered.
Studded. — Adorned; set thickly.
'Larum (*alarum*). — Anything used to give notice of danger; or the noise that the thing gives.
Methinks. — I think.

COMPOSITION.

Write sentences upon the wind and its effects, after a class conversation, to gather the points.

POINTS: What the wind is; what winds bring pleasure; how they bring health; ways in which the wind is made useful on land; on water; damage done by wind.

Make each sentence tell as much as possible.

Join the sentences into a paragraph.

Write the subject, "Wind," in a line by itself above, and your name in a line below, at the right side.

XLV.

mas-sive	fangs	gen-er-a-tions	knot-ted
can-o-py	groups	nour-ish-ment	judg-ment
false-hood	flour-ish	in-struc-tion	mul-ti-tude

THE ACORN AND THE CHILD.

1. Look at the spreading oak, the pride of the village green. Its trunk is massive, its branches are strong. Its roots, like crooked fangs, strike deep into the soil and support its huge bulk.

2. The birds build among the boughs, the cattle rest under its shade, and groups of persons gather in the shelter of its green canopy.

3. Old men point it out to their children and tell them that they do not remember when it grew. Their fathers and grandfathers and other generations have been born and have died, and this son of the forest has remained the same. It has borne the storms of two hundred winters.

4. Yet this large tree was once a little acorn such as you might now pick up under some spreading oak. Such an acorn, whose cup can contain but a drop or two of dew, contained the whole oak. What are now its massive trunk, its knotted branches, its multitude of leaves, belonged to that little acorn.

5. It grew, it spread, it unfolded itself little by little; it took nourishment from the rain and the dews and the rich soil; but without the acorn, rain and dews and soil could not raise an oak, nor could they make the acorn anything but an oak.

6. The mind of a child is like the acorn. Its powers are folded up so that they do not appear.

The memory, the judgment, the power that invents, the feeling of right and wrong, all belong to the little child as the oak belonged to the acorn.

7. Think of the wisest man you ever knew, or of whom you ever heard. Think of the greatest man who ever lived. Think of a man who stands like that tree, and shelters and protects a number of his fellow-men, and then say to yourself, The mind of that man was once like mine.

8. His thoughts were childish like my thoughts. He was once like a little baby child who knows nothing, remembers nothing, and cannot tell good from evil nor truth from falsehood.

9. If you had only seen an acorn, you could never guess at the form and size of an oak. If you had never listened to the wisdom of the wise man, you could form no idea of him from the helpless infant child.

10. Instruction such as you are receiving is the food of the mind. It is like the dew and the rain and the rich soil.

11. As the soil and the rain and the dew cause the tree to put forth its tender shoots, so do books and study feed the mind and make its hidden powers unfold.

12. Think, then, while you are a child of the man within you.

Take the good teachings that are given you, that he may grow and flourish. You cannot guess how excellent he may become. It was long before this oak showed its greatness; year after year passed, and it had only shot a little way above the ground; a child might have pulled it up with his little hands. It was long before any one called it a tree. It seems to you a long time before the child will become a man.

The acorn might have perished in the ground, the young tree might have been shorn of its graceful boughs, the twig might have been bent so that the tree would have been crooked, but if it grew at all it could have been nothing but an oak; it could not have been grass or flowers which live a little time and then perish.

The child may become a foolish man, he may be a wicked man; but he must be a man.

Oh! cherish then this precious gift of a soul, feed it with truth, nourish it with knowledge.

The oak will last for centuries, but man was made for an immortal life.

Fangs. — Long, strong tusks or teeth; the hooked talons of birds of prey.

Nourishment.—Food; that which sustains life or makes growth.

Cherish. — Care for. (See note on *Cherished*, page 24.)

Immortal. — Never ending; not perishable.

Centuries. — A century is a hundred years.

Canopy. — A covering overhead, as of a bed, throne, or any resting-place.

Generation. — Not a fixed time. The time between the life of father and son; thus, children count as one generation, fathers another, and grandparents a third. In time, about thirty years.

Compare the forms of *nourish*, *flourish*, *cherish*, *perish*.

Read in this connection "The Story of the Old Oak Tree," by Hans Andersen.

XLVI.

es-pe-cial-ly	Quer-cus	in-ex-pe-ri-enced	ig-no-rance
coc-cin-e-a	a-bashed	in-for-ma-tion	gro-tesque
dif-fi-cul-ties	por-tal	ac-cus-tomed	en-cour-aged

QUERCUS ALBA. — Part I.

1. Quercus Alba lay on the ground, looking up at the sky. He was in a little brown rustic cradle which would be pretty for any baby, but was especially becoming to his shining, bronzed complexion; for although his name, Alba, is the Latin word for white, he did not belong to the white race.

2. He was trying to play with his cousins, Coccinea and Rubra, but they were two or three yards from him, and not one of the three dared roll any distance for fear of rolling out of his cradle. So it was not a very lively play.

3. Presently Rubra, who was a sturdy little fellow, hardly afraid of anything, summoned courage to roll fully half a yard; and, having come within speaking distance, began to tell how his brother had that very morning started on the grand underground tour, which to the Quercus family is much like what going to Europe would be for you and me.

4. Coccinea thought the account very stupid. He said all his brothers had been, and he should go himself sometime, he supposed; then he gave a shrug to his shoulders, which set his cradle rocking, and fell asleep in the very face of his visitors.

5. Not so, Alba; this was all news to him, — grand news. He was young and inexperienced, and full of roving fancies. He lifted his head as far as he dared, nodded with delight as Rubra described the departure, and asked eagerly, when his cousin had finished, "And what will he do there?"

"Do?" said Rubra, "do? why, he will do just what everybody else does who goes on the grand tour."

6. Now this was no answer at all, and yet little Alba was quite abashed by it, and dared not push the question further for fear of displaying his ignorance. But this was a mistake, and there is only one way to correct a mistake of this kind. Alba happily resolved on it at once. "If," said he, "Rubra does not choose to tell me about the grand tour, I shall go and see for myself."

7. It was a brave resolve for a little fellow

like him. He lost no time in preparing to carry it out; but, on pushing against the nearest gate that led to the underground road, he found that the frost had fastened it securely, and he must wait for a warmer day. In the meantime, afraid to ask any more questions, he yet kept his ears open to gather any bits of information that might be useful for his journey.

8. Listening ears can always hear; and Alba very soon began to learn from the old trees overhead, from the dry, rustling leaves around, and from the little chirping birds that chattered in the sunshine. In the night a warm, melting rain opened the frozen gateway, and he boldly rolled out of his cradle forever, and slipping through its portal, was lost to sight. The little chirping birds sung, "No; no, they never come back," and a chill was in his heart; but he held to his purpose. His mother looked for her baby, and his brothers and cousins began to feel sorry to miss their playmate. Rubra would have petted his cousin with all his heart now, but Alba was never seen again by his old companions and friends.

9. "How dark it is, and how hard to make one's way through this thick atmosphere,"

thought little Alba, as he pushed and pushed in the soft mud. Presently a busy hum sounded all about him, and becoming accustomed to the darkness, he could see little forms moving industriously to and fro.

10. Children who live above, and play on the hillsides, have little idea what is going on under their feet; how the dwarfs and fairies are working there, weaving moss carpets and grass-blades, forming and painting flowers and scarlet mushrooms, tending and nursing all manner of delicate things, which have yet to grow strong enough to push up and see the outside life, learn to bear its cold winds, and rejoice in its sunshine.

11. While Alba was seeing all this, he was still struggling on, but very slowly; for first he ran against the stump of an old tree, then knocked his head upon a sharp stone, and finally, bruised and sore, he declared he could go no further.

12. At that, two odd little beings sprang to his side, — the one brown as the earth itself, with eyes like diamonds for brightness, and deft little fingers, cunning in all works of skill. Pulling off his wisp of a cap, and making a grotesque

little bow, he asked, "Will you take a guide for the underground tour?"

"That I will," said Alba; "for I no longer find myself able to move a step."

13. "Ha! ha!" laughed the dwarf; "of course you can't move in that great body; the ways are too narrow; you must come out of yourself before you can get on. Put out your foot now; I will show you how to step."

14. "Out of myself?" cried Alba; "why, that is to die. My foot, did you say? I have no feet; I was born in a cradle, and have always lived in it till now. So I never could do anything but rock and roll."

15. "Ha! ha! ha!" again laughed the dwarf, "hear him talk. No feet, does he say? Why, he has a thousand if he only knew it; hands, too, more than he can count. Ask him, sister, and see what he will say to you."

16. With that, a soft little voice said cheerfully, "Give me your hand, that I may lead you on the upward part of your journey; for, poor little fellow, it is indeed true that you do not know how to live out of your cradle, and we must show you the way."

17. Alba was encouraged by this kindly speech,

and turning a little toward the speaker, was about to say (as his mother long ago taught him in all difficulties), "I'll try," when a little cracking noise startled the whole company, and hardly knowing what he did, Alba thrust out, through a slit in his shiny brown skin, a little foot, reaching downward to follow the dwarf's lead, and a little hand extending upward. The hand was quickly grasped by that of the fairy, who stood smiling and lovely in fair green garments, with a tender, tiny grass-blade binding back her golden hair.

18. Oh, what a thrill went through Alba, as he felt this new possession! a hand and a foot,—a thousand such, had they not said? What it all meant he could only wonder.

Summoned. — Called, commanded to come.
Rustic. — Belonging to the country; natural; not polished.
Sturdy. — Hardy, stout, strong.
Tour (*tōōr*). — A going around as in a circle; therefore a journey through a country.
Inexperienced. — Unlearned, not having met such things in his own life.
Abashed. — Ashamed, confused.
Portal. — An opening, or gateway.
Grotesque. — Odd, droll.
Deft. — Apt, handy, skilful, and neat.

STUDY.

The parts of a plant.

XLVII.

pro-gress-es	at-oms	ni-tro-gen	rec-og-nized
ma-te-ri-al	car-bon	prompt-ly	ex-cel-lent

QUERCUS ALBA. — Part II.

1. The dwarf had need of his bright eyes and his skilful hands, for the soft, tiny foot that trusted itself to him was a mere baby, that had to find its way through a strange, dark world; and what was more, it must not only be guided, but also fed and tended most carefully. The bright eyes must go before, and the brown fingers dig out a roadway, and the foot must trust its guide utterly, and follow on.

2. There is no longer any danger. He runs against no rocks; he loses his way among no tangled roots; the hard earth seems to open gently before him, leading him to the fields where his own best food lies, and to hidden springs of sweet fresh water.

3. Do you wonder when I say the foot must be fed? Aren't your own feet fed? To be sure, your feet have no mouths of their own; but does not the one mouth of your face eat for your whole body, — hands and feet, ears and eyes, and all the rest?

4. The difference between you and Alba is that his foot has mouths of its own; and as it wanders through the earth and finds anything good for food, it eats both for itself and for the rest of the body; for as the little foot progresses, it does not take the body with it, but only grows longer and longer and longer, until, while at one end it remains at home, fastened to the body, at the other it has travelled a distance such as would be counted miles by the atoms of people who live in the under world.

5. And, moreover, the foot does not go on alone; others have come, by tens and even hundreds, to join it, and Alba begins to understand what was meant by "thousands." Thus the feet travel on, running some to this side, some to that; here digging through a bed of clay, and there burying themselves in a soft sand-hill; taking now a mouthful of carbon and again one of nitrogen.

6. These two articles of food do not seem to you like bread and butter, nor are they; but you will some day learn that bread and butter are made in part of these very same things, and that they are as useful to Alba as your breakfast, dinner, and supper are to you. For just as bread and butter and other food build your body, so carbon and nitrogen build his.

7. You will presently see what a fine, large, strong body they can make; then you will perhaps better understand what they are.

Shall we leave the feet to travel their own way for a time, and see where the fairy has led the little hand.

QUERCUS ALBA'S NEW SIGHT OF THE UPPER WORLD.

8. It was a soft, helpless, little baby hand. Its folded fingers lay listlessly in the fairy's gentle grasp.

"Now we will go up," she said.

He had thought he was going down, and had heard the chirping birds say he would never come back. But he had no will to resist the gentle motion, for it seemed to be, after all, exactly what he wanted.

9. Presently he found himself lifted out of the dark earth, feeling again the bright sunshine and stirred by the breeze that rustled the dry leaves that lay all about him. Here, too, were all his old companions, — the chirping birds, his cousins, old grandfather Rubra, and best of all, his dear mother; but the odd thing about it all was that no one seemed to know him. He

began to understand why the chirping birds said, "They never come back! they never come back!" for they truly came in so new a form that none of their old friends recognized them.

10. Everything that has hands wants to work; that is, hands are such excellent tools that no one who is the happy possessor of a pair is quite happy till he uses them.

Alba began to have a longing desire to build a stem and raise himself up among his neighbors, and he looked about for material with which to build. Promptly the little feet now made answer to his question, —

11. "You want to build, do you? well, here is carbon, the very best material; there is nothing like it for walls. It makes the most beautiful, firm wood; wait a minute, and we will begin to send up some that we have been storing for your use."

12. The busy hands go to work, and the child grows day by day. Having learned the use of carbon, these hands gather it for themselves out of the air about them, which is a great storehouse for many materials which our eyes cannot see.

13. And Alba learns that to grow and to build are indeed the same thing; for his body is

taking the form of a strong young tree. His branches are spreading for a roof over the heads of a hundred delicate flowers, making a home for many a bushy-tailed squirrel and pleasant-voiced wood-bird; for, you see, whoever builds cannot build for himself alone; all his neighbors have the benefit of his work, and all enjoy it together.

14. What at the first was so hard to attempt, became grand and beautiful in the doing; and little Alba, instead of serving merely for a squirrel's breakfast, as he might have done had he not bravely ventured on his journey, stands before us a noble tree, which is to live a hundred years or more!

15. Do you want to know what kind of a tree? Well, some older brother or sister, who studies Latin, will tell you that Quercus means oak. Now you can tell what Alba's rustic cradle was, and who his cousins Rubra and Coccinea (words for red) were.

MISS ANDREWS.

Carbon and **Nitrogen** are found in all vegetable and animal substances. It is the carbon in the oak that makes it good to burn.

A COMPOSITION.

"The Story of a Morning-Glory Seed."

XLVIII.

scârce-ly tongue chim-neys cof-fins

THE CHIMNEY-SWEEP.

When my mother died, I was very young,
And my father sold me while yet my tongue
Could scarcely cry, "'weep! 'weep! 'weep! 'weep!"
So your chimneys I sweep and in soot I sleep.

There's little Tom Dacre, who cried when his head,
That curl'd like a lamb's back, was shaved; so I said,
"Hush, Tom! never mind it, for when your head's bare,
You know that the soot cannot spoil your white hair."

And so he was quiet, and that very night,
As Tom was a-sleeping, he had such a sight,
That thousands of sweepers, Dick, Joe, Ned, and Jack,
Were all of them lock'd up in coffins of black.

And by came an angel, who had a bright key,
And he open'd the coffins, and set them all free;

Then down a green plain, leaping, laughing they
run,
And wash in a river, and shine in the sun.

Then naked and white, all their bags left behind,
They rise upon clouds, and sport in the wind [1];
And the angel told Tom, if he'd be a good boy,
He'd have God for his father, and never want joy.

And so Tom awoke; and we rose in the dark,
And got with our bags and our brushes to work;
Though the morning was cold, Tom was happy
and warm:
So, if all do their duty, they need not fear harm.

W. Blake.

TALES OUT OF SCHOOL.

Here are my papers, papa. They show what we wrote in school each day of the week.

This one, you see, is a letter. It does not say much. We write so as to learn ways for beginning and ending letters to different people. This is to a stranger.

Tuesday's lesson was on using capitals. See how many there are. It was a dictation.

Wednesday we used the writing time in trying to read all kinds of handwriting. Miss M. had a great many samples.

This is Thursday's. It is a notice of a dog we played was lost; and to-day we wrote all the words that any one had failed in all the week. There are fifteen, but I missed only one.

[1] Pronounce wind (*wind*) so as to rhyme with behind.

XLIX.

chintz	fur-ni-ture	puz-zled	re-la-tion
flues	for-eign	ter-ri-er	sav-a-ges

LITTLE TOM THE CHIMNEY-SWEEP. — Part I.

1. Tom and his master did not go into Harthover House by the great iron gates, as if they had been dukes or bishops, but round the back way, and a very long way round it was; and into a little back door, and then in a passage the housekeeper met them, in such a flowered chintz dressing-gown, that Tom mistook her for my lady herself; and she gave Grimes solemn orders about "You will take care of this, and take care of that," as if he were going up the chimneys, and not Tom.

2. And Grimes listened, and said every now and then, under his voice, "You'll mind that, you little beggar!" and Tom did mind, at least all that he could. And then the housekeeper turned them into a grand room, all covered up in sheets of brown paper, and bade them begin, in a lofty and tremendous voice: and so after a whimper or two, and a kick from his master, into the grate

Tom went, and up the chimney, while a housemaid stayed in the room to watch the furniture.

3. How many chimneys he swept I cannot say; but he swept so many that he got quite tired, and puzzled too, for they were not like the town flues to which he was used, but such as are to be found in old country-houses, large and crooked chimneys, which had been altered again and again, till they ran into one another.

4. So Tom fairly lost his way in them; not that he cared much for that, though he was in pitchy darkness, for he was as much at home in a chimney as a mole is under ground; but at last, coming down as he thought the right chimney, he came down the wrong one, and found himself standing on the hearthrug in a room the like of which he had never seen before.

5. Tom had never seen the like. He had never been in gentlefolks' rooms but when the carpets were all up and the curtains down, and the furniture huddled together under a cloth, and the pictures covered with aprons and dusters; and he had often enough wondered what the rooms were like when they were all ready for the quality to sit in. And now he saw, and he thought the sight very pretty.

6. The room was all dressed in white; white window curtains, white bed curtains, white furniture, and white walls, with just a few lines of pink here and there. The carpet was all over gay little flowers, and the walls hung with pictures in gilt frames, which amused Tom very much. There were pictures of ladies and gentlemen, and pictures of dogs and horses. The horses he liked, but the dogs he did not care for much, for there were no bull-dogs amongst them, not even a terrier.

7. But of the two pictures which took his fancy the most, one was a man in long garments, with little children and their mothers round him, who was laying his hand upon the children's heads. That was a very pretty picture, Tom thought, to hang in a lady's room; for he could see that it was a lady's room by the dresses which lay about.

8. The other picture was that of a man nailed to a cross, which surprised Tom much. He fancied that he had seen something like it in a shop window. But why was it there? "Poor man," thought Tom, "and he looks so kind and quiet. But why should the lady have such a sad picture in her room? Perhaps it was some relation of hers, who had been murdered by savages in foreign

parts, and she kept it there for a remembrance." And Tom felt sad, and awed, and turned to look at something else.

Chintz. — Calico.
Solemn (*-em*). — Serious, grave.
Tremendous. — Fearful, awful.
The quality, gentlefolks. — Persons of high rank.
Pitchy. — Like pitch, black.
Foreign. — Belonging to other countries.
Awed. — Filled with awe; *i.e.*, respect, or reverence, and fear.

L.

es-pied	teth-ered	re-traced	wool-len
bal-lad	un-ob-served	meas-ured	cov-ert

THE PET LAMB. — Part I.

The dew was falling fast, the stars began to blink:
I heard a voice; it said, "Drink, pretty creature, drink!"
And looking o'er the hedge, before me I espied
A snow-white mountain lamb, with a maiden at its side.

Nor sheep, nor kine were near; the lamb was all alone,
And by a slender cord was tether'd to a stone;

With one knee on the grass did the little maiden
kneel,
While to that mountain lamb she gave its evening
meal.

The lamb, while from her hand he thus his supper
took,
Seem'd to feast with head and ears; and his tail
with pleasure shook:
"Drink, pretty creature, drink!" she said, in such
a tone
That I almost received her heart into my own.

'Twas little Barbara Lewthwaite, a child of beauty
rare!
I watch'd them with delight, they were a lovely
pair;
Now with her empty can the maiden turn'd away;
But ere ten yards were gone, her footsteps did she
stay.

Right towards the lamb she look'd; and from that
shady place
I unobserved could see the workings of her face:
If nature to her tongue could measured numbers
bring,

Thus, thought I, to her lamb that little maid might sing: —

"What ails thee, young one? what? Why pull so at thy cord?
Is it not well with thee? well both for bed and board?
Thy plot of grass is soft, and green as grass can be;
Rest, little young one, rest; what is't that aileth thee?

"What is it thou wouldst seek? What is wanting to thy heart?
Thy limbs are they not strong? and beautiful thou art!
This grass is tender grass; these flowers they have no peers;
And that green corn all day is rustling in thy ears.

"If the sun be shining hot, do but stretch thy woollen chain;
This beech is standing by, its covert thou canst gain;
For rain and mountain-storms! — the like thou need'st not fear,
The rain and storm are things that scarcely can come here.

LI.

yēan	be-like	hearth	re-traced
kind-er	whith-er	draughts	for-ever-more

THE PET LAMB. — Part II.

"Rest, little young one, rest; thou hast forgot the day
When my father found thee first in places far away;
Many flocks were on the hills, but thou wert own'd by none,
And thy mother from thy side forevermore was gone.

"He took thee in his arms, and in pity brought thee home:
A blessed day for thee! — then whither wouldst thou roam?
A faithful nurse thou hast; the dam that did thee yean
Upon the mountain-tops no kinder could have been.

"Thou know'st that twice a day I have brought thee in this can

Fresh water from the brook, as clear as ever ran;
And twice in the day, when the ground is wet with dew,
I bring thee draughts of milk, warm milk it is and new.

"Thy limbs will shortly be twice as stout as they are now;
Then I'll yoke thee to my cart like a pony in the plough!
My playmate thou shalt be; and when the wind is cold,
Our hearth shall be thy bed, our house shall be thy fold.

"It will not, will not rest! — Poor creature, can it be
That 'tis thy mother's heart which is working so in thee?
Things that I know not of belike to thee are dear,
And dreams of things which thou canst neither see nor hear.

"Alas, the mountain-tops that look so green and fair!

I've heard of fearful winds and darkness that come there;
The little brooks that seem all pastime and all play,
When they are angry, roar like lions for their prey.

"Here thou need'st not dread the raven in the sky;
Night and day thou art safe, — our cottage is hard by.
Why bleat so after me? Why pull so at thy chain?
Sleep — and at break of day I will come to thee again!"

As homeward through the lane I went with lazy feet,
This song to myself did I oftentimes repeat;
And it seem'd, as I retraced the ballad line by line,
That but half of it was hers, and one half of it was *mine*.

Again, and once again, did I repeat the song;
"Nay," said I, "more than half to the damsel must belong! —

For she look'd with such a look, and she spake
with such a tone,
That I almost received her heart into my own."

W. WORDSWORTH.

Unobserved. — Not noticed, not seen.
Measured numbers. — Verse, poetry.
Peers. — Equals.
Covert. — Covering, shelter.
Pastime, passtime. — Amusement.
Belike. — Maybe, probably.
Retrace. — Trace back, go back by the same way.
Kine. — Cows; the plural of cow.
Yean. — Bear or bring forth.
Ballad. — A ballad was first a song to dance by, then any song with simple verses telling a story.

LII.

as-ton-ish-ment wrist mag-no-lia an-gri-ly

LITTLE TOM THE CHIMNEY-SWEEP. — Part II.

1. The next thing Tom saw, and that, too, puzzled him, was a washing-stand, with jugs and basins, and soap and brushes and towels, and a large bath full of clean water. "What a heap of things all for washing! She must be a very dirty lady," thought Tom, "to want as much scrubbing as all that. But she must be very cunning to put the dirt so well out of the way

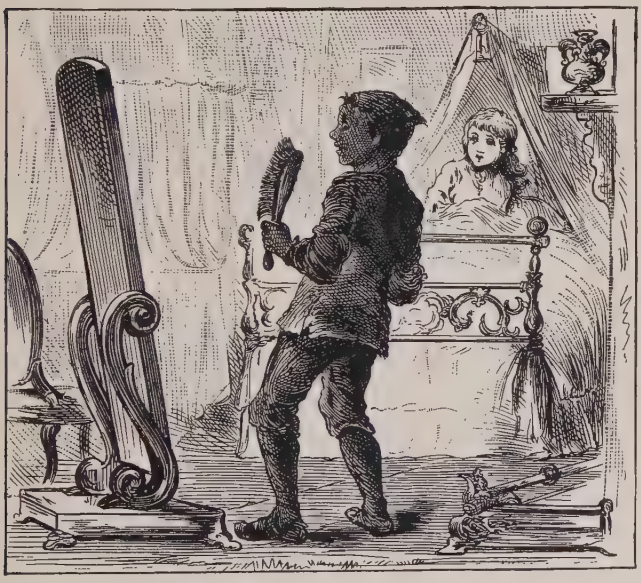
afterwards, for I don't see a speck about the room, not even on the very towels."

2. And then, looking towards the bed, he saw that dirty lady, and held his breath with astonishment.

Under the snow-white coverlet upon the snow-white pillow, lay the most beautiful little girl Tom had ever seen. Her cheeks were almost as white as the pillow, and her hair was like threads of gold spread all about over the bed. She might have been as old as Tom, or maybe a year or two older, but Tom did not think of that; he thought only of her delicate skin and golden hair, and wondered if she were a real live person, or one of the wax dolls he had seen in the shops. But when he saw her breathe, he made up his mind that she was alive, and stood staring at her as if she had been an angel out of heaven.

3. "No, she cannot be dirty; she never could have been dirty," thought Tom to himself, and then he thought, "Are all people like that when they are washed?" And he looked at his own wrist, and tried to rub the soot off, and wondered if it ever would come off. "Certainly I should look much prettier then, if I grew at all like her."

4. And looking round, he suddenly saw, standing close to him, a little ugly, black, ragged figure, with bleared eyes and grinning white teeth. He turned on it angrily, "What did such a little black ape want in that sweet young



lady's room?" And behold, it was himself, reflected in a great mirror, the like of which he had never seen before.

5. And Tom, for the first time in his life, found out that he was dirty, and burst into tears of

shame and anger, and turned to sneak up the chimney again and hide; and upset the fender, and threw the fire-irons down, with a noise as of two thousand tin kettles tied to ten thousand mad dogs' tails.

6. Up jumped the little white lady in her bed, and seeing Tom, screamed as shrill as any peacock. In rushed a stout old nurse from the next room, and seeing Tom likewise, made up her mind that he had come to rob, plunder, destroy, and burn; and dashed at him, as he lay over the fender, so fast that she caught him by the jacket.

7. But she did not hold him; Tom would have been ashamed to face his friends forever if he had been stupid enough to be caught by an old woman; so he doubled under the good lady's arm, across the room, and out of the window in a moment.

8. He did not need to drop out, though he would have done so bravely enough, for all under the window spread a tree, with great leaves, and sweet white flowers, almost as big as his head. It was a magnolia; and down he went, like a cat, and across the garden lawn, and over the iron railings, and up the park

towards the wood, leaving the old nurse to scream murder and fire at the window.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

Bleared. — Dimmed by disease, or tears, or bad usage, like going back and forth from the dark chimneys to the bright sunshine.
Plunder. — To take by force.
Mirror. — A looking-glass.
Reflected. — Given back.
Shrill. — Sharp, high pitched.
Doubled. — Made a turn by which to escape.
Fender. — The frame around the fireplace to keep the coals from rolling out upon the floor.

LIII.

trib-ute glanc-ing pee-vish wea-ry

LITTLE STREAMS.

Little streams are light and shadow,
Flowing through the pasture meadow,
Flowing by the green wayside,
Through the forest dim and wide;
Through the village small and still, —
Turning here and there a mill, —
Bearing tribute to the river, —
Little streams, I love you ever.

Summer music there is flowing —
Flowering plants in them are growing;
Little birds come down to drink
Fearless of their leafy brink;
Noble trees beside them grow,
Glooming them with branches low;
And between, the sunshine, glancing
In their little waves, is dancing.

Up in mountain hollows wild,
Fretting like a peevish child,
Through bright valleys, where all day
In their waves the children play.
Running west, or running east,
Doing good to man and beast —
Always giving, weary never,
Little streams, I love you ever.

MARY HOWITT.

Tribute. — Something paid regularly, either as a due, or as an expression of friendship and dependence.

Glancing and **glooming** are set in contrast, like light and shadow.

Brink. — The edge or border of a steep place; the steep bank of a river.

COMPOSITION.

The pleasure to be found in and about a brook. The uses of brooks.

LIV.

au-tumn hol-i-day Oc-to-ber trem-bling

THE ANXIOUS LEAF.

1. Once upon a time a little leaf was heard to cry and sigh, as leaves often do when a gentle wind is blowing. And the twig said, "What is the matter, little leaf?"

2. The leaf said, "The wind has just told me that one day it would pull me off, and throw me down upon the ground to die."

3. The twig told it to the branch, and the branch told it to the tree. And when the tree heard it, it rustled all over, and sent word back to the trembling leaf.

4. "Do not be afraid," it said; "hold on tightly, and you shall not go off till you want to!"

And so the leaf stopped sighing, and went on singing and rustling. Every time the tree shook itself, and stirred all its leaves, the little leaf danced merrily, as if nothing could ever pull it off. It grew all the summer long till October.

5. And when the bright days of autumn came, the leaf saw all the leaves around growing very

beautiful. Some were yellow, some were brown, and many were striped with different colors. Then the leaf asked the tree what this meant.

6. The tree said, "All these leaves are getting ready to fly away, and they have put on these beautiful colors because of their joy."

Then the little leaf began to want to go, and grew very beautiful in thinking of it. And when it was gay in colors, it saw that the branches of the tree had no colors in them. So the leaf said, "O branch! why are you lead-colored while we are all beautiful and golden?"

7. "We must keep on our work clothes," said the tree, "for our work is not yet done; but your clothes are for holiday, because your tasks are over."

8. Just then a little puff of wind came, and the leaf let go without thinking of it, and the wind took it up and turned it over and over and whirled it in the air.

Then it fell gently down under the edge of the fence, among hundreds of leaves, and has never waked to tell us what it dreamed about.

Whirled. — Blew it round and round, as in a circle.

Tasks. — Something given one to do or learn.

LV.

frol-icked urge hud-dled flut-ter-ing

HOW THE LEAVES CAME DOWN.

"*I'll* tell you how the leaves came down,"
The great tree to his children said:
"You're getting sleepy, Yellow and Brown,
Yes, very sleepy, little Red."

"Ah!" begged each silly pouting leaf
"Let us a little longer stay;
Dear Father Tree, behold our grief;
'Tis such a very pleasant day,
We do not want to go away."

So, just for one more merry day
To the great tree the leaflets clung,
Frolicked and danced, and had their way,
Upon the autumn breezes swung,
Whispering all their sports among.

"Perhaps the great tree will forget,
And let us stay until the spring,
If we all beg, and coax, and fret."
But the great tree did no such thing;
He smiled to hear their whispering.

"Come, children all, to bed," he cried;
And ere the leaves could urge their prayer,
He shook his head, and far and wide,
Fluttering and rustling everywhere,
Down sped the leaflets through the air.

I saw them; on the ground they lay,
Golden and red, a huddled swarm,
Waiting till one from far away,
White bedclothes heaped upon her arm,
Should come to wrap them safe and warm.

The great bare tree looked down and smiled.
"Good night, dear little leaves," he said.
And from below each sleepy child
Replied, "Good night," and murmurèd,
"It is so nice to go to bed!"

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

A huddled swarm. — A great and crowded collection or multitude.
White bedclothes. — What are they?
Urge. — To press, to push, to ask earnestly.
Sped. — Made haste.

ORAL COMPOSITION.

Tell this story in simple words.

Thus, "The great tree told," etc.

LVI.

peas-ant	av-a-rice	con-so-la-tion	lei-sure
fi-del-i-ty	re-quired	down-heart-ed	con-sume

THE FOX AND THE HORSE.

1. A peasant once had a faithful horse who had grown old and could not serve his master any longer; he did not care therefore to provide him with food. So he said to the old horse, "I really do not want you any more, for you are of no use to me; but if you can prove your strength by bringing me a lion, I will keep you as long as you live. In the meantime, however, just walk out of my stable, and go and make yourself a home in the fields."

2. The horse, feeling very sad, wandered away till he came to a wood, so that he might shelter himself under the trees in bad weather. Here a fox met him, and said, "Friend, why do you hang your head and look so lonely?"

3. "Ah," replied the horse, "avarice and fidelity cannot dwell together in one house. My master has forgotten for how many years I have served him and borne him safely from place to place; and now that I am unable to plough any longer,

he will not provide me with food, and has sent me away."

4. "Without any consolation?" asked the fox.

"The consolation was worthless," replied the horse. "He told me that if I was strong enough to bring him a lion, he would take me back and keep me; but he knows very well that I could not possibly do that."

5. Then said the fox, "Don't be downhearted; I can help you. Just lie down here, stretch yourself out as if you were dead, and do not move."

The horse did as the fox desired him, while the fox went to a lion, whose den was not far off. "Yonder lies a dead horse," said the fox to the lion; "come with me and I will show you where it is, and you can have a good feast."

6. The lion went with the fox; but when they reached the spot, the fox said, "You cannot make a meal comfortably here. I'll tell you what I will do: I will tie the horse to your tail, and then you can drag him to your den and consume him at your leisure."

7. The lion was pleased with this advice; he placed himself near the horse, and stood quite still to enable the fox to tie the tail securely. But, in doing so, the fox contrived to twist it round the

lion's legs so tightly that with all his strength he could not move them. When the fox had accomplished this feat, he struck the horse on the shoulder, and cried, "Gee up, old horse! gee up!"

8. Up sprang the horse, and started off at full speed, dragging the lion with him. As they dashed through the wood, the lion began to roar, and roared so loud that all the birds flew away in a fright. But the horse let him roar, and dragged him away over field and meadow to his master's door. As soon as the master saw what his horse had done, he said to him, "As you have accomplished what I required, you shall now stay with me and have food and shelter as long as you live."

J. & W. Grimm.

Peasant. — Countryman.
Avarice. — Greediness.
Fidelity. — Faithfulness.
Consolation. — Comfort; anything to cheer one's spirits.
Consume. — Eat up, devour.
Leisure. — Spare time, convenience.
Yonder. — Near by, close at hand.
Contrived. — Managed, was able to arrange.
Accomplished. — Performed.
Feat. — An act of skill or cunning.
To enable. — To make possible or easy.

Use some other word for *desired;* for *securely, required, worthless.*

STUDY.

State or write the facts of this story.

LVII.

thatched	ren-der-ing	stur-di-ly	pal-ings
bar-tered	grad-u-al-ly	prof-it-a-ble	ar-ti-cle

WHAT THE GOODMAN DOES IS RIGHT.—Part I.

1. I have no doubt that you have been in the country and seen a very old farm-house, with a thatched roof, and mosses and small plants growing wild upon it. There is a stork's nest upon the ridge of the gable, for we cannot do without the stork. The walls of the house are sloping, and the windows are low, and only one of the latter is made to open. The baking-oven sticks out of the wall like a great knob. An elder-tree hangs over the palings; and beneath its branches, at the foot of the paling, is a pool of water, in which a few ducks are disporting themselves. There is a yard dog too, who barks at all comers.

2. Just such a farm-house as this stood in a country lane; and in it dwelt an old couple, a peasant and his wife. Small as their possessions were, they had one article they could not do without, and that was a horse, which contrived to live upon the grass which it found by the side of the high-road.

3. The old peasant rode into the town upon this horse, and his neighbors often borrowed it of him, and paid for the loan of it by rendering some service to the old couple. After a time they thought it would be as well to sell the horse, or exchange it for something which might be more useful to them. But what might this *something* be?

4. "You'll know best, old man," said the wife. "It is fair-day to-day; so ride into the town and get rid of the horse for money, or make a good exchange; whichever you do will be right to me, so ride to the fair."

5. And she fastened his neckerchief for him; for she could do that better than he could, and she could also tie it very prettily in a double bow. She also smoothed his hat round and round with the palm of her hand, and gave him a kiss. Then he rode away upon the horse that was to be sold or bartered for something else. Yes, the old man knew what he was about.

6. The sun shone with great heat, and not a cloud was to be seen in the sky. The road was very dusty, for a number of people all going to the fair, were driving, riding, or walking upon it. There was no shelter anywhere from the hot sun-

shine. Among the rest a man came trudging along, and driving a cow to the fair. The cow was as beautiful a creature as any cow could be.

7. "She gives good milk, I am certain," said the peasant to himself. "That would be a very good exchange: the cow for the horse. Hello, there! you with the cow," he said, "I tell you what: I daresay a horse is of more value than a cow; but I don't care for that, a cow will be more useful to me; so, if you like, we'll exchange." "To be sure I will," said the man.

8. Accordingly the exchange was made; and as the matter was settled, the peasant might have turned back: for he had done the business he had come to do. But, having made up his mind to go to the fair, he determined to do so, if only to have a look at it; so on he went to the town with his cow. Leading the animal he strode on sturdily; and, after a short time, overtook a man who was driving a sheep. It was a good fat sheep, with a fine fleece on its back.

9. "I'd like to have that fellow," said the peasant. "There is plenty of grass for him by our palings, and in winter we could keep him in the room with us. Perhaps it would be more profitable to have a sheep than a cow. Shall I exchange?"

10. The man with the sheep was quite ready, and the bargain was quickly made. And then our peasant continued his way on the high-road with his sheep. Soon after this he overtook another man, who had come into the road from a field, and was carrying a large goose under his arm.

11. "What a heavy creature you have there," said the peasant; "it has plenty of feathers and plenty of fat, and would look well tied to a string, or paddling in the water at our place. That would be very useful to my old woman; she could make all sorts of profit out of it. How often she has said, 'If, now, we only had a goose!' Now here is an opportunity, and, if possible, I will get it for her. Shall we exchange? I will give you my sheep for your goose, and thanks into the bargain."

12. The other had not the least objection, and accordingly the exchange was made, and our peasant became possessor of the goose. By this time he had arrived very near the town. The crowd on the high-road had been gradually increasing, and there was quite a rush of men and cattle. The cattle walked on the path and by the palings, and at the turnpike gate they even walked into the toll-keeper's potato-field, where one fowl was strutting about with a string tied to its leg, for fear it should

take fright at the crowd, and run away and get lost. The tail-feathers of this fowl were very short, and it winked with both its eyes, and looked very cunning as it said, "Cluck, cluck."

13. What were the thoughts of the fowl as it said this I cannot tell you; but directly our good man saw it, he thought, "Why, that's the finest hen I ever saw in my life; it's finer than our parson's brood hen; upon my word, I should like to have that fowl. Fowls can always pick up a few grains that lie about, and almost keep themselves. I think it would be a good exchange if I could get it for my goose. Shall we exchange?" he asked the toll-keeper.

14. "Exchange," repeated the man; "well, it would not be a bad thing."

And so they made an exchange; the toll-keeper at the gate kept the goose, and the peasant carried off the fowl. Now he had really done a great deal of business on his way to the fair, and he was hot and tired. He wanted something to eat, and a glass of ale to refresh himself; so he turned his steps to an inn. He was just about to enter when the hostler came out, and they met at the door. The hostler was carrying a sack. "What have you in that sack?" asked the peasant.

15. "Rotten apples," answered the hostler; "a whole sackful of them. They will do to feed the pigs with."

"Why, that will be terrible waste," he replied; "I should like to take them home to my old woman. Last year the old apple-tree by the grass-plot only bore one apple, and we kept it in the cupboard till it was quite withered and rotten. It was always property, my old woman said; and here she would see a great deal of property, — a whole sackful; I should like to show them to her."

16. "What will you give me for the sackful?" said the hostler.

"What will I give you? Well, I will give you my fowl in exchange."

So he gave up the fowl, and received the apples, which he carried into the inn parlor. He leaned the sack carefully against the stove, and then went to the table.

In the country. — The writer is speaking of Denmark.

Disport. — Sport, play, amuse.

Render. — Give back, do.

Exchange, barter. — Give one thing for another.

Profitable. — Bringing gain, useful.

Sturdily. — Stoutly; with firm, dogged steps.

Opportunity. — Favorable time or chance.

Directly. — As soon as, immediately.

Gradually. — Step by step; by degrees.

LVIII.

blos-soms burst-ing trem-bled quiv-er-ing

THE TREE.

The tree's early leaf-buds were bursting their brown.
"Shall I take them away?" said the frost, sweeping down.
"No; leave them alone
Till the blossoms have grown,"
Prayed the tree, while he trembled from rootlet to crown.

The tree bore his blossoms, and all the birds sung.
"Shall I take them away?" said the wind as he swung.
"No; leave them alone
Till the berries have grown,"
Said the tree, while his leaflets quivering hung.

The tree bore his fruit in the midsummer glow.
Said the child, "May I gather thy berries now?"
"Yes; all thou canst see;
Take them; all are for thee,"
Said the tree, while he bent down his laden boughs low.

BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON.

LIX.

wā-ger	at-ten-tion	bulged	shriv-elled
poul-try	de-light-ful	guests	neigh-bors

WHAT THE GOODMAN DOES IS RIGHT. — Part II.

1. Now the stove was hot, and the old man had not thought of that. Many guests were present — horse-dealers, cattle-drovers, and two Englishmen. The Englishmen were so rich that their pockets quite bulged out and were ready to burst, and they bet too, as you shall hear. "*Hiss-s-s, hiss-s-s.*" What could that be by the stove? The apples were beginning to roast. "What is that?" asked one.

2. "Why, do you know — " said our peasant. And then he told them the whole story of the horse, which he had exchanged for a cow, and all the rest of it, down to the apples.

"Well, your old woman will give it you well when you get home," said one of the Englishmen. "Won't there be a noise?"

3. "What! give me what?" said the peasant. "Why, she will kiss me, and say, *what the goodman does is always right.*"

"Let us lay a wager on it," said the English-

man. "We'll wager you a ton of coined gold, a hundred pounds to the hundredweight."

4. "No; a bushel will be enough," replied the peasant, "I can only set a bushel of apples against it, and I'll throw myself and my old woman into the bargain; that will pile up the measure, I fancy."

"Done! taken!" and so the bet was made. Then the landlord's coach came to the door, and the two Englishmen and the peasant got in, and away they drove, and soon arrived and stopped at the peasant's hut.

5. "Good evening, old woman."

"Good evening, old man."

"I've made the exchange."

"Ah, well, you understand what you're about," said the woman. Then she embraced him, and paid no attention to the strangers, nor did she notice the sack.

"I got a cow in exchange for the horse."

6. "Thank Heaven!" said she. "Now we shall have plenty of milk, and butter, and cheese on the table. That was a capital exchange."

"Yes, but I changed the cow for a sheep."

"Ah, better still!" cried the wife. "You always think of everything; we have just enough

pasture for a sheep. Ewe's milk and cheese, woollen jackets and stockings! The cow could not give all these, and her hairs only fall off. How you think of everything!"

7. "But I changed away the sheep for a goose."

"Then we shall have roast goose to eat this year. You dear old man, you are always thinking of something to please me. This is delightful. We can let the goose walk about with a

string tied to her leg, so she will be fatter still before we roast her."

"But I gave away the goose for a fowl."

8. "A fowl! Well, that was a good exchange," replied the woman. "The fowl will lay eggs and hatch them, and we shall have chickens; we shall soon have a poultry-yard. Oh, this is just what I was wishing for."

"Yes, but I exchanged the fowl for a sack of shrivelled apples."

9. "What! I must really give you a kiss for that!" exclaimed the wife. "My dear, good husband, now I'll tell you something. Do you know, almost as soon as you left this morning, I began thinking of what I could give you nice for supper this evening, and then I thought of fried eggs and bacon with sweet herbs; I had eggs and bacon, but I wanted the herbs; so I went over to our neighbors: I knew they had plenty of herbs, but the mistress is very mean, although she can smile so sweetly.

10. "I begged her to lend me a handful of herbs. 'Lend!' she exclaimed; 'I have nothing to lend, nothing at all grows in our garden, not even a shrivelled apple; I could not even lend you a shrivelled apple, my dear woman.' But now I

can lend her ten, or a whole sackful, which I'm very glad of: it makes me laugh to think about it;" and then she gave him a hearty kiss.

11. "Well, I like all this," said both the Englishmen; "always going down the hill, and yet always merry; it's worth the money to see it." So they paid a hundredweight of gold to the peasant, who, whatever he did, was not scolded but kissed.

HANS C. ANDERSEN.

Embraced. — Clasped in her arms.
Shrivelled. — Shrunken, dried up, withered.
Ton. — Twenty hundredweight.
Wager. — A bet; a sum of money to be paid to one of two parties if something happens according to their prediction.

A READING REVIEW.

1. Find on page 180 these phrases: —

"Which the goat cannot climb"; "if you look up"; "if you should look up"; and "as you well know." Read the stanzas as if they were in parentheses.

2. Page 188. Read "what will he do" and the answer.

3. Page 191. Begin "will you."

4. In The Pet Lamb, express the persuading tone in "Drink, pretty creature"; "What ails thee," etc. (205). "It will not, will not rest," etc. (207).

5. Read Tom's soliloquy (pp. 208–210), with the description of the little girl, and then of himself.

6. Read paragraph 1, page 209, and the sayings of the horse and dog. Read the Goodman's talk in buying the cow; the sheep; the goose; the hen; the apples; and the closing dialogue (p. 230).

LX.

THE USE OF FLOWERS.

God might have bade the earth bring forth
  Enough for great and small,
The oak-tree and the cedar-tree
  Without a flower at all;
We might have had enough, enough
  For every want of ours;
For luxury, medicine, and toil,
  And yet have had no flowers.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,
  All dyed with rainbow light,
All fashioned with supremest grace,
  Upspringing day and night?
Springing on valleys green and low,
  And on the mountains high,
And in the silent wilderness
  Where no man passes by?

Our outward life requires them not;—
  Then wherefore had they birth?
To minister delight to man,
  To beautify the earth,

To comfort man, to whisper hope
Wherever his faith is dim;
For who so careth for the flowers
Will much more care for Him.

MARY HOWITT.

Luxury. — Something costly or expensive, usually in food or drink.
Fashioned. — Shaped or formed in a special way.
Minister. — To supply or give.
Supremest. — Highest; greatest.
Dyed. — Colored.
Requires. — Needs.
Wilderness. — A wild place.

LXI.

cad-dis	shrieked	tor-ment-ing	ex-act-ly
knots	na-ture	med-dle-some	com-pa-ny
crys-tal	de-serve	mis-chiev-ous	grat-ing

TOM THE WATER-BABY.

1. What a water-baby is, and how Tom, the poor little chimney-sweep, came to be one, I cannot tell you here. You must read the book which contains Tom's whole history.

2. Tom woke — so of course he must have been asleep — and found himself a little being, four inches long, with a set of gills about his neck, which he mistook for a lace frill, till he tried to

pull them off, and found he hurt himself; so he made up his mind they had best be let alone. In fact, the fairies had turned him into a water-baby.

3. Tom was very happy. He swam along the pretty water-ways, or climbed upon the rocks. He watched the sandpipers hanging in thousands, and the caddis-flies building their houses with silk and glue.

4. There were water-flowers, too, and Tom tried to pick them, but they drew themselves in and turned into knots of jelly; and then Tom saw that they were all alive — bells, and stars, and wheels, and flowers, of all beautiful shapes and colors; and all alive and busy, just as Tom was.

5. Tom soon learned to understand the sea-animals, and talk to them; so that he might have had very pleasant company if he had only been a good boy.

6. But I am sorry to say that like some other little boys he was fond of tormenting creatures for mere sport. Some say that it is their nature, and that they cannot help it. But whether it is nature or not, little boys can help it, and must help it. For if they have naughty, low, mischievous tricks in their nature, as monkeys have, that

is no reason why they should give way to these tricks like monkeys, who know no better. And therefore they must not torment dumb creatures. And if they do, a certain old lady who is coming will surely give them exactly what they deserve.

7. Tom did not know that, and he pecked the poor water things sadly, so that they were all afraid of him and got out of his way; and he had no one to speak to or play with.

8. One day he found a caddis and wanted it to peep out of its house; so, what must he do, the meddlesome little fellow, but pull it open, to see what the poor lady was doing inside. So Tom broke to pieces the door, which was the prettiest little grating of silk, stuck all over with shining bits of crystal; and when he looked in the caddis poked out her head, and it had turned into just the shape of a bird's. But when Tom spoke, she could not answer, for her mouth and face were tied up in a new nightcap of neat pink skin.

9. However, if she did not answer, all the other caddises did, for they held up their hands and shrieked, "Oh, you naughty boy; you are at it again! and she had just laid herself up for a fortnight's sleep, and then she would have come out with such beautiful wings, and laid such lots of

eggs! Who sent you here to worry us out of our lives?"

10. No one had ever taught Tom to be good. The water-fairies were sorry to see him unhappy, but they could not help him. He had to learn for himself. I am glad to say he did begin to learn. And then the caddises grew quite tame, and told him the strange story of the way they built their houses, and changed their skins and turned into winged flies, till Tom began to long to change too, and to have wings like them some day.

The Caddis Fly. — There are three stages of insect life, — the *larva*, the *pupa*, and the *imago*, or perfect insect. It is in the larval state that the caddis fly lives in a case formed of bits of shells or sticks or sand and open at each end.

The Sandpiper is a long-billed bird found on sandy shores in great flocks.

WORD STUDY.

One of the things to notice in this story is the very easy words that tell it. Count the MONOSYLLABLES, that is words of one syllable, in paragraph 10 and others.

Next find words of two syllables in different paragraphs, and see if there are any you never saw or heard before.

Three-syllabled words can generally be taken apart; that is, stripped of prefixes or suffixes. Notice and study those, too, as you go on.

EXAMPLE. — Beauti-*ful* (beauty); mischiev-*ous* (mischief); *un*-happy; meddle-*some*.

LXII.

val-iant fore-most up-per-most lob-ster

TOM AND THE LOBSTER.

1. One day Tom took a long step toward being good. He was going about among the rocks near the shore when he saw a round cage. In it was his old friend the lobster, looking very much ashamed.

"I can't get out," said the lobster.

"Where did you get in?"

"Through that round hole at the top."

2. "Then why not get out through it?"

"I can't. I have jumped upward, downward, backward, and sideways at least four thousand times, and I always come back here underneath this hole."

"Stop a minute," said Tom; "turn your tail up toward me and I will pull you through."

3. But the lobster was clumsy. He was bright enough as long as he was in open sea, but here he was very stupid.

Tom reached down till he caught hold of him, but the clumsy lobster pulled him in head foremost.

4. "This is a pretty business," said Tom; but

just then something swam over the lobster-pot, and lo, it was the otter.

Tom was frightened. He had not seen the otter since he told the salmon how to get out of its way, and he knew it would be angry.

5. The otter squeezed herself down through the hole in the top, and looked to poor Tom all eyes and teeth.

But no sooner was her head inside than the valiant lobster caught her by the nose and held on tightly.

The three rolled over and over in the pot, and I do not know what would have happened to Tom if he had not at last got on the otter's back and safe out of the hole.

6. He was glad to be safe, but he would not desert his friend the lobster, and the first time he saw his tail uppermost he caught hold of it and pulled with all his might.

By this time the otter, who cannot live long without coming up to get a fresh breath, was drowned and dead, but the lobster would not let go.

"Come along," said Tom, "or the fisherman will catch you. Don't you see that she is dead?" And so she was, but the lobster would not let go.

7. The fisherman came at last, and Tom saw

him haul the lobster up the boatside. But when Mr. Lobster saw the fisherman he gave a great snap and came out of the pot safe into the sea.

But he left his claw behind him. It never came into his stupid head to let go, and Tom found afterward that all the lobsters would have done the same thing.

8. I have told this story of the lobster to show you that there was something noble in our little Tom.

It was just beginning to wake in his heart, and whether because of this, I cannot tell, though I have an opinion about it, there now happened to Tom a most wonderful thing.

He had not left the lobster five minutes before he came upon a water-baby. A real live water-baby sitting upon the white sand. And when it saw Tom it looked up for a moment, and then cried, "Why, you are not one of us! You are a new baby. Oh, how delightful!" It ran to Tom, and Tom ran to it, and they hugged and kissed each other, they did not know why.

Valiant. — Brave, bold.

The sea-otter. — An animal four or five feet long. Its food is fish, and it lives mostly in the water.

Desert. — Leave, forsake.

LXIII.

mad·re-pores a-nem-o-nes ri-ot-ous hand·some

MRS. BE-DONE-BY-AS-YOU-DID.*

1. Still Tom would meddle with the creatures. He tickled the madrepores to make them shut up, frightened the crabs to make them hide in the sand, and put sand in the anemones' mouths to make them fancy their dinner was coming.

2. The other children warned him, and said, "Take care what you are at. Mrs. Be-done-by-as-you-did is coming." But Tom never heeded them, being riotous with high spirits and good luck.

3. Mrs. Be-done-by-as-you-did came indeed.

A very tremendous lady she was, and when the children saw her they stood all in a row, and smoothed down their bathing dresses, and put their hands behind them.

She looked at the children one by one, and seemed pleased with them, though she did not ask how they were behaving. To each she gave some sort of nice thing.

4. Little Tom watched till his mouth watered

* Be done by as you did.

and his eyes grew as round as an owl's. For the lady called him, and held out her fingers with something in them, and popped it into his mouth; and lo! it was a cold, hard pebble.

"You are a very cruel woman," said he, and began to cry.

"And you are a very cruel boy. Who puts pebbles into the sea-animals' mouths, to make them fancy they have caught a good dinner? As you did to them so I must do to you."

5. "Who told you?" said Tom.

"You told me yourself this very minute." Tom had not once opened his lips, so he was very much taken back by this. "Yes, people tell me exactly what they have done, and that without knowing it themselves. Now go and be a good boy. I will put no more pebbles in your mouth if you put none in other creatures."

6. "I did not know there was any harm in it," said Tom.

"Did you not? Then you know now. If you don't know that fire burns, there is no reason it shouldn't burn you. The lobster did not know there was harm in getting into the lobster-pot to get a piece of fish, but it was caught all the same."

"Dear me," thought Tom, "she knows everything."

7. And so she did indeed. "Well, you are a little hard upon a poor lad," said Tom.

"Not at all. I am the best friend you ever had in your life. But I will tell you; I cannot help punishing people when they do wrong; I like it no more than they do. I am often very sorry for the poor things."

She looked kindly at him, and such a tender, quiet, patient, hopeful smile came over her face that Tom thought for a moment that she did not look ugly at all.

8. Tom smiled in her face, she looked so pleasant, and the strange fairy smiled, too, and said, "You thought me very ugly-looking just now, did you not?"

Tom hung down his head and grew very red.

9. "And so I am, and I shall be till people behave as they ought to do. Then I shall grow as handsome as my sister, who is the loveliest fairy in the world. Her name is 'Mrs. Do-as-you-would-be-done-by.' *

"She begins where I end, and I begin where she ends.

* Do as you would be done by.

"Those who will not listen to her must listen to me."

Madrepores and **Anemones** are tiny coral-making animals, having a round mouth surrounded with little *arms* or *tentacles* for taking food.

Riotous. — Excited, unruly.
Ugly. — The opposite of beautiful; so, sometimes, ill-natured.
Heeded. — Minded; paid attention to.

LXIV.

em-er-ald	or-ches-tra	scythe	cam-paign
ep-au-lets	fa-mil-iar	sheaths	sol-diers
strut-ting	foe-man	saucy	mor-tal

RED TOP AND TIMOTHY.

Red Top and Timothy
  Come here in the spring,
Light spears out of emerald sheaths
  Everywhere they spring;
Harmless little soldiers,
  On the field they play,
Nodding plumes and crossing blades
  All the livelong day.

Timothy and Red Top
  Bring their music band,

Some with scarlet epaulets,
Strutting stiff and grand;
Some in sky-blue jacket,
Some in vests of pink,
Black and white their leader's coat
Restless Bobolink.

Red Top's airy feathers
Tremble to his notes,
In themselves an orchestra;
Then a thousand throats
Set the woods a-laughing,
While the saucy thing,
Anywhere on spike or spear,
Sways himself to sing.

Red Top and Timothy
Have a mortal foe;
There's a giant with a scythe
Comes and lays them low,
Shuts them in barn prisons,
Spares not even Sweet Clover;
Bobolink leads off his band
Now the campaign's over.

Timothy and Red Top
Will return again,

With familiar songs and flowers
  Through the April rain.
Though their giant foeman
  Will not let them be,
One who swings a keener scythe
  Cuts down such as he.

LUCY LARCOM'S *Childhood Songs.*

Emerald. — A precious stone of bright green color; here the word means bright green.

Epaulet. — An ornamental badge worn on the shoulder by officers in the army or navy.

Orchestra. — A band of musicians. It means that the song of the bobolink sounds like many different instruments playing together.

Familiar songs and flowers are those which we are accustomed to hear and see.

Campaign. — The time that an army keeps the field.

LXV.

pad-dling tor-ment as-sure ten-der-est

MRS. DO-AS-YOU-WOULD-BE-DONE-BY.

1. When Sunday morning came, Mrs. Do-as-you-would-be-done-by came too. And all the little children began dancing and clapping their hands, and Tom clapped his with all his might.

2. As for the pretty lady, I cannot tell you the

color of her hair or of her eyes, nor could Tom. When any one looks at her, all they think of is that she has the sweetest, kindest, tenderest, funniest, merriest face they ever saw.

3. The children all caught hold of her and pulled her till she sat down upon a stone. They climbed into her lap and clung around her neck, and caught hold of her hands. Those who could get nowhere else sat down on the sand at her feet, and Tom stood staring at them, for he could not understand it at all.

4. "And who are you, my darling?" she said.

"Oh, that is the new baby!" they all cried, "and he never had a mother to take care of him."

5. "Then I will be his mother, and he shall have the very best place; so go away, all of you, this very moment."

And she took up two great armfuls of babies, — nine hundred under one arm and thirteen hundred under the other, — and threw them right and left into the water. They did not mind it at all, but came paddling back like so many tadpoles.

6. She took Tom in her lap, and talked to him tenderly, such things as he had never heard be-

fore in his life, till he fell fast asleep. When he woke, she was telling the children a story, — a story that begins every Christmas eve and never ends at all forever and ever; and the children listened quite seriously, but not sadly at all, for she never told them anything sad; and Tom listened, too, and never grew tired of listening.

7. He listened so long that he fell asleep, and when he awoke he was still in her arms.

"Don't go away," said little Tom; "this is so nice. I never had any one to cuddle me so before."

"Don't go," said the children, "you haven't sung us one song."

"What shall it be?" said the fairy; "I have only time for one."

"The doll you lost! The doll you lost!" cried all the babies at once.

So the strange fairy sung the song: "I once had a sweet little doll, dears." Do you remember it?

"Will you be a good boy for my sake," said the fairy to Tom, when the time came for her to go, "and not torment the sea-creatures till I come back?"

8. "And will you love me and talk to me?" said poor little Tom.

"To be sure I will. I should like to take you with me, only I must not;" and away she went.

9. And Tom really tried to be a good boy. He did not trouble the sea-beasts after that as long as he lived, and he is quite alive yet, I assure you, and you will hear more of him.

Adapted from KINGSLEY'S *Water Babies.*

"Do as you would be done by" is called the *Golden Rule.* Here it is in verse for you to learn, —

Deal with another as you'd have
Another deal with you;
What you're unwilling to *receive,*
(that is, have done to you.)
Be sure you never do.
(that is, to others.)

LXVI.

shel-ter-ing be-lat-ed crouch-ing bruised

A NIGHT WITH A WOLF

Little one, come to my knee!
Hark how the rain is pouring
Over the roof, in the pitch-black night,
And the wind in the woods a-roaring!

Hush, my darling, and listen,
Then pay for the story with kisses:
Father was lost in the pitch-black night,
In just such a storm as this is!

High up on the lonely mountains,
Where the wild men watched and waited;
Wolves in the forest, and bears in the bush,
And I on my path belated.

The rain and the night together
Came down, and the wind came after,
Bending the props of the pine-tree roof,
And snapping many a rafter.

I crept along in the darkness,
Stunned, and bruised, and blinded—
Crept to a fir with thick-set boughs,
And a sheltering rock behind it.

There, from the blowing and raining,
Crouching, I sought to hide me:
Something rustled, two green eyes shone,
And a wolf lay down beside me.

Little one, be not frightened:
I and the wolf together.

Side by side, through the long, long night,
Hid from the awful weather.

His wet fur pressed against me;
Each of us warmed the other;
Each of us felt, in the stormy dark,
That beast and man was brother.

And when the falling forest
No longer crashed in warning,
Each of us went from our hiding-place
Forth in the wild wet morning.

Darling, kiss me in payment!
Hark, how the wind is roaring;
Father's house is a better place,
When the stormy rain is pouring!

BAYARD TAYLOR.

STUDY.

Tell this story in prose, beginning: "One very dark night, when it ... just as it does ... I was lost ...," etc.

What is meant by "beast and man was brother"? Tell some way in which they are alike, and also some difference.

The author was a great traveller. He has written books giving accounts of his travels in nearly every country in the world.

LXVII.

se-date	of-fend-ed	sud-den-ly	un-grate-ful
oc-curred	e-lect	de-scrip-tion	vic-ar-age

BEN BRIGHTBOOTS. — Part I.

1. Three little children, named Francie, Alfred, and Alice, had a pet tabby cat. She was quite small and very playful when she first came to live with them, and they called her Kitty, a name which suited her very well at that age. After a while Kitty grew up out of kittenhood, and became a very sedate and well-behaved cat.

2. When at last she had three little kittens of her own it did not seem at all right and proper to call her Kitty any longer, so by general consent she was called "Mother." It came to be known to the three little cat-keepers that grandpapa would very much like to have a kitten, if one could be found pretty enough, and well-behaved enough, for the great honor of going to live with him.

3. The choice lay between Mother's three children. One was a tabby like herself, another was white, and the third was black with a little white. Everybody was asked which was the prettiest, and

everybody said the same. There never was a prettier kitten than the little black fellow with four white paws and a little white waistcoat.

4. He was a sturdy little kitten too, and opened his eyes a whole day before his sisters, and could mew the loudest of the three; and, better still, could purr the loudest. So it was settled that he was to be grandpapa's kitten as soon as he was old enough to be sent away from Mother. Next came the grand question of finding a name for him.

5. "Let us write and ask grandpapa himself," said Francie. "Then he will be sure to like it, and it would be such a pity if we chose a name he did not like." So the lines were ruled, and a letter was written containing a full, true, and exact description of grandpapa's kitten-elect. Grandpapa answered by return of post, for he knew how the post-bag would be watched for till his answer came. "Call him Ben," said the letter, "and ask auntie to tell you why. If he must have a surname, let him be Ben Brightboots."

6. Francie, who had charge of the letter because she was the eldest, unfolded it very carefully and gave it to auntie to read. When auntie had read it she said: "I will tell you all about it. It is

because grandpapa had a beautiful cat several years ago which was called Ben, and so he would like to have another of the same name.

7. "'Ben the First' was quite black, with very large fierce eyes, which must have frightened all the rats and mice most terribly. He was a very queer-tempered creature. Nothing ever seemed to disturb him; he was too proud and grave to hiss or spit or scratch, but if any one offended him, he would get up very slowly, glare at them with his splendid great eyes, and walk solemnly away. No one ever made friends with him.

8. "Once a lady came who always won the heart of every cat and kitten she had to do with, and she tried her very best to win my lord Ben. She petted and coaxed him and talked to him; she practised various ways of stroking his head and fingering his ears and cheeks which had never been known to fail with any other cat; she gave him the nicest bits of meat, and brought saucers of milk at times when he had no right to expect a drop. It was all in vain.

9. "He ate the meat and lapped the milk in a most ungrateful way, never arching his head or raising his tail by way of saying thank you. Never a purr could she get from him with all

her kindness and pains, nothing but sulky silence. He did not even take the trouble to scratch her, but always behaved as if she were not worthy to be taken notice of, good or bad.

10. "He would sometimes look up if she called him, but looked away again directly, as much as to say, 'Oh, it's only you, is it? I would not have looked if I had known.' As for coming when called, it never occurred to him to do such a thing. He cared for nobody, and so of course nobody cared for him. Yet after all he was a very loving cat in his way. He had given so much love to grandpapa that he had none to spare for any one else.

11. "At last, one winter we missed him suddenly,

and felt sure something must be wrong, for he was too sober a cat to have gone holiday-making on his own account, when his master was at home, too. Day after day went on, and we could hear nothing of him. One morning a little boy came to the vicarage and said, 'Please, sir, your cat's been killed. Robinson's dog killed her in a minute.' This was sad news; not that we loved poor Ben for his own sake, but we cared for anything that loved grandpapa."

Sedate. — Grave and quiet.
Exact. — Quite correct.
Description. — An account.
Offended him. — Made him angry, displeased him.
Glare. — To gaze or stare angrily.
Solemnly. — Gravely.
Practise. — To do a thing often, so as to improve.
Kitten-elect. — Chosen kitten.
It never occurred to him. — He never thought of it.
Vicarage. — The house of a vicar, or clergyman.

STUDY.—Surnames and Christian Names.

The cat's Christian name was Ben; his surname, Brightboots. Tell the two names each of you bears, and whether you have a single Christian name, or more than one.

Both these are called proper names. They are always to be written with a capital initial. Boy, girl, and child are common names; that is, names you have in common with many others.

Make lists of common names; that is, names of things, and the *common* names for persons and places. Examples: *Tree, fence, town, lion, fly, fish.*

And also lists of proper names. Examples: *Frank, Saratoga, Ohio, Rufus Roughwig.* See page 163.

LXVIII.

vic-to-ry	yelp-ing	squeak-y	sur-prised
ca-the-dral	sav-age-ly	re-treat-ing	in-hab-i-tant
clois-ter	mis-chief	pa-tient-ly	low-er-ing

BEN BRIGHTBOOTS. — Part II.

1. "Then we had another cat, and called him Ben, in memory of the other. He was black, too, and very handsome indeed, with a splendid tail. But he had a little white at his throat which looked like a little pair of bands. So we called him 'Canon Ben.' Soon after receiving this title, grandpapa went away from home for a long time, and Uncle Frank said he would take Canon Ben home to his rooms by the cathedral, lest he should be ill-used or lost while we were all away.

2. "There was one inhabitant of the cloisters who greatly disturbed Ben's peace and comfort, and would not let him lead the quiet life which he wished for. This was a large gray parrot who lived on the other side of the green square round which the cloisters ran.

3. "On fine days Polly's cage was hung among the ivy in the arch before her master's door. No doubt Polly thought this plan a very good one, for

she could see all that went on, and could make remarks to every one who came to any door in the cloisters.

4. "And strangers were sometimes very much surprised to hear a voice screaming to them all across the square, 'Rub your shoes! Fine day, sir! Very well, thank you! Rub your shoes!' Polly never missed a chance of teasing Canon Ben, and he never crossed the square without receiving a greeting of some kind.

5. "No one was told so often to rub his shoes as he, and he might have got used to rude speeches of that kind, but Polly was always finding new ways of vexing him. Sometimes she would mew like two or three cats at once, and when he came nearer to see whether he had any fellow-pussies in distress, she would begin yelping like a very little puppy. Sometimes she would give a soft whistle just like Uncle Frank's, and when he obeyed it, like a good cat as he was, and looked about for his master, she would squeal like a pig, or say, 'Mind your business!'

6. "Canon Ben seemed to bear it patiently for some time, but I am afraid he was planning revenge in his heart. One hot August afternoon, when everything was as still as night, and even

Polly was quite sleepy, and had not made a single remark for two hours, Uncle Frank happened to look out of his little ivy-arched window on the shady side of the green square, and saw Canon Ben creeping very slowly close under the wall towards Polly's cage.

7. "He meant mischief, that was plain, or he would not have gone in that sly way, crouching under the ivy, now and then stretching up his head and then lowering it, but always keeping his eyes fixed on Polly, who sat half asleep on her perch, and facing the other way. On he came till he was close to the arch, which was like a large window with no glass in it; and then he crouched like a little tiger, for a spring on the stone sill just above the place where the cage hung.

8. "Perhaps Polly heard the rustle of an ivy-leaf, for all at once she turned round. In an instant she shouted, 'Who are you?' so suddenly and fiercely that Ben stopped, and looked quite startled. 'Who are you?' pealed again like a very squeaky trumpet through the cloisters. Ben was not prepared with an answer, and still did not spring. 'Bow, wow, wow!' stormed Polly, barking savagely and loudly enough to wake all the dogs in the town, not to mention cats.

9. "Ben showed signs of retreating. Used as he was to Polly's ways, he could not quite stand this. Polly saw his weakness and kept it up. 'Bow, wow, wow, wow, wow!' There might have been a whole kennel of dogs behind her. Ben shook all over, and quickly turned tail and fled, never stopping till he was safe on the high wall over the bishop's garden, where he knew no dogs could reach him.

10. "Polly was so proud of her victory that no one had a chance of a nap for the rest of that afternoon, and though no errand-boys and no visitors came, nor any more cats, and she had it all to herself, she sang, and talked, and whistled, and barked, till the sun went down behind the cloister roof, and her arch was left shady and cool. It was a year before grandpapa was at home again, and long before that time Canon Ben had become so settled, that it was thought a pity to take him away from Uncle Frank.

11. "So grandpapa has been for a long time without any pussy to love him, and I am very glad you are going to send Ben Brightboots to him."

"How soon can he go, auntie?" asked Alfred.

"He can't go till somebody takes him," said

Francie. "He wouldn't be passenger, and he wouldn't be goods, so he will have to wait till grandpapa comes again to get him."

Bands. — The white muslin tie worn in church by a clergyman.

Canon. — A clergyman attached to a cathedral.

Cathedral. — The principal church of a bishopric.

Cloisters. — A roofed passage inside an open square of buildings belonging to a cathedral. Such buildings are said to be "in the cloisters."

Inhabitant. — One who lives in a place.

Greeting. — A polite speech on meeting a person.

Crouching. — Stooping down.

Retreating. — Turning back.

LXIX.

wel-come fur-row ban-ish night-in-gale

GOOD MORROW.

Pack clouds, away, and welcome, day,
With night we banish sorrow;
Sweet air blow soft, mount larks aloft,
To give my Love good morrow!
Wings from the wind to please her mind,
Notes from the lark I'll borrow,
Bird, prune thy wing, nightingale, sing,
To give my Love good morrow;

To give my Love good morrow
Notes from them both I'll borrow.

Wake from thy nest, Robin Redbreast,
Sing, birds, in every furrow;
And from each hill, let music shrill
Give my fair Love good morrow!
Blackbird and thrush in every bush,
Stare, linnet, and cock-sparrow!
You pretty elves, amongst yourselves
Sing my fair Love good morrow;
To give my Love good morrow
Sing, birds, in every furrow!

T. Heywood.

Good morrow is an old form of salutation or greeting.

Banish. — To drive away.
Elves. — Fairies.

Read in concert with light, gentle voices.

Find the words that rhyme in the first lines of each couplet (lines arranged in couples or twos).

Pronounce *wind* with the vowel long, and *thrush* somewhat like *bush*, to carry out the poet's fancy.

This song was written two hundred and fifty years ago. It is worth committing to memory.

WORD STUDY.

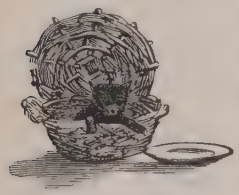
Select the words that *command* or *ask*. They are forms of verbs. *Banish* and *borrow* are verbs expressing action but not command.

LXX.

hearth rug	o-ver-set	cup-board	o-ver-coat
es-cort	in-ter-fere	up-set-ting	reck-on

BEN BRIGHTBOOTS. — Part III.

1. Christmas was near, and Aunt Fanny was going home to grandpapa. So this would be a good escort for Ben, and the children made their minds up that it would be selfish to keep him any longer, now that he was quite old enough to leave Mother.



2. When the morning came for his journey, all the baskets in the house, big and little, were brought together to see which would do best for a travelling-carriage. After one had been chosen just large enough for Ben to lie down in, with a lid to it, some nice dry hay was put into it, and then it was set on the hearth-rug wide open, and Ben was sent for.

3. When he came, he did exactly what they hoped he would do. He walked straight up to the basket, and nearly overset it to begin with. Then he began to paw the handle, and to play with a bit of hay which hung over the side. Then he stood

on his hind legs, put his fore-paws on the edge and looked in. Then he drew back, gave a little spring, and in he went.

4. Out again, with a bit of hay in his mouth, and then in again, this time upsetting the basket, which frightened him away for a minute, but he soon came back again. Francie and Alfred and Alice watched him all the time, but did not interfere with him, except to set the basket up again. He was getting used to his travelling-carriage so nicely, that it was better to let him alone.

5. "Next time he gets in," said Francie, "we will shut the lid down, for it is nearly time for auntie to start." After a little more play, Ben got into the basket once more and lay down, and then Francie and Alfred and Alice all ran up and stroked him, and put their little faces down into the basket to give him a good-by kiss, and then mamma said they had really better shut the lid down at once, for the carriage was just coming round to the door. A nice little bit of meat was given him as a parting present, and then the basket was closed and tied with a piece of string.

6. They could still see him through the wicker-work. He was quite happy, and seemed to think that having the lid shut down made his bed all the

more cosey. Alice cried out, "Oh, what a good contented puss he is! he has begun to purr quite loud! Just listen, Francie." And he went on purring up to the very last.

7. Ben found a great deal to learn in his new home, and he was always learning something in his own fashion. Not a cupboard or a drawer could be opened but he must go and see what was in it, and watch everything that was done, till it was shut again. He was most curious about the washing-up of the tea-things, sitting on the dresser and taking note of what was done with every cup and saucer.

8. One evening it occurred to him that he had never yet fully understood the dining-room lamp. So he sprang on the table, and walked slowly up to it, and two or three times round it. Then he pawed the lower part all round. Then he touched the little handle by which it was wound up.

9. Then he tried the screw which raised or lowered the wick. Next he stretched up his neck and took the edge of the shade in his mouth. It was not good to eat, but he tried it at two or three other places, till he was quite sure of the fact.

10. Then he put his head under it, and looked close at the light, till the pupils of his eyes shrank

up to a mere little line of black. Finally he put his nose close to the glass. But he did not reckon on the glass being hot, and his poor little black nose must have suffered a good deal, for one touch was enough! Down he jumped, and never wanted to know any more about the lamp.

11. One day there had been a great deal of snow,

and a high wind had blown it into deep drifts. Ben knew nothing yet about snow. He did not very much like it, still he must go and see for himself what all that white stuff might be. He went out into the garden and peered about, stepping softly along the cold paths.

12. Presently, for some reason best known to himself, he made a tremendous spring at what

looked like a firm white bank. It was a drift of fine loose snow, and in he went, quite over his head, so that for a few moments nothing could be seen of him. He scrambled out, puzzled and frightened, and looking as if he had been rolled in a flour-bin.

13. He shook off his white overcoat as well as he could, and scampered away into the house as fast as possible. He had learned quite enough about snowdrifts, and did not care to study them any more.

Escort. — A person who protects another.

Interfere. — To meddle with.

Pupils. — The dark part in the centre of the eye.

Peered about. — Looked sharply round him.

Tremendous. — Very great.

White overcoat. — The snow which clung to him.

Wickerwork. — The plaited twigs of which the basket was made.

NOTE TO YOUNG READERS.

You see how simple a thing it seems to write a pleasant story, and yet but a few people would have written so pleasant a one with these facts for a guide — for the story is a true one. The secret is in the thoughtful attention and interest in each little point as it occurred, and the straightforward way of telling it afterward. Little stories are being made in your own lives that are well worth telling or writing. Notice that this long story is made up of many separate short ones.

If you were to begin by telling short ones, trying to do so in such a way as to give pleasure, you would improve rapidly, and might soon write well.

LXXI.

thought-ful	in-vit-ed	in-qui-ries	de-light-ed
com-plete-ly	se-ri-ous	de-served	kitch-en

BEN BRIGHTBOOTS. — Part IV.

1. All the fun and play came to an end one day. Grandpapa was taken very ill, and went up stairs to bed, and the doctor came, and everything was very sad and gloomy.

2. Ben seemed to understand that something was wrong, and was perfectly wretched. He ran up and down stairs like a wild thing; when he got to the top he did not seem to know what he had come for, and tore down again. Then he would scamper up again, and run to the study, and sit on the desk and mew. Then he would come down again, and get into his master's arm-chair in the dining-room, and turn round and round in it, but not lie down.

3. Then he went to the stairs again, and sat first on one step and then on another, in a restless way, as if no place pleased him. At last he followed grandma into grandpapa's room. Ah, she would not send him away then, poor little, loving fellow!

4. He jumped at once on to the bed, and went

softly up to grandpapa's hand, and licked it; then crept down to the bottom of the bed and lay on his feet, as if he meant to try and keep them warm. After that he lay there almost all day, and never seemed to care to run about and play.

5. Early every morning he came up and sat and mewed outside the door till he was let in, and then as quick as lightning he was on the bed, always going up to grandpapa's head first, and fondling, and purring, and making curious little bleating noises, meant to be very kind and thoughtful.

6. It was his way of saying, "Good morning, dear master, I am so glad the door is opened at last. I do hope you are better. I wish I could make you well." Then he would creep down to keep grandpapa's feet warm.

7. After many days and nights of pain, grandpapa began to get better, and come down stairs. Ben was delighted to see him in his right place again, the arm-chair by the fire, and did everything he could to show it, purring, and arching his back, and setting his tail straight up, and rubbing round and round grandpapa's legs, and the legs of the chair too.

8. Now who could help loving such a cat as Ben Brightboots? Grandpapa loved him more than

ever, and so did auntie; as for grandma, she would have let him roll over her ribbons and eat up her lace, if he pleased, he had so completely won her heart. The servants liked him, and petted him, so he was as well off as any cat in the kingdom. But he deserved it all, if a cat ever did!

9. One morning he did not come in to prayers as usual, and breakfast was had without him, too. "Foolish fellow, not to come for his milk!" said grandpapa; "where can he be?" The bell was rung, and the servant was asked if Ben was in the kitchen. No, she had not seen him anywhere. "Very likely he is in your study," said auntie; "I'll go and see."

10. But Ben was not there. Nor in grandpapa's bedroom, nor in any other room in the house. It might be that he had been invited to cold rat by some new friend of his own kind, and would be home to dinner. But dinner-time came, and no Ben; and tea-time came, and no Ben; and bed-time came, and still no Ben. It was quite serious; something must have happened, for Ben would never have stayed away all day of his own free will.

11. Next day inquiries were made among all the neighbors, but no one had seen or heard anything of him. The next day a boy was set to look.

He was to go to every house round about, and ask if any one had seen a very pretty young black cat with four white feet. The boy came back in the evening for the shilling, which was to have been two if he had found Ben, with nothing to tell except that "Nobody hadn't heard nothing of no black cat with four white feet."

12. Day after day went on, and hope became fainter. At last grandpapa wrote to tell Francie and Alfred and Alice of his sad loss, his pretty Ben Brightboots, whom they had nursed up for him, and sent to him, and who was now lost, perhaps dead.

13. It was not a very cheerful breakfast after that letter came out of the post-bag. The three children went to Mother as soon as breakfast was over, and told her all about it, and stroked and petted and pitied her. At all this attention, Mother was much pleased, and purred as merrily as if not a word had been said, and her son had been still safe in grandpapa's keeping.

Gloomy. — Dull, sad.
Arching his back. — Raising it into an arch.
Completely. — Entirely.
Won her heart. — Gained her love.
Inquiries. — Questions asked.
Deserved. — Was worthy of.

Correct the statement of the boy who was to search.

LXXII.

WINTER RAIN.

Every valley drinks,
  Every dell and hollow;
Where the kind rain sinks and sinks
  Green of Spring will follow.

Yet a lapse of weeks
  Buds will burst their edges,
Strip their wool-coats, glue-coats, streaks,
  In the woods and hedges;

Weave a bower of love
  For birds to meet each other,
Weave a canopy above
  Nest and egg and mother.

But for fattening rain
  We should have no flowers,
Never a bud or leaf again
  But for soaking showers;

Never a mated bird
  In the rocking tree-tops,

Never indeed a flock or herd
To graze upon the lea-crops.

Lambs so woolly white,
Sheep the sun-bright leas on.
They could have no grass to bite
But for rain in season.

We should find no moss
In the shadiest places,
Find no waving meadow grass
Pied with broad-eyed daisies.

But miles of barren sand,
With never a son or daughter,
Not a lily on the land,
Or lily on the water.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

Lapse. — Passing away, as time passes, without our notice.
Pied. — Spotted.
Leas. — Meadows or fields of grass land.

STUDY.

The use and value of winter snow in the parts of the country where it falls. Quote a verse from "How the Leaves came Down," suggesting a use of snow. Tell what people would miss if it did not fall.

LXXIII.

re-mem-ber-ing mis-chiev-ous peace-a-ble mem-o-ries
gen-e-ral-ly pos-ses-sion waist-coat fon-dled

BEN BRIGHTBOOTS. — Part V.

1. I am glad that this is not the very end of the story of Ben Brightboots. It is so much nicer to have a pleasant ending than a sad one; and all the more so, because this little story is really true, and not all make-up.

2. For some time, grandpapa and grandma and auntie watched and hoped. Not long after Ben was lost, a great mewing was heard one evening. It seemed to come from the other side of the road. But when the door was opened, and auntie called "Ben, Ben!" it suddenly stopped.

3. Next night it was heard again, but the same thing happened. And then it was found that it was only some mischievous boys mewing like a cat, perhaps because they knew of the inquiries which had been made. When this false alarm was over, there seemed to be nothing to do but to give up hope. Poor, dear Ben!

4. A whole year passed away, and never a word was heard of him. Before it was over, the ser-

vants who knew him had both gone away, and new ones were come. One day Mary came to grandma, and said: "If you please, ma'am, there's such a pretty cat sitting on the drawing-room window-sill. He was mewing there at seven o'clock this morning. He came after me into the kitchen, and we gave him some milk, and then he went back again and sat on the window, and he's been there ever since."

5. "I thought I heard a cat mewing," said grandma. "What is he like?" "He's nearly all black," answered Mary; "and he has white paws, and keeps lifting them up and down." "Bring him in, and let me look at him," said grandma.

6. So Mary brought the cat, and put him down in the hall. Could it possibly be Ben? There was the black coat, and the white waistcoat, and the four pretty white boots. Only this was a full-grown cat, and when Ben went away he was not nearly full-grown, but of course he would be so by this time, if he were alive. So grandma called grandpapa, and he came down, and auntie heard something going on about a cat, and came too.

7. As soon as grandpapa appeared the cat went up to him, and began rubbing round his legs, and doing everything a cat could do to show that he

was no stranger. They all went into the dining-room, and said, "Let us see what the cat will do." He followed them in, and went on rubbing round grandpapa, now and then turning away to rub against grandma's and auntie's dresses, walking from one to the other, as if he were quite at home, and knew the room and the persons quite well.

8. "It must be Ben," said auntie. "It can't be Ben," said grandma. "I never in all my life heard or read of a cat remembering in this way for such a length of time," said grandpapa; "and yet I do believe it is Ben. See, he does just as Ben used to do."

9. He sat down in the arm-chair. Up jumped the cat and sat on his knee, lifting up first one little paw and then the other. "Look, look!" said auntie, "that proves it must be Ben. That is exactly how he always lifted up his little feet, and I never saw any other cat do it in just the same way."

10. Then grandpapa got up, and went up stairs. The cat followed him, and when they reached the top it darted on before, and ran straight to grandpapa's room, passing all the other doors. Was it likely a strange cat would have done that? "But," said grandma, "is it likely that a cat could re-

member everything for a whole year?" Certainly not, for cats have not generally very good memories.

11. But it was still less likely that a strange cat would be so very loving to the right person all at once, and know its way about the house, and do every single thing just as Ben used to do, and seem so very much delighted with everybody and everything, besides having the white boots and white waistcoat, which could not have been begged, borrowed, or stolen. So at last they all gave up saying "It must be Ben," and said "It *is* Ben."

12. Ben was so happy that he hardly sat down all that day, but kept walking about, fondling every one and expecting to be fondled in return. "Pretty Ben!" said grandma; "you want to tell us where you have been all this time. Speak to us, Ben! Were they kind to you, Ben?"

13. It was a comfort that his good looks answered that question. Wherever he had been he must have been well treated, for he was plump and strong, and his fur was beautifully smooth and glossy. He had not been starved at any rate.

14. Mary was told that any one who came to inquire after him was to be asked in, so that we might explain how it was. But no one ever came,

so grandpapa was left in peaceable possession of his cat.

F. R. Havergal (*abridged and adapted*).

Glossy. — Shining.
In peaceable possession, *i.e.*, he kept his cat without being troubled any more.

LXXIV.

op-por-tu-ni-ty shrewd as-ton-ished pre-ten-sions
priv-i-leg-es la-belled par-ti-tioned ad-van-tage

FRIQUET AND FRIQUETTE.* — Part I.

1. Friquet loved his sister dearly, but he knew no greater pleasure than that of teasing her. Friquette also loved her brother, but she never let slip an opportunity of playing a trick on him. This was the cause of pouting, tears, fits of anger, and, I am ashamed to say, even blows and scratches.

2. I must tell you the cause of all these disputes. Master Friquet was proud of being a man. He fancied that, because of this high position, a little girl had no right to oppose him. Friquette, on

* *Frek'ā* and *Fri ket'*.

her side, had heard it said that gentlemen should always give way to ladies. So, being a lady, she claimed her privileges. It was, of course, difficult for two such opposite pretensions to exist side by side; and the brother and sister, while really loving each other at heart, lived like cat and dog.

3. Friquet was a stout boy, with great fists, and the strength was on his side. Friquette was a little girl, delicate, shrewd and cunning, who always had the advantage through her wit, of which she had enough and to spare. I will not tell you all their naughty ways and tricks. Unkindness between brother and sister is something so sad, that I should take no pleasure in telling, or you in hearing it.

4. You must know, however, that one spring morning when the children were in the garden with their mamma, the thought struck Friquette to ask for a bit of ground, that she might make a garden of her own.

This being given her, Friquet insisted on having one too, not because he had a great desire for it, but in order not to have less than his sister.

5. Scarcely had the gardens been partitioned off before he ran to the gardener's lodge, where some light tools were kept for the use of his grandpapa,

who sometimes worked in the flower-beds. A little spade, a little hoe, a little rake, even to a little pointed dibble, which his grandpapa used to put tulips into the earth — in the twinkling of an eye, he took possession of the whole, and laying his booty upon the ground, would not allow Friquette to come near it.

6. It was in vain for Friquette to beg; and when she succeeded in seizing one of the tools, he snatched it rudely from her hands.

Their mamma, who had been sent for to see a visitor, had left the garden, and the little girl was compelled to drag painfully to her garden, a great spade, almost as heavy as herself, with which she tried, as well as she could, to turn up the ground. All the while she was planning to revenge herself. Meanwhile, Friquet, fully provided with all he needed, spaded, raked, and prepared a beautiful bed, and began already to talk about planting it.

7. "I will go for the seeds," said Friquette, springing quickly to go to the house, and leaving Friquet astonished at her obliging act.

The child always listened to what was said in her presence, and remembered all that she heard. Now one day she heard her father say that seeds

exposed to too great heat lose the power of taking root, and are of no more use than pebbles.

8. She ran to the drawer where the seeds were kept, took what she wanted, and returned with several packages neatly tied and labelled, which she gave to Friquet. She did not tell him, that before returning to the garden she had gone to the kitchen, which had happened to be empty, and had left the packages for five minutes in the oven, side by side with the meat that had been roasting for dinner. They were a little scorched, indeed, but he did not observe it.

9. "Thank you," said Friquet, who wished to return her politeness. "Don't you want me to plant some in your garden?"

"Oh, no, it is not ready yet, and this spade tires me too much. I have had enough of gardening for to-day." Saying this, she returned to the house to laugh at her ease, while Friquet carefully planted his seeds, which he was sure would grow well, planted in a garden so well prepared.

Let slip an opportunity. — Allow an occasion to pass.

Advantage. — Benefit; superior place or state.

Pretensions. — Claims; assumed rights.

Partitioned. — Parted, as by walls or bounds.

Shrewd. — Artful; quick to see a weakness in another and a gain for one's self.

Astonished. — Surprised, amazed.

LXXV.

lone-some fag-ots live-long yes-ter-noon

MABEL ON A MIDSUMMER DAY.—Part I.

Arise, my maiden, Mabel,
The mother said, arise,
For the golden sun of midsummer
Is shining in the skies.

Arise, my little maiden,
For thou must speed away
To wait upon thy grandmother
This livelong summer day.

And thou must carry with thee
This wheaten cake so fine,
This new-made pot of butter,
This little flask of wine.

And tell the dear old body,
This day I cannot come;
For the good man went out yesternoon,
And he is not come home.

And more than this, poor Amy,
Upon my knee doth lie;

I fear me with this fever pain
The little child will die.

And thou canst help thy grandmother;
The table thou canst spread;
Canst feed the little dog and bird,
And thou canst make her bed.

And thou canst fetch the water
From the lady-well, hard by;
And thou canst gather from the wood
The fagots brown and dry.

Canst go down to the lonesome glen
To milk the mother ewe;
This is the work, my Mabel,
That thou wilt have to do.

But listen now, my Mabel,
This is Midsummer day,
When all the fairy people
From Elf-land come away.

And when thou'rt in the lonesome glen,
Keep by the running burn;
And do not pluck the strawberry flower,
Nor break the lady-fern.

But think not of the fairy-folk,
Lest mischief should befall;
Think only of poor Amy
And how thou lov'st us all.

Yet keep good heart, my Mabel,
If thou the fairies see;
And give them kindly answer,
If they should speak to thee.

And when into the fir-wood
Thou goest for fagots brown,
Do not, like other children,
Go wandering up and down, —

But fill thy little apron,
My child, with earnest speed;
And that thou break no living bough
Within the wood, take heed.

For they are spiteful brownies,
Who in the wood abide;
So be thou careful of this thing
Lest evil should betide.

But think not, little Mabel,
Whilst thou art in the wood,

Of dwarfish wilful brownies,
  But of the Father good.

And when thou goest to the spring
  To fetch the water thence,
Do not disturb the little stream
  Lest thou should give offence.

For the Queen of all the Fairies,
  She loves that water bright;
I've seen her drinking there myself,
  On many a summer night.

But she's a gracious lady,
  And her thou need'st not fear;
Only disturb thou not the stream,
  Nor spill the water clear.

Now all this will I heed, Mother,
  Will no word disobey,
And wait upon the grandmother
  This livelong summer day.

Fagots. — A bundle of sticks or twigs.
Befall. } To happen, or come to
Betide. } pass.
Ewe. — A female sheep.
Abide. — To live, or remain in a place.
Give offence. — Displease.

LXXVI.

con-fi-dant	thwart-ed	cal-cu-la-tion	cul-prit
re-bel-lious	va-ri-e-ty	cel-e-bra-ted	re-proached

FRIQUET AND FRIQUETTE. — Part II.

1. Friquette had a beautiful doll, the confidant of all her joys and sorrows, a model friend that never thwarted her, that remained where she was placed, and that always listened to what she said. It is not worth the trouble of playing a trick, if you have not some one to whom to tell it. As soon as she reached the house, Friquette took her doll in her arms, and in order not to be disturbed, carried her to an upper chamber where the linen was kept, and told her the story of the garden.

2. Meanwhile, Friquet buried all his precious seeds in the ground. Nothing remained for him but to wait for the flowers, and beginning to find it dull to be alone, he wanted his sister to join him in some other play.

There was not much variety in their amusements. Sometimes they played horse, but it was naturally he that held the whip. Sometimes they played robber, and again it was naturally he that took the part of the policeman. If they under-

took a game of hide and seek, it did not last long, for he always insisted upon being the one to hide. So when she heard her brother calling Friquette! Friquette! all over the house, she did not stir, but quietly continued her conversation with her beloved doll.

3. The young gardener finally found his way to the linen-room, and great was his wrath to think his sister preferred the company of a doll to the honor of playing with him. He sprang upon his little rival, and ran with it around the room, waving it over his head.

4. But this was a subject on which Friquette would bear no jesting. She was like a lioness whose young are attacked; she chased the robber round the room, trying to frighten him with her screams, and threatening him with her sharp nails.

Friquet, on his side, was as nimble as a monkey. He leaped upon a table that stood against the linen-press, drew a chair toward him, and in less time than it takes to tell the story, stood on the top of the press, uttering a cry of victory, and rubbing the doll's nose against the ceiling.

5. Friquette was beside herself, but she did not lose her presence of mind. In the twinkling of an eye she carried off the chair, pushed away the

table, and behold! Friquet was left a prisoner on his perch, in close company with the ceiling, and unable to escape.

Seeing him at her mercy, Friquette bitterly reproached him for his conduct, and, in the warmth of her discourse, somehow let slip the fatal secret, which reduced all his gardening hopes to nothingness.

6. She had at first intended to keep this to herself, in order to see him look for flowers every day, and carefully gather out the weeds that might injure them; but the anger of little girls is apt to sweep away all calculation, however well laid it may be.

Friquet foamed with rage on learning the dreadful truth, but his enemy quitted the room, leaving him to his fate.

7. He soon gained his freedom, for he set up such a hubbub with screaming, and kicking the sides of the linen-press, that his mamma ran to him in fright, followed by the good lady who was visiting her, and who thought some terrible thing must have happened.

They both burst out laughing on seeing the bird on his perch, but by means of a step-ladder soon set him at liberty.

"What were you doing up there, my poor Friquet?" asked the old lady.

8. The child tried to speak, but shame and anger choked his voice. His mother took him on her lap, and tried to soothe him with gentle words; but he refused to speak, and ground his teeth silently with rage.

"I see that we must bring Miss Friquette," said the lady, and she set out in search of the culprit.

9. This lady was none other than the celebrated fairy, Blanchette, so called because her hair had grown white at a very early age.

The fairy possessed the gift of being able to reform naughty children. She saw at a glance all the evil, and they knew not how to resist her eye. It must be said also, that she loved them with all her heart, and this gave her a great advantage, for the most rebellious child suffers himself to be ruled by a firm will, when he feels there is love behind it. And beside, Blanchette was a fairy, which explains everything.

10. She soon appeared, holding the little girl by the hand, and set her face to face with her brother, whom she did not approach without fear.

"What have you been doing?" asked the fairy in a harsh voice.

"He took my doll and spoiled it."

"No," cried Friquet, suddenly finding his tongue; "she roasted the seeds in the oven, and then gave them to me to plant, so that nothing might grow in my garden."

"Why did you take all the tools, and rub the skin off my hand in snatching the spade from me?"

11. And the two glared at each other, looking like two cocks ready to fight.

The fairy took the little boy, and held him in the air as high as her arm could reach. Then she raised the little girl from the ground in the same manner, looking at them tenderly, after which she placed them both in their mamma's lap, and kissed her forehead.

"Farewell," she said, "be of good cheer; you will see me again in a year from this time."

Confidant. — One to whom secrets are told.

Culprit. — A person accused of crime.

Thwarted. — Opposed, defeated, crossed.

Beside herself. — Out of her wits, or senses.

Rebellious. — The opposite of obedient; in opposition to authority.

Calculation. — Intention, plan, purpose.

LXXVII.

courte-sy	troub-led	neigh-bor-ing	a-lert
re-frain	mis-chief	stead-i-ly	de-mure

MABEL ON A MIDSUMMER DAY. — Part II.

Away tripped little Mabel,
With the wheaten cake so fine,
With the new-made pot of butter,
And the little flask of wine.

And long before the sun was hot,
And the summer mist had cleared,
Beside the good old grandmother
The willing child appeared.

And all her mother's message
She told with right good will;
How that the father was away,
And the little child was ill.

And then she swept the hearth up clean,
And then the table spread;
And next she fed the dog and bird,
And then she made the bed.

"And go now," said the grandmother,
"Ten paces down the dell,

And bring in water for the day;
Thou know'st the lady-well."

The first time that good Mabel went,
Nothing at all saw she,
Except a bird, a sky-blue bird
That sat upon a tree.

The next time that good Mabel went,
There sat a lady bright
Beside the well — a lady small,
All clothed in green and white.

A courtesy low made Mabel,
And then she stopped to fill
Her pitcher at the sparkling brook,
But no drop did she spill.

"Thou art a handy maiden,"
The fairy lady said;
"Thou hast not spilled a drop, nor yet
The fair spring troubled.

"And for this thing which thou hast done,
Yet may'st not understand,
I give to thee a better gift
Than houses or than land.

"Thou shalt do well whate'er thou dost,
As thou hast done this day,
Shalt have the will and power to please,
And shalt be loved alway."

Thus having said she passed from sight,
And nought could Mabel see,
But the little bird, the sky-blue bird,
Upon the leafy tree.

"And now go," said the grandmother,
"And fetch in fagots dry,
All in the neighboring fir-wood,
Beneath the trees they lie."

Away went kind, good Mabel
Into the fir-wood near,
Where all the ground was dry and brown,
And the grass grown thin and sear.

She did not wander up and down,
Nor yet a live branch pull,
But steadily of the fallen boughs
She filled her apron full.

And when the wild wood-brownies
Came sliding to her mind,

She drove them thence, as she was told,
With home thoughts, sweet and kind.

But all the while the brownies
Within the fir-wood still,
They watched her, how she picked the wood.
And strove to do no ill.

"And oh, but she is small and neat,"
Said one; "'twere shame to spite
A creature so demure and meek,
A creature harmless quite."

"Look only," said another,
"At her little gown of blue;
At her kerchief pinned about her head,
And at her little shoe!"

"Oh, but she is a comely child,"
Said a third; "and we will lay
A good-luck penny in her path,
A boon for her this day, —
Seeing she broke no living wood,
No live thing did affray!"

With that the smallest penny,
Of the finest silver ore,

Upon the dry and slippery path,
Lay Mabel's feet before.

With joy she picked the penny up,
The fairy penny good,
And with her fagots dry and brown,
Went wandering from the wood.

"Now she has that," said the brownies,
"Let flax be ever so dear,
'Twill buy her clothes of the very best
For many and many a year!"

"And go now," said the grandmother,
"Since falling is the dew,
Go down into the lonesome glen,
And milk the mother-ewe!"

All down into the lonesome glen,
Through copses thick and wild,
Through moist, rank grass, by trickling stream,
Went on the willing child.

And when she came to the lonesome glen,
She kept beside the burn,
And neither plucked the strawberry-flower,
Nor broke the lady-fern.

And while she milked the mother-ewe,
  Within this lonesome glen,
She wished that little Amy
  Were strong and well again.

And soon as she had thought this thought,
  She heard a coming sound,
As if a thousand fairy folk
  Were gathering all around.

And then she heard a little voice,
  Shrill as the midge's wing,
That spoke aloud, "A human child
  Is here: yet mark this thing,

"The lady fern is all unbroke,
  The strawberry flower unta'en;
What shall be done for her who still
  From mischief can refrain?"

"Give her a fairy cake," said one;
  "Grant her a wish," said three;
"The latest wish that she hath wished,"
  Said all, "whate'er it be."

Kind Mabel heard the words they spoke,
  And from the lonesome glen,

Unto the good old grandmother
Went gladly back again.

Thus happened it to Mabel,
On that midsummer day,
And these three fairy blessings
She took with her away.

'Tis good to make all duty sweet,
To be alert and kind.
'Tis good, like little Mabel,
To have a willing mind.

MARY HOWITT.

Paces. — Steps in walking.
Unta'en. — Not taken.
Refrain. — To keep one's self back from doing.
Alert. — Active, lively.
Demure. — Modest, sober.
Midge. — A very delicate fly.
Comely. — Fair, graceful.
Handy. — Skilful with the hand.
Boon. — A gift.

TALES OUT OF SCHOOL.

What do you think we wrote at school to-day, mamma?

I can't think, unless you give me some clew to it. Suppose you tell me.

It was ways for a boy or girl to show courtesy or politeness. Miss M. asked us about them, and when they had all been talked over we wrote sentences. There were some ways that I never knew before.

Was it politeness to playmates or to older people?

It was to older people this time; but we are going to have a lesson on our ways to each other.

Tell me now some of the ways you talked about.

LXXVIII.

us-u-al	se-ver-i-ty	ex-per-i-ment	phys-i-ol-o-gy
jus-ti-fy	con-fess-ion	men-tioned	veg-e-ta-ble
ac-cus-ing	con-sult-ed	self-de-ni-al	ex-plan-a-tion

FRIQUET AND FRIQUETTE. — Part III.

1. As the fairy Blanchette left the room, she turned toward the children, and said, "Above all things, I forbid you to tell a word of it to any one."

Tell what? You would never guess.

Friquet looked at himself; he had on a little dress and an apron trimmed with ribbons, and golden curls were floating over his shoulders.

2. Friquette, for her part, had on a blouse, confined by a belt, and a pair of trousers; and, on putting her hand to her head, she found her cropped hair covered with a cap.

A glance into the mirror at the end of the room revealed the change. Friquet had become the little girl, and Friquette the little boy. The former opened and closed his hands, which had become small and delicate, and, finding he had lost his usual strength, he was humbled. The latter felt her brain grown duller, and was not less

humbled at the loss of her usual quickness of thought.

3. Seized with despair, they threw themselves into each other's arms, embracing the image of what each had been, but now was not; while the poor mother hoped for happier things, seeing that the fairy's charm was already beginning to take effect upon them. Without asking for an explanation of this happy change, she covered them with caresses, which timidly they returned.

4. In the meantime their papa came home to dine. He was a great scholar, who was consulted on difficult questions by people for miles around. He might have been taken for an ill-tempered man, had he not had a heart of gold, which gave his face an expression of goodness to those who knew how to read it.

5. When the good man returned at evening, his head tired with questions, the thought of the merry little faces at home made his heart warm. It again took the lead of his head, and he reached the door with a smiling face, eager to forget the work of the day. But if, on entering, as so often happened, he found sullen faces and swollen eyes, he spoke in his gruffest tones, and began to question the children with the utmost severity.

6. "Well," he said, throwing himself in his chair, on seeing that something unusual had happened, "what is the matter now?"

"Friquet has been naughty," said the little *boy*.

"No, no! Friquette has been bad," said the little *girl*.

They had forgotten, at the sight of their father, that they had changed places, and each one hastened to excuse the former tenant. This was a new thing for the father. He was not accustomed to such self-denial.

7. "Well, well," he said, "you are good children to accuse yourselves. Come, my darlings, tell me the whole story," and he took them both upon his knees.

Friquette, a boy, and Friquet, a girl, reflected in the meantime what they should do. They were forbidden to tell the real truth; and, moreover, who would have believed them?

8. They could not justify their former selves without accusing their present ones, and the accusing cry, which had been spoken by each at sight of their father, was so well received as a confession that they were encouraged to continue it.

Friquet, who had most quickness of thought since he had become the little girl, was the first to de-

cide what course to take. He told how the boy had abused his strength in the garden, and run away with the doll in the linen-room, but he took good care not to dwell on the worst features. He even mentioned some things in excuse.

9. It was really touching for those who did not know the secret of the farce, to see the sister show so much caution in blaming the brother, and the father, wonder-struck, embraced them both.

Then came Friquette's turn. As the little boy, her tongue was less ready than usual, yet she did quite well. In her gentlest voice, she told the story of the seeds, with her eyes cast down, and on looking to see if her papa was very angry, to her surprise, she saw him smiling with delight.

10. "What, you little monkey, do you know that? How did you find it out? Do you hear, my dear? Here is a child six years old, learning vegetable physiology all by herself."

"I know nothing about vegetable physiology, but I know that, at least, ten cents' worth of good seed has been wasted."

11. "No matter; we will buy some more. And, since you know so much, will you tell me how many degrees of heat were needed to make your experiment succeed?"

This, Friquet did not know. He had gained all his sister's wit, but not all that was stored in her memory.

"See," he said, "you have frightened the poor child. I am sure she knows."

"Friquette had heard that it needed two hundred and twelve degrees," said the little boy.

12. "Do you hear?" said their papa; "they both know. You are two darling children; let me kiss you."

Never was there a happier father, and no more was said about the quarrels of the day.

By degrees, Friquet and Friquette grew familiar with their new positions. The next morning their parents' eyes filled with tears of joy, to see their boy digging up Friquette's piece of ground, and their little girl bending over Friquet's bed, carefully planting new seeds.

13. And what was begun through selfishness soon became so pleasant that they continued it through kindness.

The boy employed his strength for his sister, and the girl her wit for her brother, and each was as happy in the doing as in the receiving. They forgot which was Friquet and which Friquette, and when the fairy Blanchette came at the end of

the year to set things straight again, neither seemed to care for it, for they had but one heart between them.

14. The mother told the good fairy what joy they had in their children, and what a paradise was their home.

"But what was it," she said, "that you did when you raised them from the ground?"

"I taught them to live in each other's lives, and place their happiness outside themselves in being kind to others. It is not difficult. Every one can do the same."

JEAN MACE.

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Was consulted. — His advice was sought, or his knowledge questioned.

Experiment. — Act performed to discover or test some truth.

Paradise. — A blessed place.

Explanation. — A description, or statement, given to make a thing clear.

Vegetable. — Belonging to plant-life.

Physiology. — The science of life in animals and plants.

Severity. — Harshness, sternness.

READING REVIEW. — For Expression.

Practise upon the following selected paragraphs: —

Lesson	LXII.,	paragraphs	1, 2, 3.
"	LXIII.,	"	4, 5, 6.
"	LXVII.,	"	8, 9, 10.
"	LXXIII.,	"	5–12.
"	LXXIV.,	"	2, 3.
"	LXXVI.,	"	10, 11.

LXXIX.

le-gend *or* leg-end mil-dew dwind-ling Cal-don

THE FAIRIES OF CALDON LOW.

[A MIDSUMMER LEGEND.]

"And where have you been, my Mary,
And where have you been from me?"—
"I have been to the top of the Caldon Low,
The midsummer night to see!"

"And what did you see, my Mary,
All up on the Caldon Low?" —
"I saw the glad sunshine come down,
And I saw the merry winds blow."

"And what did you hear, my Mary,
All up on the Caldon hill?" —
"I heard the drops of the water made,
And the ears of the green corn fill."

"O! tell me all, my Mary —
All, all that ever you know;
For you must have seen the fairies
Last night on the Caldon Low."

"Then take me on your knee, mother;
And listen, mother of mine:

A hundred fairies danced last night,
And the harpers they were nine;

"And their harp-strings rung so merrily
To their dancing feet so small;
But oh! the words of their talking
Were merrier far than all."

"And what were the words, my Mary,
That then you heard them say?"—
"I'll tell you all, my mother;
But let me have my way.

"Some of them played with the water,
And rolled it down the hill;
'And this,' they said, 'shall speedily turn
The poor old miller's mill;

"'For there has been no water
Ever since the first of May;
And a busy man will the miller be
At dawning of the day.

"'Oh! the miller, how he will laugh
When he sees the mill-dam rise!
The jolly old miller, how he will laugh
Till the tears fill both his eyes!'

"And some they seized the little winds
That sounded over the hill;
And each put a horn into his mouth,
And blew both loud and shrill:

"'And there,' they said, 'the merry winds go
Away from every horn;
And they shall clear the mildew dank
From the blind old widow's corn.

"'Oh! the poor blind widow,
Though she has been blind so long,
She'll be blithe enough when the mildew's gone
And the corn stands tall and strong.'

"And some they brought the brown lintseed,
And flung it down from the Low;
'And this,' they said, 'by the sunrise,
In the weaver's croft shall grow.

"'Oh! the poor, lame weaver,
How will he laugh outright
When he sees his dwindling flax-field
All full of flowers by night!'

"And then outspoke a brownie,
With a long beard on his chin;
'I have spun up all the tow,' said he,
'And I want some more to spin.

"'I've spun a piece of hempen cloth,
And I want to spin another;
A little sheet for Mary's bed,
And an apron for her mother.'

"With that I could not help but laugh,
And I laughed out loud and free;
And then on the top of the Caldon Low
There was no one left but me.

"And all on the top of the Caldon Low
The mists were cold and gray;
And nothing I saw but the mossy stones,
That round about me lay.

"But coming down from the hill-top,
I heard afar below
How busy the jolly miller was,
And how the wheel did go.

"And I peeped into the widow's field,
And, sure enough, were seen

The yellow ears of the mildewed corn,
All standing stout and green.

"And down by the weaver's croft I stole,
To see if the flax were sprung;
And I met the weaver at his gate
With the good news on his tongue.

"Now this is all I heard, mother,
And all that I did see:
So prithee, make my bed, mother,
For I'm tired as I can be."

MARY HOWITT.

Dank. — Wet, moist.
Lintseed. — The seed of flax.
Croft. — A fenced field used as a pasture, or planted.
Brownie. — A fairy, who was supposed to do useful work about a house sometimes while people were sleeping.
Mildew. — A coating found on decaying vegetable substances, and caused by dampness.
Legend. — A story containing some marvel, or thing of great interest.
Dwindling. — Growing less; wasting away.

FOR STUDY.

At midsummer we have the longest day and the shortest night. It comes on the twenty-first of June. Tell for how long a time there had been no rain.

What were the three special things that the fairies had done? Give their report in your own words.

Tell also what Mary found on coming down.

LXXX.

hor-i-zon	re-gion	au-ro-ra	bo-re-al-is
ma-chines	fur-nished	ex-change	Es-qui-maux

THE FROZEN ZONE.

1. In the region of the north pole are countries where winter lasts nearly all the year. The few people who live in this frozen zone are scattered about over a large country. They do not build houses. They keep shut up the most of the year. They have no fields of corn, no machines to work with, and no books to read. No great nations are found in the frozen zone. It is almost too cold to live.

2. In the winter these poor people cannot see the sun for many weeks. This is not on account of clouds, but because the sun does not come above the horizon — the place where earth and sky seem to meet. Can you think of a place where the stars keep on shining as if it were night?

How strange it would be to miss the sun!

3. They have in the sky, however, a grander sight than we have ever seen. There are times when the heavens are full of lights that dance about, or form a beautiful arch overhead. They

are so bright as almost to dazzle the eyes. Some of them are red, some yellow, and some purple; indeed, there are all the colors of the rainbow.

4. It seems as if they came to cheer the poor people who live there. By the shining of these lights and of the stars, which shine more brightly in these cold countries than anywhere else, the people can see to move about, and even to work.

The name of these lights is *Aurora Borealis*, or, if they have a wavy motion, they are called *The Merry Dancers*.

5. In one part of the frozen zone are people called *Esquimaux*. They would look to us like stout boys with old faces, for they do not grow tall like men we know.

They dress themselves warmly in furs and skins, and in winter make huts of frozen snow, unless they can find wood that has drifted to their shores.

6. The snow hut is very clean and white when it is new, and it keeps hard all winter. If the vessel of oil, that is used for both a lamp and a stove by floating little lighted wicks in it, makes the hut so warm that it drips a little, the owner has only to take a fresh piece of snow and mend it.

7. A cooking-pot hangs over the lamp, but the Esquimaux does not always care to have his meat cooked. He likes it quite as well raw.

When the short summer comes, and the hut begins to melt, he is glad to exchange it for a tent.

8. Wherever man can live, there some animal makes his home. The fierce white bear lives on the ice of these polar regions, and the seal is found about its shores.

The bear furnishes the Esquimaux with soft, warm fur, and the skin of the seal makes his coat, his cap, and his shoes.

9. Besides these there are the great Esquimaux dogs, which take the place of a horse to him. For horses could not live in this land. There is nothing for them to eat, and there are no roads for them to travel upon.

The dogs help him in hunting, too, for they like nothing better than running down the white bear. If a driver wishes his dogs to go faster, he cries "Nannook!" Nannook is the name given, in that country, to the fierce white bear.

Zone. — A section of the earth. The zone here meant is the most northern part of the earth — around the north pole.

Aurora Borealis, also called **Northern Lights.** — Aurora means *bright* or *golden*, like the dawn of day, and Borealis means *northern*.

LXXXI.

o-bliged mos-qui-toes suf-fi-cient har-nessed

THE BUSY LITTLE LAPPS.

1. There is another tribe of busy little people who live in the frozen zone, and are seldom seen elsewhere.

They do not live in huts as the Esquimaux do They are obliged to wander up and down the country; so they pitch tents, which they can move about as they like.

2. They are called *Lapps*, which is a short word for Laplander. Lapland is the name of the country where they live.

The reason why the Lapp moves about so much is because of a very useful animal, which is his chief wealth. The animal is the reindeer. He is a very restless creature, and does not seem at all to mind the cold.

3. In summer the mosquitoes, which are very large and fierce in that country, bite him, and he is glad to run up the mountains to escape them.

Then his master follows and sets up his tent.

4. When winter comes, and the mosquitoes go

away, the Lapp drives his reindeer down to the plain, and again sets up his tent.

5. You would not think the tent a very comfortable place to live. The door is so small that you can hardly get in through it, and the smoke of the fire goes out at a hole in the top — but not till it has blackened all the faces and hurt the eyes.

6. There are neither lamps nor candles. The people think the fire-light is sufficient. They sleep and sit upon skins spread upon the floor. Their stove is a circle of stones, and they learn the time by looking at the sun. How many things the little Lapp has to do without!

7. But he is happy and contented. If he has a herd of reindeer, he thinks he is a rich man.

In winter, when the wild fowl have flown away, and the sea is too frozen to let him catch fish, he goes to his herd of reindeer and kills one of them.

8. This is as good to him as beef or mutton is to us. Every morning and night some of the reindeer are milked. The milk is thicker and nicer than that of the cow, and the Lapp wife makes cheese of what they do not need of it to drink. She does not provide butter for her family.

9. When the reindeer is killed, his warm skin makes a coat or rug for his master, or whatever garment any of the family may need, so that the reindeer may be said to both feed and clothe his owners.

10. Besides this, he is harnessed to a sledge by a strap and guided by a cord around his horns, so that his master, drawn by his faithful reindeer, may ride miles away. The reindeer, like his master, seems quite content with his life. He wants nothing to eat but the moss that grows upon the ground.

11. In winter, when it is so cold that you could not stand out in it a minute without freezing, the reindeer will go about turning up the frozen snow to find the moss. He has no stable or shelter of any kind, but he will not suffer much, for God has fitted him for the life he lives.

Mosquito. — There are several different species of this little insect. The larvæ grow under water, and the insects are most common in marshy land. They make a wound in order to suck blood.

The **Reindeer** is known from other deer by its size and its branching horns. It is a strong, patient, willing animal, like the cow or ox, but it travels much more rapidly.

LXXXII.

moun-tain-ous	bod-ice	an-cient	vol-ca-noes
ad-van-tage	in-tel-li-gent	sul-phur	ma-te-ri-als
quan-ti-ties	cul-ti-vated	wal-rus	com-plete

ICELAND AND GREENLAND.

1. Iceland, though not so cold as Lapland, is a very cold country except in the short summers. There are valleys which are cultivated, but the most of the island is either too mountainous or too rocky.

2. The most singular fact about the country is that though there is ice at the top of the ground, there is fire beneath.

Very long ago it was not uncommon for this fire to send out burning rock called lava from an opening, or crater, at the top of the mountains. There is but one of these volcanoes now, and it has been quiet for a long time.

3. The fire, however, has not died out. People tell us that if they put their ears close to the ground, the hissing of steam and a rumbling sound can be distinctly heard. Fire and water are meeting together, and when this heated water finds a place where it can escape, it spouts up like a fountain.

4. It is sometimes so hot that a kettle would boil over it. Travellers always go to see these hot springs. Indeed, many people go to Iceland every year to visit them. They are called geysers, which is a good name for them, since it means to spout or rage.

5. The people take advantage of the smaller hot springs, if the water is pure, and wash their clothes in them; but many of them are mixed with sulphur, which leaves a stain and smell.

6. The Icelanders live mostly by the seaside in order to get their living by catching fish. They have wooden houses with bright painted doors and green shutters. Those who are rich have larger and better houses with windows, but the materials have to be brought from other countries, as there are no forests in Iceland now, and very few shops where work can be done.

7. An Iceland lady wears a scarlet bodice, a

blue cloth petticoat, and a ruff of red and blue about her neck. She will have silver chains in her hair and a curious high head-dress with a bright handkerchief at the top.

8. Garden vegetables are raised in the valleys but no corn grows. Herds of sheep graze on the hillside, and the women spend the long winter evenings in spinning the wool and weaving it for their clothes, or in knitting gloves and stockings.

9. Another source of wealth to the Icelander is the down from the *eider* duck. It is of great value for warm, light quilts. The Iceland woman has only to gather the down, for the bird pulls it herself from her own breast to line her nest and make a bed for her young ducklings.

10. The nests are very close together, and when the bird is away, the people come and take the down. The bird comes back and finds it gone, and sets herself at work to pull some more.

11. Fortunately she has so thick a plumage that she does not suffer greatly from the loss, or if she does, her mate will pull some of his. Yet I do not think the ducks like the treatment very well. As soon as the little ducks can swim, they all go away, and are not seen again till the next year.

12. There are but few schools in Iceland, yet the

people are very intelligent. In the poorest cottages the children are taught to read; and if they have fewer books than you, those that they have are of the best kind, and the people know them well.

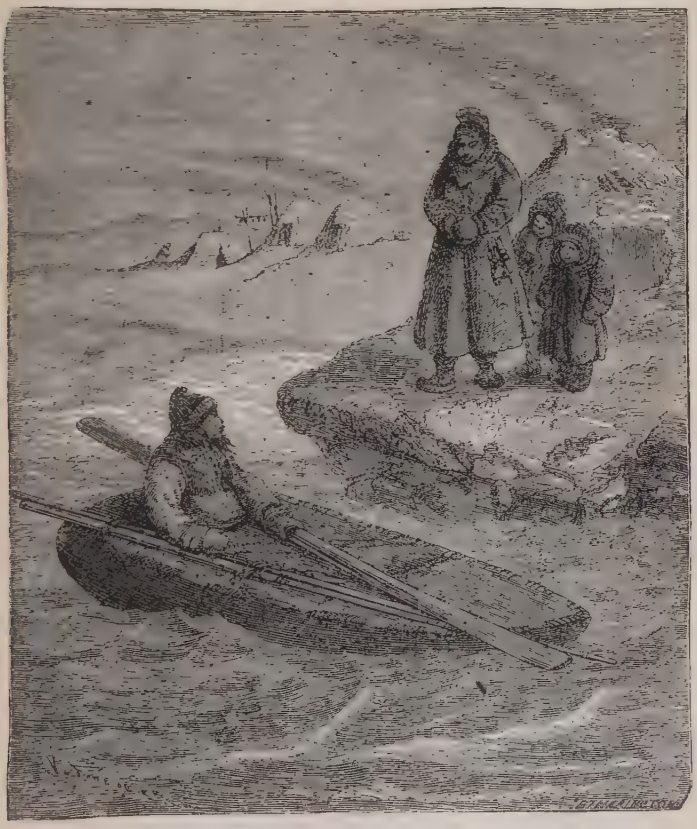
13. Very charming stories are told to the children. They are of things that are said to have happened in the ancient times when nobles first came from Norway to settle the country. They worshipped the gods that they supposed were in the sun, the wind, the storm, the volcano, and the earthquake, and told the mighty things they did. The people are Christians now, but these stories have in them much that is beautiful and true of the great God who is to be seen in all His works.

14. The stories of the Frozen Zone would not be complete without some notice of Greenland.

The Greenlander has a round house made of great stones. It has separate apartments, and several families live in one house. The houses have windows, but very little air is let in; and you creep into the house through a dark, narrow passage. A little wood is thrown on shore by the sea, and is saved with great care for the roofs of houses.

15. The lamp is used for a stove as it is among the Esquimaux.

They have no reindeer milk, for the reindeer runs wild, but they hunt it for the sake of its flesh.



The animals on which they most depend are the seal, the whale, and the walrus.

16. Great quantities of oil are sent to other countries in exchange for things that the Greenlander is glad to obtain, and the oil of these animals is much needed.

The seal and walrus come on shore and rest upon the banks. They feel safer, however, in the water and do not go far away from it.

The whale or walrus fisher has a boat of whalebone so covered with the skin of the seal as to fit tightly about his body. He has made the boat himself, as the Esquimaux did his sledge, out of whalebone, and covered it with skin from the seal.

If the weather is ever so stormy, he does not mind. If a wave knocks him over, he can soon right himself with his paddle.

Seal. — An animal living on the shores of cold countries. Its head and neck are shaped like those of the cat or dog, and it has short forepaws, but the rest of the body is shaped like that of a fish. It spends the most of its time in the water, but does not breathe like the fish.

Walrus. — A creature like the seal but having two long ivory tusks and living less on shore.

LXXXIII.

duf-fel	pot-tage	al-lur-ing	waist-coats
smoth-er	light-some	en-dur-ing	shel-tered

GOODY BLAKE AND HARRY GILL. — Part I.

[A TRUE STORY.]

Oh! what's the matter? what's the matter?
What is't that ails young Harry Gill,
That evermore his teeth they chatter,
Chatter, chatter, chatter still?
Of waistcoats Harry has no lack,
Good duffel gray, and flannel fine;
He has a blanket on his back,
And coats enough to smother nine.

In March, December, and in July,
'Tis all the same with Harry Gill;
The neighbors tell, and tell you truly,
His teeth they chatter, chatter still.
At night, at morning, and at noon,
'Tis all the same with Harry Gill;
Beneath the sun, beneath the moon,
His teeth they chatter, chatter still.

Young Harry was a lusty drover,
And who so stout of limb as he?
His cheeks were red as ruddy clover;

His voice was like the voice of three.
Old Goody Blake was old and poor;
Ill fed she was and thinly clad;
And any man who passed her door
Might see how poor a hut she had.

All day she spun in her poor dwelling:
And then her three hours' work at night,
Alas! 'twas hardly worth the telling,
It would not pay for candle-light.
Remote from sheltered village green,
On a hill's northern side she dwelt,
Where from sea-blasts the hawthorns lean,
And hoary dews are slow to melt.

By the same fire to boil their pottage,
Two poor old dames, as I have known,
Will often live in one small cottage;
But she, poor woman! housed alone.
'Twas well enough when summer came,
The long, warm, lightsome summer day,
Then at her door the canty dame
Would sit, as any linnet gay.

But when the ice our streams did fetter,
Oh, then how her old bones would shake!
You would have said, if you had met her,

'Twas a hard time for Goody Blake.
Her evenings then were dull and dead:
Sad case it was, as you may think,
For very cold to go to bed,
And then for cold not sleep a wink.

O joy for her! whene'er in winter
The winds at night had made a rout;
And scattered many a lusty splinter
And many a rotten bough about.
Yet never had she, well or sick,
As every man who knew her says,
A pile beforehand, turf or stick,
Enough to warm her for three days.

Now, when the frost was past enduring,
And made her poor old bones to ache,
Could anything be more alluring
Than an old hedge to Goody Blake?
And now and then, it must be said,
When her old bones were cold and chill,
She left her fire, or left her bed,
To seek the hedge of Harry Gill.

Remote. — Distant; far.
Duffel. — A woolen cloth with a thick nap.
Hoary dews. — Frost.
Pottage. — A soup with vegetables.
Canty. — Blithe, good-humored.
Alluring. — Attracting, tempting.
Enduring. — Bearing. "Past enduring," means more than she was able to bear.

LXXXIV.

de-tect-ed	fierce-ly	with-ered	seize
ven-geance	case-ment	com-plain-ing	knees

GOODY BLAKE AND HARRY GILL. — Part II.

Now Harry he had long suspected
This trespass of old Goody Blake;
And vowed that she should be detected —
That he on her would vengeance take;
And oft from his warm fire he'd go,
And to the fields his road would take;
And there, at night, in frost and snow,
He watched to seize old Goody Blake.

And once behind a rick of barley,
Thus looking out did Harry stand:
The moon was full and shining clearly,
And crisp with frost the stubble land.
— He hears a noise — he's all awake —
Again! — on tiptoe down the hill
He softly creeps — 'tis Goody Blake;
She's at the hedge of Harry Gill!

Right glad was he when he beheld her;
Stick after stick did Goody pull:
He stood behind a bush of elder,

Till she had fill'd her apron full.
When with her load she turned about,
The by-way back again to take;
He started forward with a shout,
And sprang upon poor Goody Blake.

And fiercely by the arm he took her,
And by the arm he held her fast,
And fiercely by the arm he shook her,
And cried, "I've caught you then at last!"
Then Goody, who had nothing said,
Her bundle from her lap let fall,
And kneeling on the sticks she prayed
To God that is the judge of all.

She prayed, her withered hand uprearing,
While Harry held her by the arm —
"God, who art never out of hearing,
O may he never more be warm!"
The cold, cold moon above her head,
Thus on her knees did Goody pray;
Young Harry heard what she had said,
And icy cold he turned away.

He went complaining all the morrow
That he was cold and very chill:
His face was gloom, his heart was sorrow,

Alas! that day for Harry Gill!
That day he wore a riding coat,
But not a whit the warmer he:
Another was on Thursday bought;
And ere the Sabbath he had three.

'Twas all in vain, a useless matter,
And blankets were about him pinned:
Yet still his jaws and teeth they chatter,
Like a loose casement in the wind.
And Harry's flesh it fell away,
And all who see him say 'tis plain
That, live as long as live he may,
He never will be warm again.

No word to any man he utters,
Abed or up, to young or old;
But ever to himself he mutters,
"Poor Harry Gill is very cold!"
Abed or up, by night or day,
His teeth they chatter, chatter still.
Now think, ye farmers all, I pray,
Of Goody Blake and Harry Gill!

W. WORDSWORTH.

Trespass. — Going to some one else's grounds without leave.
Detected. — Found out, discovered doing a wrong.
Uprearing. — Lifting up.
Casement. — Window that opens on hinges; window case, or frame.

LXXXV.

be-tray sig-nal gov-ern-or rev-o-lu-tion

THE TRUTH-TELLER.

1. In the year 1777, in the war of the Revolution, a governor, whose name was Griswold, found himself in danger of being seized by the king's soldiers, and took shelter in a farm-house, which was the home of a relative. While hidden there, he heard that a band of soldiers was on the road with orders to search the farm and seize him.

2. Griswold thought he would try to reach a small stream with deep banks on each side, where he had left a boat which the passers-by could not see. In great haste he went out of the house to go through an orchard, where he found a young girl, about twelve years old, with her dog. They were watching some long pieces of linen cloth which lay around, stretched out in the sun to bleach.

3. Hetty was on a bank with her knitting, and near her was a pail of water, from which she sprinkled the cloth now and then, to keep it damp. She started up when a man leaped over the fence,

but she soon saw it was her cousin, Governor Griswold.

4. "Hetty," he said, "I shall lose my life unless I can get to the boat before the soldiers come. You see where the roads part, close by the orchard; I want you to run down towards the shore and meet the soldiers, who are sure to ask for me, and tell them that I have gone up the road to catch the mail-cart."

5. *Hetty.* "But, cousin, how can I say so?—it would not be true. Oh, why did you tell me which way you were going?"

Griswold. "Would you betray me, Hetty, and see me put to death? Hark! they are coming. I hear the clink of the horses' feet: tell them I have gone up the road, and Heaven will bless you."

6. *Hetty.* "Those who speak false words will never be happy; but they shall not make me tell which way you go, even if they kill me—so run as fast as you can."

Griswold. "It is too late to run. Where can I hide myself?"

7. *Hetty.* "Be quick, cousin, come down and lie under this cloth; I will throw it over you and go on sprinkling the linen."

Griswold. "I will come down, for it is my last chance."

8. He was soon hidden under the heavy folds of the long cloth. In a few minutes a party of horse-soldiers dashed along the road. An officer saw the girl, and called out to her in a loud voice —

"Have you seen a man run by this way?"

Hetty. "Yes, sir."

9. *Officer.* "Which way did he go?"

Hetty. "I promised not to tell, sir."

Officer. "But you must tell me this instant, or it will be worse for you."

Hetty. "I will not tell, for I must keep my word."

"Let me speak, for I think I know the child," said a man who was guide to the party.

10. *Guide.* "Is your name Hetty Marvin?"

Hetty. "Yes, sir."

Guide. "Perhaps the man who ran past you was your cousin?"

Hetty. "Yes, sir, he was."

Guide. "Well, we wish to speak with him; what did he say to you when he came by?"

Hetty. "He told me that he had to run to save his life."

11. *Guide.* "Just so; that was quite true. I

hope he will not have far to run. Where was he going to hide himself?"

Hetty. "My cousin said that he would go to the river to find a boat, and he wanted me to tell the men in search of him that he had gone the other way to meet the mail-cart."

12. *Guide.* "You are a good girl, Hetty, and we know you speak the truth. What did your cousin say when he heard that you could not tell a lie to save his life?"

Hetty. "He said, 'Would I betray him and see him put to death?'"

Guide. "And you said you would not tell, if you were killed for it?"

Poor Hetty's tears fell fast, as she said, "Yes, sir."

13. *Guide.* "Those were brave words, and I suppose he thanked you, and ran down the road as fast as he could?"

Hetty. "I promised not to tell which way he went, sir."

Guide. "Oh, yes — I forgot; but tell me his last words, and I will not trouble you any more."

14. *Hetty.* "He said, 'I will come down, for it is my last chance.'"

Hetty was now in great fear; she sobbed aloud,

and hid her face in her apron. The soldiers thought they had got all they wanted to know, and rode off to the river-side.

15. While Griswold lay hid at the farm he had agreed upon a signal with his boatmen, that if in trouble he would put a white cloth by day, or a light at night, in the attic window of his hiding-place, and when either signal was seen, the men were to be on the watch ready to help him in case of need. No sooner did the soldiers ride away than Griswold's friends in the house hung out a white cloth from the window, to warn the boatmen, who pulled out to sea, when they saw the red coats of the soldiers as they dashed along the river-side.

16. The boat, with two men in it, was nearly out of sight by the time the soldiers got to the shore, and this caused them to think that Griswold had made his escape.

Meantime he lay safe and quiet until the time came for Hetty to go home to supper. Then he bade her ask her mother to put the signal-lamp in the window as soon as it grew dark, and send him some clothes and food. The signal was seen, the boat came back, and Griswold made his way to it in safety.

17. In better days, when the war was over, he named his first child Hetty Marvin, that he might daily think of the brave young cousin whose sense and truthfulness had saved his life.

MISS CROMPTON.

Revolution. — The word used by Americans to indicate the war by which they gained their freedom from British rule.

Signal. — A sign which has been agreed upon to give notice of danger or occurrence at a distance.

Betray. — To deliver into the hands of an enemy. To violate the confidence of one who trusted.

LXXXVI.

vic-to-ry	Eu-gene	here-a-bout	plow-share
riv-u-let	Wil-hel-mine	ex-pect-ant	Marl-bro'

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

It was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he, before his cottage door,
Was sitting in the sun;
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,

That he, beside the rivulet,
In playing there had found;
She ran to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;

And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh,
"'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
"Who fell in the great victory.

"I find them in my garden, for
There's many hereabout;
And often when I go to plow,
The plowshare turns them out;
For many thousand men," said he,
"Were slain in that great victory."

"Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
Young Peterkin he cries,
And little Wilhelmine looks up,
With wonder-waiting eyes:
"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they killed each other for."

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,
"Who put the French to rout,
But what they killed each other for,
I could not well make out.
But everybody said," quoth he,
"That 'twas a famous victory.

"My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by;
They burned his cottage to the ground,
And he was forced to fly;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

"With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a tender mother then,
And new-born baby died.
But things like that you know must be
At every famous victory.

"They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won,
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun.
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

"Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,
And our good Prince Eugene."
"Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!"
Said little Wilhelmine.

"Nay, nay, my little girl," quoth he,
"It was a *famous victory.*

"And everybody praised the duke,
Who this great fight did win."
"But what good came of it at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin.
"Why, that I cannot tell," said he;
"But 'twas a *famous victory.*"

SOUTHEY.

Blenheim. — A battle fought in 1704, at Blenheim, in Bavaria, in which the Duke of Marlborough, a great English general, and Prince Eugene of Savoy, defeated the French and Bavarians.
Sported. — Played.
Rivulet. — A little stream.
Expectant. — Expecting, waiting.
Many thousand. — 36,000 were killed or wounded.
Wonder-waiting. — Waiting to hear something wonderful.
Rout. — Defeat.
Quoth he. — Said he.

LXXXVII.

pre-vent-ed	en-gag-ing	an-nounced	vig-or-ous-ly
ac-cus-tomed	feath-er-ing	mys-ter-y	po-lice-man

OUR DANDIE. — Part I.

1. A very long dog is Dandie, with short bits of legs, nice close-hanging ears, hair as strong and rough as the brush you use for your hair, and a

face — well, some say it is ugly; I myself, and all my friends, think it is most engaging.

2. It is partly hidden with bonny soft locks of an amber or golden hue; but push those locks aside, and you will see nothing in the beautiful dark hazel eyes but love and fun: for Dandie is

full of fun. Oh, how she does enjoy a run with the children!

3. On the road she goes feathering here, there, and everywhere. Her legs are hardly straight, you must understand — the legs of few Dandies are, for they are so accustomed to creep down drains, and into all sorts of holes, and go scraping here and scraping there that their feet and fore-legs turn at last something like a mole's.

4. Dandie was not always the gentle, loving creature she is now, and this is the reason I am writing her story. Here, then, is how I came by Dandie. I was sitting in my study one morning writing, as usual, when a carriage stopped at the door, and presently a friend was announced.

5. "Why, Dawson, my boy," I cried, getting up to greet him, "what wind blew you all the way here?"

"Not a good one, by any means," said Dawson; "I came to see you about something."

"Well, well, sit down and tell me about it. I hope your sister is not ill."

"Well," he replied absently, "I think I've done all for the best; though that policeman nearly had her. But she left her mark upon him. Ha! ha!"

6. I began to think my friend was going out of his mind. "Dawson," I said, "what have you done with her?"

"She's outside in the carriage," replied Dawson.

7. I jumped up to ring the bell, saying, "Why, Dawson, pray have the young lady in. It is cruel to leave her by herself."

Dawson jumped up, too, and placing his hand on my arm, prevented me from touching the bell-rope.

8. "No, no!" he cried, "pray do not think of it. She would bite you, tear you, rend you. Oh, she is a *vixen*." This last word he pronounced with great emphasis, sinking once more into the chair, and, gazing absently at the fire, he added, "And still I love her, good little thing!"

9. I now felt quite sorry for Dawson. A moment ago I merely *thought* he was out of his mind, now I felt perfectly sure of it.

There was a few minutes' silence; and then my friend rushed to the window exclaiming, "There, there! She's at it again! She has got the cab-man by the coat-tails, and she'll eat her way through him in five minutes, if I don't go."

10. Out he ran; and I followed, more puzzled than ever. There in the carriage was no young lady at all, but only the dear little Dandie whose story I am writing. She was busily engaged in tearing the driver's blue coat into strips, and growling all the while most vigorously. She quieted down, however, as soon as she saw her master, jumped into his arms, and began to lick his face.

11. So the mystery was cleared up. Half an hour afterward I was persuaded to become the owner of that savage Dandie, and Dawson had

kissed her and left, lighter in heart than when he had come.

Engaging. — Winning, attractive.
Bonny. — Nice, pretty.
Feathering. — Frisking.
Dandie, or *Dandie Dinmont.* — A breed of dogs (see illustration), so called from a Scotch farmer of that name in Sir Walter Scott's novel, "Waverley."
Announced. — A servant showed him in.
Absently. — As though thinking of something else.
Vixen. — A female fox; used here to mean an ill-tempered creature.
Emphasis. — Stress laid on a word or words in speaking.

LXXXVIII.

blithe-some heaven-ward as-pir-ing el-e-ment

THE FOUNTAIN.

Into the sunshine,
Full of the light,
Leaping and flashing
From morn till night!

Into the moonlight,
Whiter than snow,
Waving so flower-like
When the winds blow!

Into the starlight,
Rushing in spray,

Happy at midnight,
  Happy by day!

Ever in motion,
  Blithesome and cheery,
Still climbing heavenward,
  Never aweary;

Glad of all weathers,
  Still seeming best,
Upward and downward,
  Motion thy rest;

Full of a nature
  Nothing can tame,
Changed every moment,
  Ever the same;

Ceaseless aspiring,
  Ceaseless content,
Darkness or sunshine
  Thy element;

Glorious fountain!
  Let my heart be
Fresh, changeful, constant,
  Upward like thee.

J. R. Lowell.

Aspiring. — Eager to rise higher. | **Blithesome.** — Gay, mirthful.

LXXXIX.

vi-cious	neg-lect-ed	dis-suade	sit-u-a-tion
re-plen-ish	pe-cul-iar	con-sid-ered	de-ter-mined

OUR DANDIE.—Part II.

1. I set aside one of the best barrel kennels for her, had a quantity of nice dry straw placed in it, and gave her two dishes, one to be filled daily with pure, clean water — without which, remember, no dog can be healthy — and the other to hold her food.

2. Now, I am not afraid of any dog. I have owned scores in my time, and by treating them gently and firmly I always managed to subdue even the most vicious among them, and get them to love me. But I must confess that this Dandie was the most savage animal that I had ever met.

3. When I went to take her dish away next morning, to wash and replenish it, only my own quickness in beating a retreat prevented my legs from being savagely bitten. I then tried to remove the dish with the stable broom. Alas for the broom! Howling and growling with passion, with flashing eyes and glistening teeth, she tore it in pieces, and then attacked the handle. But

I succeeded in feeding her, after which she was more quiet.

4. Now, dogs, to keep them in health, need daily exercise, and I determined Dandie should not want that, wild though she seemed to be. There was another scene when I went to unloose her; and I found the only chance of doing so was to treat her as they do wild bulls in some parts of the country.

5. I got a hook and attached it to the end of a pole of the same length as the chain. I could then keep her at a safe distance. And thus for a whole week I had to lead her out for exercise. I missed no chance of making friends with her, and in a fortnight's time I could both take her dish without a broom, and lead her out without the pole.

6. She was still the vixen, however, which her former master had called her. When she was presented with a biscuit, she wouldn't think of eating it before she had had her own peculiar game with it. She would lay it against the back of the barrel, and pretend not to see it, then suddenly she would look round, fly at it, growling and yelping with rage, and shake it as she would a rat.

7. Into such a perfect fury and frenzy did she work herself during her battle with the biscuit, that sometimes, on hearing her chain rattle, she would

seize and shake it savagely. At these times, I have often seen her bite her tail because it dared to wag — bite it till the blood sprang, then with a howl of pain bite it again and again. At last I made up my mind to feed her only on soft food, and this I have since done.

8. Poor Dandie had now been with us many months, and as she was almost always chained, her life, upon the whole, was by no means a happy one.

Her hair, too, got matted, and she looked so morose and dirty, that the thought occurred to my wife and me that she would be much better dead. I considered the matter in all its bearings for fully half an hour, and then suddenly jumped up from my chair.

9. "What *are* you going to do?" asked my wife.

"I'm going to wash Dandie; wash her, comb out all her mats, dry her, and brush her, for, do you know, I feel guilty of having neglected her."

10. My wife, in terror, tried to dissuade me. But my mind was made up, and shortly after so was Dandie's bed — of clean dry straw in a warm loft above the stable. "Firmly and kindly does it," I had said to myself as I seized the vixen by the nape of the neck, and in spite of her efforts to rend

any part of my person she could lay hold of, I popped her into the tub.

11. Vixen, did I say? She was popped into the tub a vixen, but I soon found I had tamed the shrew, and after she was rinsed in cold water, well dried, combed, and brushed, the poor little thing jumped on my knee and kissed me. Then I took her for a run — a thing one ought never to neglect after washing a dog. And you wouldn't have known Dandie now, so beautiful did she look.

12. Dandie is still alive. She lies at my feet as I write, a living example of the power of kindness. She loves us all, and will let my sister, wife, or little niece do anything with her, but she is still most viciously savage to nearly all strangers. She is the best watchdog I ever possessed, and a terror to tramps.

13. She is wise, too, this Dandie of mine, for when walking out with any one of my relations, she is as gentle as a lamb, and will let anyone fondle her. She may thus be safely taken with us when making calls upon friends, but very few indeed of those friends dare go near her when in her own garden or kennel.

14. We have been well rewarded for our kindness to Dandie, for though her usual residence by day

is her barrel, and by night with the other dogs, she is often taken into the house, and in spite of our being in a somewhat lonely situation, she becomes a parlor boarder whenever I go from home for the night, and I feel easy in my mind because *Dandie is in the house.*

GORDON STABLES

Scores. — The number 20 is a score, as 12 is a dozen.
Subdue. — Conquer.
Beating a retreat. — Escaping. A drum is *beaten* to order soldiers to *retreat* or go back.
Replenish. — Fill again.
Glistening. — Shining.
Peculiar. — Belonging only to one person or thing.
Frenzy. — Frantic rage.
Morose. — Sullen.
In all its bearings. — On all sides.
Shrew. — An ill-tempered female.
Parlor boarder. — One who lives and takes meals with a family.
Presented with a biscuit. — A biscuit or cracker, as it is often called, was given to her.

XC.

fierce	fash-ioned	cour-a-geous	weap-ons
wield	smoul-dered	hand-i-work	car-nage

TUBAL CAIN.

Old Tubal Cain was a man of might
In the days when earth was young;
By the fierce red light of his furnace bright
The strokes of his hammer rung;
And he lifted high his brawny hand
On the iron growing clear,

Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers
As he fashioned the sword and spear.
And he sang, — Hurrah for my handiwork!
Hurrah for the spear and sword!

Hurrah for the hand that shall wield them well,
For he shall be king and lord!"

To Tubal Cain came many a one,
As he wrought by his glowing fire,
And each one prayed for a strong steel blade,
As the crown of his desire.

And he made them weapons, sharp and strong,
Till they shouted loud for glee,
And gave him gifts of pearls and gold,
And spoils of the forest free.
And they sang, — "Hurrah for Tubal Cain,
Who hath given us strength anew!
Hurrah for the smith! Hurrah for the fire!
Hurrah for the metal true!"

But a sudden change came o'er his heart,
Ere the setting of the sun;
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain
For the evil he had done.
He saw that men, with rage and hate,
Made war upon their kind;
That the land was red with the blood they shed
In their lust for carnage blind.
And he said, — "Alas! that I ever made,
Or that skill of mine should plan
The spear and sword for men whose joy
Is to slay their fellowman!"

And for many a day old Tubal Cain
Sat brooding o'er his woe;
And his hand forebore to smite the ore,
And his furnace smouldered low.

But he rose at last with a cheerful face,
And a bright courageous eye,
And bared his strong right arm for work,
While the quick flames mounted high.
And he sang, — "Hurrah for my handiwork!"
As the red sparks lit the air.
Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made!
And he fashioned the first plowshare.

And men, taught wisdom from the past,
In friendship joined their hands.
Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall,
And plowed their willing lands.
And sung, — "Hurrah for Tubal Cain!
Our stanch good friend is he.
And for the plowshare and the plow
To him our praise shall be.
But while oppression rules its head,
Or a tyrant would be lord,
Though we may thank him for the plow,
We'll not forget the sword!"

CHARLES MACKAY.

Spoils of the forest. — Beasts killed in the chase and the skins, tusks, etc., obtained from them for food, clothing, and ornaments.

Brawny. — Strong, muscular.

Lust for carnage. — Wild, mad desire for slaughter.

Fashioned. — Shaped and made.

Forebore. — Ceased.

Tubal Cain. — See Genesis iv. 22.

XCI.

do-main	hin-drance	be-wail-ing	cav-al-cade
dis-closed	gal-lant	up-braid-ed	pas-sen-ger

THE STONE IN THE ROAD

1. In a far-off country, and a far-off time, in the domain of honest Duke Otho, near the little village of Himmelsmerl, a tall man in a long cloak might have been seen, in the night-time, in a deep cut of the road, called the Dornthau. He was scooping out a little round hollow in the very middle of the road.

2. When it was as deep as he wished, he lined the sides and bottom with pebbles, then went to the side of the road, and worked at a large stone till it was loosened. It was so heavy that he could only stagger with it to the hole in the road.

From the folds of his cloak he took something about the size of his fist, placed it in the pebble-lined hole, let the stone drop so as to cover it wholly, and then went his way.

3. Next morning a sturdy peasant came that way with his lumbering ox-cart.

"Oh, the laziness," he cried, "of these people! Here is this big stone right in the middle of the

road, and not one of them has bethought himself to thrust it aside lest it should break the bones of the next body that comes by!"

4. And the sturdy Hans lumbered away, muttering to himself at the laziness of the people of Himmelsmerl, and told his wife and children when he went home that the Duke ought to know what kind of folk his people were.

5. Next a gallant knight, with bright and waving plume and dangling sword, rollicked along, singing a lively ditty. His head was too far back for him to notice the stone, and down he fell with his sword between his legs. He dropped his song for a growl at "those boors, that leave a rock in the road to break a gentleman's shins."

6. Next came a company of merchants, with pads, pack-horses, and goods, on their way to the fair that was to be held at the Duke's great town. When these came to the stone, so narrow was the road they had to file off on either side, and Berthold cried:—

"To think the like of that big stone lying there, and every soul to go past all the morning, and never stop to take it away! That will be something to tell friend Hans, who is always bewailing the sloth of the Himmelsmerl folk."

7. And thus it went on for the three weeks that were left of October. Every passenger upbraided his neighbor for leaving the hindrance where he found it.

8. When three weeks had passed since the tall man in the cloak put the stone where we have seen it, the Duke sent to his people of Himmelsmerl to meet him on the Dornthau, for he had something to tell them. The day was come, and a crowd thronged the road at the appointed spot.

9. Old Hans was there, and the merchant Berthold. Said Hans:—

"I hope my Lord Duke will now know what a lazy set he is duke over."

"It is a shame," answered Berthold.

And now a winding horn was heard, and a cavalcade came galloping up. The Duke rode into the cut, and the people closed in at each end, and pressed nearer together on the bank above.

10. Then honest Duke Otho, who had dismounted, began with a half smile to speak:

"My people, you know I am fond of teaching you now and then a lesson in an odd way, and for such a lesson have I called you together this day. It was I that put this stone here, and for three

weeks every passer-by has left it here, and scolded his neighbors for not taking it out of the way."

11. When he had thus spoken he stooped down, lifted the stone, and disclosed a round hollow lined with white pebbles, and in it a small leathern bag. This the Duke held aloft, that all the people might see what was written upon it, —

"*For him who lifts the stone!*"

12. He untied it, turned it upside down, and out upon the stone fell, with a clear ring, a score of bright gold coins. Hans looked at Berthold and said:

"Humph!"

And Berthold looked back at Hans and said:

"Humph!"

And the Duke looked around him with a smile, and said:

"My people, *remember the stone in the road.*"

Domain. — Property in land; estate; place of authority.
Sturdy. — Stout, strong.
Boor. — A rustic peasant; a term of reproach used to signify rudeness and ignorance.
Bewailing. — Lamenting, grieving over.
Cavalcade. — A procession on horseback.
Upbraided. — Charged with wrong or fault.

This lesson is an example of what is called Illustrative Fiction: a story told to emphasize a truth or teach a lesson. There is another on pp. 37–40. Find others.

XCII.

treach-er-ous	whirl-ing	tur-bu-lent	fi-er-y
in-ces-sant	di-lat-ed	lus-trous	mim-ic

RAIN IN SUMMER. — I.

1. How beautiful is the rain! After the dust and heat, in the broad and fiery street, in the narrow lane, how beautiful is the rain!

How it clatters along the roofs like the tramp of hoofs! How it gushes and struggles out from the throat of the overflowing spout!

2. Across the window-pane it pours and pours, and swift and wide, with a muddy tide, like a river down the gutter roars — the rain, the welcome rain!

The sick man from his chamber looks at the twisted brooks; he can feel the cool breath of each little pool; his fevered brain grows calm again, and he breathes a blessing on the rain.

3. From the neighboring school come the boys, with more than wonted noise and commotion, and down the wet streets sail their mimic fleets, till the treacherous pool engulfs them in its whirling and turbulent ocean.

In the country, on every side, where far and

wide, like a leopard's tawny and spotted hide, stretches the plain, to the dry grass and the drier grain, how welcome is the rain!

4. In the furrowed land the toilsome and patient oxen stand. Lifting the yoke-encumbered head, with their dilated nostrils spread, they silently inhale the clover-scented gale and the vapors that arise from the well-watered and smoking soil. For this rest in the furrow after toil their large and lustrous eyes seem to thank the Lord more than man's spoken word.

5. Near at hand, from under the sheltering trees, the farmer sees his pastures, and his fields of grain, as they bend their tops to the numberless beating drops of the incessant rain. He counts it no sin that he sees therein only his own thrift and gain.

H. W. Longfellow.

Incessant. — Unceasing, continual.
Wonted. — Accustomed.
Treacherous. — False, like a traitor.
Dilated. — Enlarged, expanded.
Lustrous. — Bright, shining.
Turbulent. — Disturbed, tumultuous.

This exquisite poem is continued in the following lesson. It is in prose form to give the pupil the exercise of finding the lines. In the first paragraph are five lines of poetry whose rhyming words are rain, lane, rain, and heat, street. Copy the entire lesson as poetry.

XCIII.

chasms per-pet-u-al im-meas-ur-able vis-ion

RAIN IN SUMMER. — II.

These and far more than these,
The poet sees!
He can behold
Aquarius old
Walking the fenceless fields of air;
And from each ample fold
Of the clouds about him rolled,
Scattering everywhere
The showery rain,
As the farmer scatters his grain.

He can behold
Things manifold
That have not yet been wholly told,
Have not been wholly sung nor said,
For his thought that never stops,
Follows the water-drops
Down to the graves of the dead,
Down through chasms and gulfs profound
To the dreary fountain head
Of lakes and rivers under ground;

And sees them, when the rain is done,
On the bridge of colors seven
Climbing up once more to heaven
Opposite the setting sun.

Thus the seer,
With vision clear,
Sees forms appear and disappear,
In the perpetual round of change,
Mysterious change
From birth to death, from death to birth,
From earth to heaven, from heaven to earth,
Till glimpses more sublime
Of things, unseen before,
Unto his wondering eyes reveal
The Universe, as an immeasurable wheel
Turning forevermore
The rapid and rushing river of Time.

Aquarius. — The Water-bearer, a sign of the Zodiac, through which the sun moves in January and February; so called from rains being frequent at that season.

Profound. — Deep, far-reaching.

Seer. — A prophet; one who knows hidden things.

Perpetual. — Constant, incessant.

Universe. — The entire creation.

The representation of Aquarius as a person "walking the fenceless fields," and "scattering" the rain, is a figure of speech called Personification.

To what is the Universe compared? What is meant by "bridge of colors"?

XCIV.

de-vice	fal-chion	av-a-lanche	spec-tral
gla-ciers	clar-i-on	ex-cel-si-or	low-ers

EXCELSIOR.

The shades of night were falling fast
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye beneath
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath;
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;
Above the spectral glaciers shone;
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior!

"Try not the Pass!" the old man said;
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead;

The roaring torrent is steep and wide."
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior!

"Oh, stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered with a sigh,
Excelsior!

"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!"
This was the peasant's last good-night.
A voice replied, far up the height,
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of St. Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior!

A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

There in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay;
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
Excelsior!

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Device. — A design or emblem.
Falchion. — A broad sword.
Spectral. — Unreal, ghost-like.
Clarion. — A clear-toned, shrill trumpet.
Avalanche. — A large mass of snow, ice, or earth sliding or rolling down a mountain.
Excelsior. — Still higher, ever upward.
Serene. — Clear and calm.

READING REVIEW.

1. **Teaching of Nature.** — Review the preceding lessons, and recite or write something that is told of an ant, butterfly, bobolink, cat, dog, eagle, fox, horse, lamb, lobster, linnet, rabbit, robin, spider, wasp, wolf; acorn, oak, amber, grasses (Red Top and Timothy), wheat, falling leaves, wind, frost, rain in summer, winter rain, streams, fountains, flowers, etc.

2. **Authors.** — Associate the following authors with the selection here given from their writings: Hans Andersen, Allingham, Miss Andrews, Wm. Blake, Bjornson, Capern, Louise Chollet, Susan Coolidge, Marian Douglass, Mrs. Edgeworth, Mrs. Ewing, Mrs. Gatty, J. & W. Grimm, Miss Havergal, Mary Howitt, Helen Hunt, Heywood, Charles Kingsley, Lucy Larcom, James Russell Lowell, Henry W. Longfellow, Christina Rossetti, Jean Mace, Southey, Bayard Taylor, William Wordsworth, Miss Wordsworth.

3. **Conduct and Character.** — In which selection are any of the following lessons taught: contentment, cheerfulness, honesty, courage, truthfulness, thought for others, unselfishness, the golden rule, just retribution or natural punishment and reward?